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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 502.—OCTOBER, 1929.

Art. 1.—THE KAISER AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

My relations with the Emperor William II were resumed last year in consequence of the publication, by the late Sir John Murray, of my *Reminiscences*, 'Secret and Confidential,' and 'Private and Personal.' They had ceased altogether in 1903 except when the Empress Augusta Victoria died in 1921. Their Majesties had always been very kind to us personally, and were fond of our only child, who was killed as soon as he arrived on the West Front. My wife and I sent the Emperor a word of personal sympathy through a mutual friend. We learnt afterwards that only four other English persons had done this, although there were many who were proud to be noticed by the Kaiser in the days of his splendour. I have noticed that those who lost no dear relative or friend in the World Tragedy are often the most bitter against the Head of the House of Hohenzollern.

I have studied in four languages masses of official secret pre-war documents published since the War. They confirm Mr Lloyd George's reported remark of 1920 that 'the myth' of a German conspiracy to bring on war was exploded. My *Reminiscences* were first brought to the Kaiser's notice by Count Godard Bentinck, his host at Amerongen Castle. The first full report of the Kaiser's speech at Marlborough House on Feb. 5, 1901, was published in 'Private and Personal.' In it he proposed an Anglo-German alliance, England to keep the seas—which would enable Germany to dispense with a great fleet—and Germany to stand sentry in Europe. This combination, said the Kaiser, would be so overwhelmingly

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powerful that no 'military mouse' could stir on the Continent. The logical result would be that the Powers would soon be forced to reduce armaments to reasonable proportions, and the two Allies could then follow suit. This proposal was afterwards stated by one of the Kaiser's bitterest critics, Mr Poultney Bigelow, the well-known American author, to have been the only statesmanlike plan whereby peace might have been indefinitely maintained. Nothing came of the suggestion, because it remained unpublished and the people ignorant of it. Public and personal friction caused its premature death after some half-hearted attempts to bring it to fruition.

When I was Military Attaché at Berlin during the Boer War, the Kaiser often outlined to me his scheme for organising our second-line troops in such manner that they could be readily expanded into complete units of all arms for service in the field immediately on mobilisation being ordered. I discussed the project several times with the late Field-Marshal Lord Nicholson. He was very able and became the late Lord Haldane's right-hand man. The plan was put into execution in 1906, and the Territorial Army enabled England to bear the brunt of the terrible struggle which commenced with the rout of some of our Allies. I criticized the Kaiser sharply in 'Private and Personal,' but felt it my duty to show where he had been a good friend to England. His reception of the French Government's proposal to join it and Russia in compassing our downfall during the Boer War was a striking instance, and had been preceded in 1898 by his determination to support this country by force of arms if necessary at the time of the Fashoda incident.

The Kaiser invited me to pay him a visit at Doorn in the summer of last year. For my part I was most desirous of meeting him again. I append some extracts from a letter which he wrote to me on April 24, 1928.

'MY DEAR GENERAL WATERS,

'An ocean of abuse, vilification, infamy, slanders & lies has rolled over me coming from London, disclosing a spirit of debased, venomous hatred I never imagined in the British People, once so proud of their "fair play"! and all this though I was no stranger to them & had shared their national sorrows with them twice, when they lost their great Queen, & when they mourned King Edward.

'I am grateful for your remark concerning my farewell speech at Marlborough House on Feb. 5th, 1901! Immediately after it Sir Frank Lascelles implored me to have it published, as it would leave a lasting impression on the British mind. I replied that, as I was H.M. guest, he should apply to the King resp. [= or] to his Ministers; that I personally cordially gave my consent. The speech was never published. Sir Frank later intimated that H.M. inhibited the publication. It would have been a deplorable want of tact on my part if I had caused the publication in German papers, as was suggested to me from different quarters. So my words were swallowed up in the gulf of silence & the British People to whom they appealed never heard of them.

'I well remember the little incident when the carriage in which my uncle Edward & I was seated left the station passing through dense crowds in silent anguish for their beloved Queen, a simple man stepped out from the mass of people, came up to the carriage & hat in hand said: "Thank you, Kaiser!" I was deeply moved! and hoped that would be a link.

'And when King George & I stood in Westminster Hall before the catafalque of King Edward & I firmly grasped George's hand, both with a silent look into glistening eyes, while the unceasing stream of mourners passed by us, I believed this act was to cement a firm basis of friendship for our mutual countries. My cousin Frank Teck reported to me before dinner: "That handshake of yours with our King is all over London, people deeply grateful & impressed!" And then . . . !

'My whole life was filled with the hope to be able to bring about a better understanding between our two countries which in the end might lead to an "agreement" or "alliance" between Germany & England. It is a very extraordinary fact that British statesmen never realised what a happy combination Providence had procured for them in placing the eldest grandson of the great Queen Victoria on the throne of Germany! Her Majesty did so! By investing me with the Rank of Admiral of the Fleet & granting me the hon. Colonelcy of the splendid regiment "The Royals," she intended to create relations with our forces for the benefit of both.

'And all that quiet labour of building up has been utterly & wantonly destroyed. I—instead of an ally—became the Archfiend, the Hun, Attila, etc. ! & had to undergo an ordeal of lies, slanders, misinterpretations, venomous hostility the like was never spent upon any ruler at the hands of Britain. And when she was on the verge of losing the unjust war she

had for many years "engineered" against me & my country, she lied America into the fight & *bought* the subversive parts of my people with money to rise against their ruler who for 4 years had kept German soil from the heel of the invader. And then after the Revolution had succeeded Britain showed her gratitude by *starving* the people she *bought* into submission by the "hungerblokade" *after* the war was ended!! I shall with pleasure look forward to your visit at Doorn where I reside as an outcast by the vile intrigues of the British statesmen.

'Ever yours truly

(Signed) 'WILLIAM I.R.'

Herr von Grancy, the acting Chief of the Household, wrote on May 10, 1928, asking me to arrive at Doorn on May 23 or 24. He went on to say that the Empress Hermine would be at Kissingen at the time, and she hoped I would travel thither from Doorn. She is forty-one years of age and was, therefore, a child during my military attachéship (1900-1903) at Berlin, so that we had never met. I was anxious to make her acquaintance, but one result of the 'War to end War' had been that the cost of such a long journey was beyond my means. I, therefore, asked permission to postpone my visit to Doorn until she should have returned there. This request was readily granted, and it had also the advantage that I should be able to converse with the Emperor and Empress simultaneously or separately, and compare notes. This would have been impossible, except by means of a lengthy correspondence, if I had gone to Kissingen. I was then asked to arrive at Doorn at the 'end of June or not later than July 2.' This suited me, but led to a misunderstanding which shall be explained presently.

Saturday, June 30, 1928.—I had understood, from the communication in English sent to me by the Emperor's Chief of the Household, that I should arrive at Doorn in the early forenoon and leave Rotterdam again by the night steamer to Gravesend. This is a most comfortable journey in the Netherlands' steamers, and would leave us many hours for conversation. I therefore merely took my toilet articles, and on reaching Rotterdam early on June 30 had them transferred to the night steamer. I was met at Utrecht by a car from Doorn, about twelve miles distant. The Kaiser has three cars, one of them a pre-war Mercedes in excellent condition, but none of

them has a crest or coat of arms. On arriving at the entrance to the grounds of Doorn House, which is on the edge of Doorn village, a Netherlands policeman was standing at the outer gate. Inside this is an arched gateway connecting the buildings which contain the imperial offices and the rooms for guests. On the left-hand side of the archway is the office where tickets are issued to tourists and others who wish to see that portion of the park which the Kaiser has thrown open to the public. On the right is the small entrance hall to the Chief of the Household's offices and guest rooms, the latter being upstairs. In the hall are two very unpretentious visitors' books, in both of which I very legibly inscribed my name, rank, and address.

Before I was out of the car I was met by Admiral von Rebeur-Paschwitz, whom I had not seen in old days, and he conducted me to my room. This was most comfortable, and a substantial meal was laid ready for me. On the table was a slip in the Empress's handwriting stating that she would receive me at a quarter to one o'clock, luncheon being at one. The admiral asked what had become of my luggage. I replied that it was on board my steamer. It then transpired that his predecessor in waiting had not clearly expressed my hosts' intentions that they expected me to spend two nights at Doorn. I was, of course, extremely disappointed, but did not see how the mistake could be rectified. My things were at Rotterdam and it would require about five hours to have them retrieved, supposing that the steamer agents at Rotterdam should surrender them to a messenger. The Admiral, however, said their Majesties would be so disappointed if I did not stay until the Monday that he proposed to dispatch a courier forthwith, while as regards dinner he would lend me a smoking-suit, shirt, collar, and tie. Everything went according to plan.

The building in which my room was situated is separated from the main house by a large parterre and flower beds, which are surrounded by very fine trees, mostly beeches. The residence of the Emperor and Empress is well situated, of moderate size, and is approached by a broad flight of stone steps. It is partly surrounded by a moat in which are tame wild duck and fish. The glass front door opens into a comfortably

furnished hall about fifteen yards long by seven wide ; behind it, and facing the front door, is the dining-room, which is rather smaller than the hall, and to the right of the hall on entering the front door is the drawing-room, of somewhat less area than the dining-room. A little smoking-room opens out from the drawing-room. Turning to the left on entering the front door there is, beyond the hall, a reading-room which is lined largely with books. In all the rooms are paintings and engravings, mostly military, and of different sizes and merit. Upstairs are the bedrooms, the Emperor's study and the Empress's large boudoir. The suite in attendance on the Kaiser consisted of the Chief of the Household, an Aide-de-Camp or two, his doctor, and a Netherlands officer, Major van Houten, a very pleasant man. He takes the Empress's elder daughter, Princess Caroline Carolath, riding, and acts as Liaison Officer if required. Admiral von Rebeur came to fetch me for my interview with the Empress, who received me immediately alone. Her Majesty greeted me very warmly, and spoke mostly in English, with which she is very well acquainted. We got on together at once. She said she was anxious for me to have some heart-to-heart talks with the Kaiser, and to tell her my opinion of his physical and mental capacities. My conversation with her made us a little late for luncheon.

I had been wondering how the Kaiser and I should meet after twenty-five years, and in such very different circumstances. He happened to come up the steps to the front hall from the garden just as I reached the door, and I went out to greet him. Before I could say a word he put out his hand and, seizing mine, said : ' My dear Waters, I am so glad to see you again.' This put us both at ease immediately, and we went in to luncheon. I had been told that I was to sit on his left hand as he hears better with the left ear. The Empress sat opposite to the Kaiser. The rest of the party consisted of her two daughters and youngest son by her first marriage, the governess, a lady secretary of the Empress's, who has no lady-in-waiting, and the members of the Household. Everything was quite informal.

The Emperor wore a lounge suit, and everybody else was in plain clothes. He has a beard and his hair is white, but he looked many years younger than his age. The old

scar on his right temple, the result of a pre-war attempt on his life, was, I thought, more noticeable than formerly. We talked about a variety of ordinary subjects, and retired to the smoking-room for coffee and cigarettes. I was told that Count Godard Bentinck, the owner of Amerongen Castle, was invited to meet me at dinner. The Netherlands Government, being unable to offer the Kaiser suitable hospitality, asked Count Bentinck on Nov. 10, 1918, whether he would accommodate the imperial party. He agreed to do so, and the Kaiser arrived on the afternoon of Monday, Nov. 11. His party numbered forty-seven persons, and the imperial guest remained at the castle, which is of historic interest, for nearly two years. I visited Count Bentinck when I was at Doorn. He is a widower and was, with his children, a delightful and most interesting host. The Kaiser asked me to meet him at six o'clock to go for a walk, and then we all went off in different directions after luncheon.

I met him as arranged, but before recording the principal items of our long conversation it is, I think, desirable to mention that every Editor, whom I had approached, declined to publish any comments on certain secret documents published after the War. One wrote that he could scarcely let his multitude of readers learn how this country had been deceived prior to 1914. Another distorted what I had written in a foreign paper.

When war was declared on Aug. 4 of that year, great play was made of our guarantee concerning Belgian neutrality. The late Lord Morley has shown in his 'Memorandum on Resignation' (p. 13) that the Belgian question on Aug. 3 'took . . . only a secondary place.' Von Siebert was a Secretary of Embassy for some years in the Russian Embassy in London. He kept copies of important documents concerning Entente policy and acts, for he foresaw, as he says in his 'Diplomatische Aktenstücke' (Preface to the 1925 edition), that Europe 'appeared to be on the verge of a catastrophe.' On p. 410 he quotes a letter from the Ambassador, the late Count Benckendorff, who was always for peace, in which, on Jan. 28/Feb. 10, 1909, his Excellency reported his French colleague, M. Paul Cambon, as having declared that the true cause why any real understanding between France and Germany was impossible was too deeply

rooted for 'any diplomatic documents' to be able to remove it. M. René Marchand, in 'Un Livre Noir,' vol. II, pp. 303-304, quotes a letter written by Count Benckendorff on Feb. 12/25, 1913. It states that his Excellency was 'practically convinced' that France 'would not much regret' the outbreak of war. 'At any rate she has made no definite move, so far as I can judge, towards effecting a compromise [in the Balkan situation]. But compromise means peace, and no compromise means war. England is different; she wants peace. . . . If Germany had desired war, she would not have acted as she did.' In the same vol. II, p. 280, there is a cablegram, dated July 14/27, 1914, from M. Sazonov, No. 1521, to Benckendorff, stating: 'We refuse beforehand to permit any moderating influence whatever at St Petersburg.'

M. Marchand was the St Petersburg correspondent of the Paris 'Figaro' for some years until the outbreak of the World War. After it was over, he was allowed to peruse the Russian Archives. In his preface to vol. I he expresses his amazement at the manner in which his countrymen had been duped. Marchand's work is perfectly reliable. It is corroborated by von Siebert, and M. Poincaré has quoted from it in vol. II of his work 'Au Service De La France.' I happen to know that officers of the Prussian Guards went on leave abroad on July 25, 1914. If war had been dreamt of at that time, it is certain that they would have remained with their regiments. The war was caused by the plots of Diplomacy animated by some ambitious generals who were sadly out in their reckoning.

I should say that the private park at Doorn House comprises about a hundred acres; later the Kaiser and I met a number of people taking their evening walk in the portion called the Rosarium open to the public. They always took off their hats or, in the case of the fair sex, bowed. The Emperor was naturally very bitter about England's intervention. He undoubtedly believed that Lord Grey of Falldon and other British statesmen had been scheming for it quite as much as the militarists. As regards Lord Grey I differed absolutely from the Kaiser. I expressed my conviction that the former abhorred war, and honestly believed the foreign Entente diplomatists were striving to maintain peace.

His character is so upright that he cannot conceive European (*not* American) gentlemen acting perfidiously. So far as my experience of some years goes, the American means what he says. There was in Mr Asquith's Cabinet at least one Minister who wanted war, if we may credit Lady Oxford. I failed to convince the Kaiser, although we argued the point at some length, and it is now notorious that Lord Grey had at one time kept some of his colleagues in the dark, no doubt with the best intentions.

In reply to some remark of mine concerning my Mission in 1916 to the Emperor of Russia, the Kaiser said: 'That was just before I offered to make peace.' 'Yes,' I answered; 'but you wanted to take my shirt and everybody else's shirt, or its equivalent, from us.' 'Ah, as you did later,' said the Kaiser. 'It wouldn't have been as bad as that.' 'I shouldn't have trusted you not to,' was my reply. I added that we had better all have been dead than have lived under the German heel. The Emperor asked: 'Is the Anglo-French heel lighter?' He energetically denied my statement. He was in a very cheerful mood, which, as is not unusual with him, changed suddenly. We were talking quite frankly about the past and present, and something I said brought the shock of his exile into his mind. Speaking about Germany, he said: 'If the Germans want me, they shall come to fetch me after the way they have treated me.' The Kaiser was specially incensed against Prince Max of Baden for the part he played in the abdication.

The 'Fourteen Points' were, of course, the subject of conversation. Every German whom I have met since the War, of all classes and political views—and many others—are unanimous that the Allies deliberately violated every one of them. The Germans were undoubtedly promised easy terms provided they deposed the Hohenzollern Dynasty. The actual conditions could not have been more harsh, and worst of all the 'Hunger Blockade' after the Armistice aroused very naturally the strongest resentment. The number of deaths estimated as due to this cause is nowhere less than 350,000. Major von Ilseman, who married Count Godard Bentinck's daughter, had four old aunts who all died of under-nourishment. Readers may recollect that this really criminal act was stopped because the British troops, who are always

Nature's gentlemen, in occupied Germany refused to obey the order. Lord Plumer's telegram on the subject was read out in Parliament. It was a cowardly thing to starve the aged and the young, more especially as the statesmen concerned had run no personal risks whatever during the terrible struggle. German opinion on the matter may be summed up in the Kaiser's words: 'England will answer to Heaven for that atrocity.' Our army of more than a million unemployed, besides their own dependants, lends point to his view, for all our late Allies are extremely prosperous and have no unemployment.

The acute question of Reparations was, of course, another subject of conversation. Germany had undoubtedly paid vast sums, by 1928, to her conquerors, in cash or kind, while the former Allies have only just stated their final demands. We must hope that the Hague plan will be carried out. 'If,' said the Kaiser, 'justice were done all those milliards of marks should be repaid.' This is, in my opinion, impossible in any circumstances, but one can understand the Kaiser's feelings even if one does not sympathise with him in his unhappy exile, which is far worse than death. He made a very shrewd remark about the new Republic of Poland: 'Less than two-thirds of her population is Polish.' The statistics, which I have seen, bear out this view. If so, then the principle of Self-determination was violated by the composers of the Treaty of Versailles. In some other respects one can scarcely term our representatives 'statesmen,' but rather men who preferred other countries to their own. For instance, the new tonnage demanded from Germany inevitably threw large numbers of our own shipwrights out of work, while the Reparations coal dealt our export coal trade a terrible blow. It is certainly amazing how densely ignorant some Cabinet Ministers are of the most elementary economic laws. Moreover, many of our eminent business men have caused their unfortunate shareholders to lose millions and millions of money since the War.

I asked the Kaiser about the invasion of Belgium. I said he must have been aware of the importance attached by the British Government to her neutrality being respected. I added that, as the German Army was so infinitely stronger and more efficient than the Belgian,

he might well have contented himself with leaving a force on the Belgo-German frontier at the outset. If Belgium should forfeit her neutrality either willingly or otherwise he would still have been able to fight there instead of in his own country. He replied: 'We went into that matter several times in great detail, and decided to invade Belgium at once because she had already forfeited her neutrality. Both you and the French had sent stores and munitions of war there before August, with the consent of the Belgian Government.' I expressed my absolute conviction that I could not believe without the clearest evidence that any member of Mr Asquith's Cabinet in 1914 had ever known of this alleged conduct. The Kaiser said he was confident I was wrong. It is, however, possible that the British General Staff may have acted as stated. The Diaries of the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson were not published *in extenso* and they might clear up this important point, for he admittedly prided himself on being the man who brought on the World Tragedy, seeing a complete and speedy victory in the very near future.

During our Saturday evening walk we also conversed about pre-war diplomacy. I had told the Emperor that he was fond at times of alarming foreign Governments. He replied that I must be aware of the intrigues of other Governments unfriendly to Germany. He dwelt at length on a visit of King Edward to Homburg and Ischl in the year 1907. His Majesty was accompanied on each occasion by Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, then Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. When at Homburg Lord Hardinge pressed the Kaiser very strongly indeed to cease building more warships. The Kaiser demurred, saying that every country had the right to decide these matters for itself. Then, the Kaiser told me, Lord Hardinge declared that the Emperor *must* stop building. My host had been considerably nettled by Lord Hardinge's dictatorial manner, and gave a sharp retort. The Kaiser said to me: 'I snubbed him well.'

He told me of an interesting conversation, which had taken place during this visit to Austria, between himself and Count Aehrenthal. The latter related to the Kaiser what he said was Lord Hardinge's account of his naval

discussion with William II. Lord Hardinge, said Aehrenthal, declared that the Kaiser had treated him harshly. Aehrenthal asked what had happened. Hardinge replied that he had told the Kaiser to stop building ships, which was flatly refused. Aehrenthal was so amazed at this that he asked Lord Hardinge where the conversation had taken place. 'On the terrace in front of the house,' replied the latter. 'Luckily for you,' said Aehrenthal, 'for if you had been in a room I am sure you would not have left by the door.' *Apropos* of this, the Kaiser repeated that he disliked Lord Hardinge's manner very much indeed, and had told his visitor that War alone could make Germany abandon the measures she considered necessary for her own protection. Lord Hardinge, said my host, was 'horrified,' and declared that war was the very last thing he desired.

The Kaiser had received timely information regarding the intentions of the French Government concerning Morocco, which culminated in the Agadir crisis of 1911. He discussed them with a very influential personage when in England on a visit. He was then told that France was doing, or was about to do, in Morocco what we had done in Egypt, and that the British Government intended to support the French in order to have a free hand in Egypt. 'In that case,' the Kaiser answered, 'I must shape my policy accordingly.' Sir Edward Grey was instructed to go into the question with William II, but the former, said the Kaiser, 'merely talked banalities.'

With respect to the Agadir crisis, when active military preparations were being made in England for war, von Siebert quotes a letter of Count Benckendorff's on p. 435 of his 'Aktenstücke.' The Ambassador wrote to St Petersburg as follows: 'Sir Edward then said to me: "I do not believe that the Emperor William desired war when this incident arose; nor do I believe that he desires war to-day."' This letter referred to the situation in Morocco and is dated Aug. 3/16, 1911. Benckendorff also quotes, in the same letter, Sir Edward Grey as follows: 'In the event of war between Germany and France, England must take part.' By that time the militarists had got the upper hand, and guaranteed a very speedy victory over Germany, a forecast which shows their lamentable ignorance of her army. Von

Siebert, on p. 445, also quotes a letter from another witness hostile to Germany, namely, the Russian Ambassador in Berlin. It is dated Sept. 30/Oct. 13, 1911, and states :

'After weary negotiations extending over three months an agreement concerning Morocco has at last been reached. This is chiefly due to two causes : in the first place the Emperor William had, from the outset, resolved not to allow the crisis to result in war. In the second place the French representative here has shown quite extraordinary skill and tact. He had to cope simultaneously with a very powerful opponent in Berlin, the German Foreign Minister, and with a very strong opponent in Paris, namely the influence of those political circles whose object is to prevent an understanding with Germany.'

These extracts should, it seems to me, be quoted in the interests of truth. My conversation with the Kaiser in the park at Doorn on the evening of my arrival lasted nearly a couple of hours, for other matters of lighter interest were interspersed from time to time. It was then time to dress for dinner.

Admiral von Rebeur's figure was fortunately much the same as mine, so his clothes were quite comfortable. The party was few in number. The Kaiser and his officers wore undress field-grey uniform and a decoration. Count Godard Bentinck, the Emperor's host at Amerongen Castle for nearly two years, from 1918 to 1920, completed the party, and I was, of course, very glad indeed to make his acquaintance. At table—the food and wine were quite simple, but very good—conversation was chiefly on ordinary topics relating to past and present days. I sat on the Empress's left hand and Count Bentinck on her right. Her Majesty asked me what I thought of the Kaiser generally after our long conversation. I hesitated a moment searching for the exact word, when she inquired : 'Do you think he is more human ?' This precisely fitted the case, and I said so ; but in the old days I always found William II ready to listen even when he disagreed with me.

During dinner the Empress told me of the practically unanimous opinion in Germany that we had sent stores and munitions to Belgium before the outbreak of the War. Until my arrival at Doorn I had never heard this suggested.

When dinner was over we adjourned for coffee and cigarettes to the smoking-room. The Empress's children went off early, and she sat down to do some needlework. It was a most interesting evening. The Kaiser is a first-rate teller of stories, and he told us two about Antwerp in 1914. The Germans were very well informed about the situation there. I may mention that, according to Article XIV of the Treaty, dated April 19, 1839, which was signed in London, the port of Antwerp was to be 'solely a port of commerce.' The Kaiser knew the fortress well, having been conducted all over it in former days by its creator, Brialmont.

The King of the Belgians, the Belgian Ministry, and Army, were all at Antwerp, when Mr Winston Churchill announced his intention of visiting it in order to stiffen the Belgian back until British reinforcements, consisting in part of untrained naval volunteers, should arrive to make the place impregnable. The Belgians, so the Kaiser told us, did not at all relish Mr Churchill's advent, but had to put the best face they could on it. 'When the latter arrived, the first thing he did was to inquire about suitable apartments. He was conducted to a building where he found a suite agreeable to him, but was told he should have another almost, if not quite, as good, as the one he had chosen was already earmarked for the Belgian Prime Minister. "Then he'll have to get out," said Mr Churchill, and he did. When the situation threatened to become serious, Mr Churchill returned to England.'

'By the way,' said the Kaiser, 'I must tell you the story of the capitulation of Antwerp. We did not wish to knock the place about, because it is a fine old town, so when my troops arrived in front of the fortress their Commander, General . . . [I did not catch the name] sent a parlementaire to demand its surrender. He was not blindfolded and the streets were empty. The inhabitants were in their cellars, and no Belgian troops were visible. The officer was conducted to the Mayor, and demanded to see the Military Governor. The Mayor explained that nobody had set eyes on him for two days, so the officer told him that he must sign the capitulation. The Mayor expostulated. He said it was an unheard-of thing for a civilian to surrender a

fortress, and he must really beg to be excused. His Aldermen supported their Chief's view. The German officer returned to his Commander-in-Chief, who directed him to go back and tell the Mayor that, unless he should immediately surrender the fortress with all due formality, it would be bombarded. The unhappy Mayor then asked whether he might consult privately with his Aldermen. The request was granted, and, after a long interview among themselves, the Mayor said that, if he must sign, he would do so. This was done accordingly, and the capitulation, signed by the Mayor, bears the date of Oct. 9, 1914. The Mayor had already explained that the Belgian Army had withdrawn a short time before the German officer's first arrival.'

When the Kaiser had finished his description, I rose from my chair to speak to a lady who had arrived from England for the night just before dinner was announced. She was on her way back to her home in Berlin, but I had not caught her name. Before I could speak she said to me: 'His Majesty has told the story of Antwerp in exactly the words that my uncle, who was the German Commander-in-Chief there, has often told it to me.' I then learnt her name. She is Fräulein Dora von Beseler. The Kaiser had told us that the Belgian Military Governor was discovered a day or two after the capitulation hiding in one of the forts. He was hazy about the name of this hero, but Fräulein von Beseler cross-examined her uncle, General von Beseler, shortly afterwards, and then wrote to me as follows: 'You wanted to know the name of the Belgian General who was made a prisoner after the capitulation of the fortress. I have made inquiries and can now tell you that it was General de Guise, Commander of the fortress. The capitulation took place on Oct. 9, 1914, in the manner described by his Majesty. On Oct. 10 the German troops discovered him in the Fort Ste Marie, where he was hiding. He was then taken to Thildonck, General von Beseler's headquarters, but the latter refused to give him his hand and ordered his sword to be taken from him on account of his unsoldierly conduct in leaving his troops. The Maire of Antwerp had said of him that he had "disappeared."'

Shortly after the Revolution broke out in Russia in March 1917, when no opportunity had been found for

attempting to rescue the Imperial Family from Tsarskoe Selo, the Kaiser was approached in a roundabout way via Copenhagen to save them. 'I replied,' he said, 'how can I? There are two lines of soldiers, Germans and Russians, shooting at each other, and they stand in the way. However, I spoke to my Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, about it. He told me he had an agent at Stockholm who was in touch with Kerensky, so I directed him to see what could be done. I thought also that the Russians would make peace and release the Imperial Family. Bethmann sent a message to Kerensky to say that if a single hair of their heads should be injured I should hang him if I caught him. Circumstances changed, however; Kerensky was upset by the Bolsheviks, and nothing could be done.' The Kaiser had been informed from English channels that the Government at home, for political reasons, had prevented an attempt being made to rescue the Imperial Family.

The distinguished American author and traveller, Mr Poultney Bigelow, had known William II intimately since boyhood until the time of the celebrated Kruger telegram in 1896. Relations between them were then broken off. Bigelow had worked his hardest to bring the United States into the War, and wrote a very bitter and, as I told him at the time, unfair attack on the Kaiser in 'Genseric.' Bigelow had told me he had recently resumed correspondence with William II, and I told the latter that I was sincerely glad to hear this. 'Ah,' said the Kaiser, 'I wrote him such a letter after what he published about me. I gave it him well! And he has repented and made amends. We are friends again.'

Sunday, July 1, 1928.—After early morning coffee I breakfasted with the Household in the small library. This was followed by Divine Service in the entrance hall. Everybody, including the servants, of whom there were about ten, attended. The Kaiser read the service and read it very well. It happened that the Gospel for the day was from St. Luke vi. commencing at the 36th verse, 'Judge not, and ye shall not be judged,' etc. His delivery was dramatic. After the service he read a long sermon of which each of us had a printed copy prepared by a Court Chaplain, Dr Doebling. The text was: 'For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good

works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.' I noticed once or twice that the Kaiser was adding a few touches of his own to the discourse, and in doing so he raised a monitory finger. He was absorbed in his subject and threw himself completely into his rôle as preacher. When it was over the Empress asked whether I had observed anything unusual, and laughed when I replied that I had noticed the Kaiser's interpolations. After the Emperor and Empress had greeted the servants, who were all Germans, I was asked to accompany their Majesties and the three children for a walk to Doorn village. We three elders went in front. A number of people were in the road and almost every man took off his hat as we passed. The Kaiser and Kaiserin are very popular.

We discussed a number of subjects. The Kaiser had, some time previously, gone into the question of racial tendencies, and an article of his, entitled the 'Sex of Nations,' appeared in the American 'Century Magazine' for June 1928, concerning them. The Kaiser set out to prove that the 'Germans are an Eastern people. They are, so to speak, the Western face of the East, the Western outpost of Eurasian Continental culture.' By 'Culture' he does not mean 'Civilisation.' During our walk, the Kaiser discussed the subject at considerable length. One of his points was that the pre-historic inhabitants of Britain were of African origin like in Brittany and Spain. He is a voracious reader and student, and I confined myself to generalities in rebutting the allegation. He had evidently expounded his views to his family circle, for the Empress, while she took no part in our argument, permitted herself to smile occasionally when she heard me contradict her husband. The Kaiser and I disagreed about my African descent, and he gave me to understand that I am not a 'pre-historic Briton,' but the result of many other races, Danes, Normans, Angles, Saxons, 'who had overlaid the pre-historic, primeval, ancient Race.'

Reiterating his conviction that successive British Governments had been for years actively planning war in order to ruin Germany, he again denounced the 'Hunger Blockade,' and the employment of French coloured troops in the occupied area, and specially billeting them in buildings occupied also by women.

The Kaiser asked me: 'Do you think that monstrous Act [the Treaty of Versailles] will be allowed to continue?' Few except Diehards, I imagine, think so. The Empress remarked that the children who survived the Hunger Blockade have never got over the effects of the extreme under-nourishment. Clergymen, priests, teachers, and nuns had told me the same thing when I visited Germany in 1924. The school curriculum had to be modified in consequence. On our way back to the house the Kaiser again brought up the subject of British arms and stores having been dispatched to Belgium before August 1914. From maps found at Maubeuge, and submitted to the Emperor after its capitulation, it appears that Franco-Belgian-English staff maps were printed in Southampton in 1911 with the names of places in French and English and the magnetic variation for 1914.

The Kaiser told me of a report made to him by his son-in-law, the Duke of Brunswick, shortly after the outbreak of hostilities. The Duke interviewed a British regimental sergeant-major, who had been captured, and inquired why England was at war with Germany. The man replied that he did not know, 'Government's orders,' he said. He declared that his regiment had been embarked at Southampton some days before Aug. 4, 1914, and the men were told that a rebellion had broken out in India. The vessel put to sea, and remained in the Channel for three or four days, and was not far from the French coast. The troops were at last astonished to find that the French coast was on the starboard and not on the port side of the transport, as would have been the case if it had been proceeding down Channel. It was then that the men learnt that England and Germany were at war. As we were approaching the house, the Kaiser told me that his son, Prince Oscar, who commanded the 'Liegnitz' Grenadier regiment, encountered a French *Infanterie de Marine* Division. Civilian blouses were found in the knapsacks of the killed, while French uniforms were picked up from the ground; they had been worn by those who had fled, and who had first changed into blouses. I remember that in July 1870, when I was at the Lycée de Versailles, a favourite topic among the boys was exactly this sort of thing; they had heard about the idea in their homes.

The Kaiser again reverted to the subject of our pre-war preparations in Belgium, for instance stores of British great coats at Maubeuge as Depots before the War. I said I really could not credit these allegations (I had not then seen Sir Henry Wilson's Diaries). 'Do you mean to tell me,' inquired William II, 'that my officers, who reported these things to me, would have told me lies?' 'Certainly not,' I replied, 'but after all they may have had the matter reported to them, and I should like to cross-examine the witnesses.' I said I was convinced that no Cabinet Minister was aware of it. The military authorities could, of course, have dispatched anything they liked, short of actual troops, without the Secretary of State for War being cognisant of the fact. The Kaiser had all his allegations quite definite.

My firm belief in the innocence of Mr Asquith's Government in connection with these subjects had caused me to interrupt the Kaiser once or twice; it is a detestable habit, and I hate it in other people. The children had gone indoors, and I happened to look at the Empress, who beckoned me to her, and said: "Please let the Emperor say what he wants without interrupting him. You know he is naturally highly strung especially after England caused Germany's downfall." One can easily understand the Kaiser's feelings, and we finished our conversation as it was time to get ready for luncheon. My suspicions were not seriously aroused until I learnt, from the Foreign Office Documents published in 1928, that Sir Edward Grey was ignorant until 1915 of the tenour of our Military Attaché's 'conversations' at Brussels in 1906. It would have been easy for Sir Henry Wilson to have kept Sir Edward in the dark in 1911 and 1914. I have an open mind on the subject.

The Kaiser and I continued our talks in the afternoon, and evening after dinner. The Russian Grand Dukes formed one topic, and we were in agreement concerning them at any rate. He looks forward to the time when Germany shall produce, on a relatively limited scale as opposed to the American system of mass production, the highest class steel and other finished goods, and so become, through her leadership in this respect, highly prosperous.

The Kaiser believed that the Russian Government

(not the Emperor Nicholas) expected and prepared for war in 1914. He said that the Council of Ministers at St Petersburg, in February 1914, thought the time was at hand when a sudden attack on Constantinople might be made. Orders were, he said, issued for the withdrawal of troops from the Caucasus to the Odessa Military District, the rendezvous. Sazonov, the Foreign Minister, stated at their meeting that the blow at that city would necessitate a 'preventive' war simultaneously against Germany and Austria. This design was corroborated, said the Kaiser, by the fact that Siberian troops were killed or captured at Tannenberg on Aug. 28, 1914, at the very beginning of the war. In that case it is certain that Siberian troops could not have reached the Narev River from Siberia so soon after mobilisation had been ordered. The Siberian prisoners related that they had left Siberia in the second half of 1913, spent the winter in the environs of Moscow, and were transported Westward to Vilna in the beginning of June 1914, where they detrained and were given ball cartridges 'as War was on' (= as War was soon to break out). The German General Staff was astounded when it heard of their presence on its East Front. By way of a change the Kaiser spent a day there and had a meal with his outposts. There was no shooting as the Russians kept quiet. If they had heard of the Kaiser's proximity, the temptation might have overcome their peaceful attitude!

It was customary for Russian officials to write at appalling length on any and every subject, and regiments carried masses of documents into the field. After the German siege of Modlin (Novo Georgievsk) a small churchyard in a barrack square was seen with a large number of freshly made graves. They had wooden crosses but no names. On inquiring, the Germans were told that officers, recently killed, were buried there. It was decided to open the graves in order to identify the dead and inform their relatives. The Russians begged that this should not be done, but in vain. It was then discovered that the graves were full of army documents containing also the details for mobilisation which had been carried out before August 1914. It was ordered to be carried out gradually in order to keep the German General Staff in the dark. The Kaiser said this method

had hoodwinked the German agents, and that he had seen a selection of the documents. They had been too numerous to be burnt and were buried instead.

Monday, July 2, 1928.—After morning coffee we all attended family prayers in the hall; the Kaiser read the short service and then commenced his daily routine. He takes a great deal of manual exercise in felling trees and gardening in shirt sleeves with his workmen. He developed his theory that Europe is composed of 'peripheral' and 'central' Powers, that England is in the former class and should co-operate with Germany, which is central. The Kaiser told a good story about his visits to St Quentin during the War. He said most of the inhabitants were Royalists, who cheered him, when driving through the town, with cries of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' The French were furious with the British for the damage done in attempting to capture the place. It appeared from photographs taken during the British bombardment that we had practically destroyed the cathedral. 'I should not,' said the Kaiser, 'advise you to go there.' He finished by repeating that England will have to 'answer to Heaven' for Germany's downfall. Turning then to social questions, he said that the terms 'employers' and 'employed,' should no longer be used, but that everybody of occupation should be called a workman by hand or workman by brain, labouring together for the common good.

At luncheon on the day of my departure I remarked on the excellent still Moselle, my favourite wine, and reminded the Kaiser of something extraordinarily precious which was once opened for me at Potsdam. When I was taking leave of him afterwards he said he had ordered half a dozen bottles to be put up for me. 'But mind, you are primeval African; you can't help that.' One other remark may be quoted. We had been talking about the difference between criticism, however sharp, and vulgar abuse, and the Kaiser said: 'My hide is now elephantine.' It will have been noticed that I have written about my host as 'Emperor.' In doing so I have followed the course laid down by that unchallenged authority on etiquette, Queen Victoria.

The Empress told me how glad she was that I had come to Doorn. My visit seemed to have done the Kaiser much

good. He is extremely fortunate in having her and her children to share his exile, and they are all devoted to each other. Her Majesty spoke very touchingly of the Kaiser's loneliness 'immured at Doorn.' I said that he appeared to be remarkably well both mentally and physically. The Empress has suffered much from the spiteful jealousy of some German ladies. She had always adored William II since her childhood, and the Empress Augusta Victoria had ardently desired a second marriage when she was dying, having become a nervous wreck owing to the threats of Mr Lloyd George concerning the Emperor. I had some lengthy conversations with the Empress Hermine. She told me : ' You know my husband is very proud, and nothing will ever induce him to try to regain his throne by intrigue like Charles of Austria. If the Germans want him back, they must ask him, and bring him back.'

W. H. H. WATERS.

Art. 2.—‘POOR PERSONS’ IN THE LAW COURTS.

A DISTINGUISHED legal authority gave a lecture not long ago about the conditions under which litigation is to-day being conducted. He was not very flattering, but on one branch of his subject he was complacent. Speaking of our machinery for enabling poor people to bring actions, he said : ‘ The new scheme is working very well, and it is believed the problem of assisting poor litigants in the High Court and Court of Appeal has at last been solved.’ With all respect to the author of these sentiments, we maintain that the problem of litigation for the poor has not been solved, but has been rendered worse by modern attempts to solve it.

What these attempts to solve the problem have achieved is that at the present moment any one who has not more than 50*l.* capital or an income of 2*l.* a week, may impose a legal bill of from 100*l.* upwards on any other person without that unfortunate person having even the right to show at the beginning that the claim of the ‘ Poor Person ’ is without foundation. We have completely lost sight of the fact that the ‘ Poor Person ’ may be wrong and the defendant right. The unfortunate defendant has to prepare for the trial at his own expense with the knowledge that he will never be allowed to recover his legal costs from any one. Under the present rules any one who comes within these meagre financial limits can obtain a certificate that he or she is a ‘ Poor Person ’ on satisfying a Committee that he or she ‘ has reasonable grounds for taking . . . proceedings ’—as if nearly everybody’s claim does not sound reasonable until the other side is heard. Once the certificate is granted, the way to the House of Lords is open and there is no limit to the expense to which the other side may be put. The rules of the new scheme expressly provide that ‘ No Poor Person shall be liable to pay costs to any other party.’ It is true that the judge may ‘ otherwise order,’ but such orders are not made ; besides, of what use would an order for costs be against any one who has neither 50*l.*, nor more than 2*l.* a week ?

Cases are on record where ‘ Poor Persons ’ have taken their unfortunate defendants right up to the House of Lords. *Fairman v. Perpetual Investment Building*

Society (1923) is a reported instance. In that case a woman lost her action in the High Court, the Court of Appeal, and the House of Lords and yet the defendants had to pay all their own legal costs. This is by no means an exceptional case. In 1927 a 'Poor Person' lost her case before a jury in the High Court after the same case had on two previous occasions been tried, the jury having disagreed on both occasions. The unfortunate defendant who finally won thus had three trials to pay for out of his own pocket. These results appear shocking. Any individual or company may be mulcted in hundreds of pounds of legal costs in this way. The essence of the present scheme is to provide that 'Poor Persons' shall pay no court fees and no costs to the other side if unsuccessful. Laymen may find this a strange condition of affairs. But its explanation lies in the somewhat callous attitude that our courts have always taken up in regard to costs.

Our courts have never shown any sympathy for people who have to defend actions without any possibility of ever recovering their legal expenses if they win the action. The general attitude taken up by the courts was clearly put by Lord Bowen in 1885 (*Cowell v. Taylor*): 'The general rule is that poverty is no bar to a litigant. That from time immemorial has been the rule at common law and also, I believe, in equity.' Acting on this principle, the courts have refused to make a plaintiff give any security on the mere ground that he may be unable to pay the other side's costs if he loses his action. That has always been the rule; it was expressly laid down in 1841 (*Ross v. Jacques*). It has never shocked the English legal mind that people may have actions brought against them which must, the system being what it is, cost over 100% to defend and yet have to pay those costs themselves if they win the action. A man may be a pauper or a bankrupt, a defaulter on the Stock Exchange, or for any other reason unable to pay legal costs if he loses, but the law places no restriction upon his right to launch an action against whomsoever he pleases.

One has only to translate this principle into actual facts to see how unsatisfactorily it works. Organisations like railway and omnibus companies are particularly liable to have claims made against them by reason of the nature of their work; everybody who falls off an omnibus

or who is hurt in a train at once blames the company. Plenty of accident claims are launched without any justification. Yet the company knows that when poor or insolvent people threaten proceedings, large sums will have to be spent in legal costs and will never be recovered, even if the court decides that the company was not to blame for the accident. And though transport undertakings are more frequently in this position than any one else, the same thing does happen to private individuals who may be quite unable to afford legal expenses without denying themselves the necessities of life. Mr Bernard Shaw, with his remarkable facility for putting things the wrong way, has written that 'the rich woman can terrorise the poor woman by threatening to go to law if her demands are not complied with.' Transpose the words 'rich' and 'poor' and the truth is told. Very often the attitude taken up by the poor or insolvent plaintiff is quite near blackmail: 'If you don't pay me, I will sue you and that will cost you over 100*l.* anyhow.' The courts do nothing to discourage or to penalise such threats.

This being the background, the Poor Persons Rules have merely tinkered with the problem, and it may be suggested that the present system is a bad example of unthinking sentimentalism. The woes and difficulties of poor people have been considered and palliatives applied without any regard for the immense injustice that may be inflicted upon other people. The expensive, creaky old system of litigation has been allowed to operate as of old, with the simple expedient added that a successful opponent of a 'Poor Person' shall in any event pay his own costs. A 'Poor Person' gets a solicitor and a barrister assigned to him and neither gets any fees for his work. Both branches of the legal profession have responded nobly to the appeal to act voluntarily in all such cases. King Lear's Fool would have no cause nowadays for his sneer:

'Tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer. You gave me nothing for 't.'

But the provision of free professional assistance for 'Poor Persons' is but a small part of the problem. The trouble lies in the fate of the unhappy opponent of the 'Poor Person.' Here the Rules have provided no solution

at all. In fact, the very worst way of dealing with the problem is to allow the present expensive and dilatory machinery of litigation to work, to offer no alternative to the unfortunate person against whom an action is brought, but to order in effect that that person shall, win or lose, pay his own lawyer's bill. This is what 'the new scheme' has done.

The 'new scheme' is only new in its details. The principles upon which it is based go back so far as the year 1495. In that year Parliament authorised a Poor Persons Procedure. The Chancellor was to nominate clerks to write out the writs for Poor Persons. Justices were to 'assign counsel which shall give their counsels, nothing taking for the same,' and also to appoint 'an attorney for such poor person and all other officers requisite who shall do their duties without any reward.' Another Act, passed in 1532, freed the Poor Person from paying costs if he failed. These Acts survived till 1813. During a long period before 1854 a bad practice grew up which made matters worse by allowing a Poor Person to pay his counsel and solicitor and to recover these costs if he won his action. The Common Law Courts put a stop to this practice in 1854 (*Dooly v. Great Northern Railway*), in which case Lord Campbell expressed his 'regret that the practice prevailed so long.' But the Court of Chancery approved the practice and authorised what it was pleased to call 'Dives' Costs,' thus openly accepting the fallacy that every one who is not a pauper is a rich man. The Court of Chancery was made to fall into line with the Common Law Courts when Common Law and Equity were brought together in 1873. It was definitely laid down in 1883 that a 'Poor Person' litigant could only recover, if successful, his actual out-of-pocket expenses and that these expenses should not include fees to lawyers. The whole history of the matter was reviewed by Lord Esher in a celebrated judgment in 1885 (*Carson v. Pickersgill*).

The present system is merely a revised version of the old procedure. The new Rules introduced no new principle and made no attempt to get rid of the serious injustice that occurs when people win actions and yet have to pay their full legal expenses. The reason why this problem was not tackled in the new rules is, of course, that

the true solution involves the whole question of the cost of litigation and the present generation of lawyers is content to leave that problem alone, with occasional empty grumbings. The first essential of any real reform is a general lowering of the cost of litigation, so that the bill to be paid by the opponent of the Poor Person would not be so serious an item as it is now. There are many changes that could be made whereby justice could be obtained for the 'Poor Person' without inflicting irreparable injustice on his opponent. The present situation is a very unhealthy one. Not only do the Rules make it certain that the opponent of a 'Poor Person' shall in any event pay his own costs, but no procedure exists whereunder the unfortunate defendant may at the outset challenge the right of the 'Poor Person' to be admitted to sue under the Rules. The defendant may have facts in his possession as to the plaintiff's means which, if known to the Committee concerned, would prevent the issue of the certificate. But he is debarred from raising the issue. The writer of this article acted in one High Court case for such a defendant. The facts laid before him would certainly, if true, have excluded the plaintiff from the Rules. The defendant's solicitor was advised to consult the secretary of the Poor Persons Department. The solicitor was informed that the issue as to the plaintiff's means could not be raised; he even said that a letter to the Committee on the subject would be unwise. It is difficult to understand on what principle a defendant should be excluded from submitting his version of the facts. We suggest that at the earliest stage of an action under the Rules a defendant should have a right (1) to challenge the financial standing of the plaintiff and (2) to endeavour to show, if he can, that the proposed action has no merits. Such rights are given to the defendant by the procedure that is in force in Scotland.

It is only fair to say that the present Rules, like their predecessors, have one good achievement to their credit in the limitations passed upon that undesirable type of solicitor and barrister that works on the 'no cure, no pay' system. The facts that a 'Poor Person' is openly so described and that the conduct of his litigation and the expenses charged by the lawyers acting for him are supervised by authority are all to the good. We are,

however, by no means free from speculative lawyers yet. A Sam Weller could still talk about

'them Dodson and Fogg as does these sort o' things on spec', as well as for the other kind and gen'rous people o' the same purfession as sets people by the ears free, gratis, for nothing, and sets their clerks to work to find out little disputes among their neighbours and acquaintances as wants settlin' by means of law-suits. . . .'

There are probably more Dodsons and Foggs to-day than ever. That great Law Reformer, Sir Samuel Romilly, wrote in his diary in 1817 that he had seen touting letters written by lawyers to unfortunate men who were in prison for debt pointing out 'the modes by which they could most effectively annoy and harass their creditors, delay their proceedings and weary them for expense.' There was a regular tariff in those days; for five guineas a lawyer would promise to put the creditor to an expense of 100*l.*, and so on. Imprisonment for debt has been abolished—this is said with all respect to His Honour Sir Edward Parry, whose books expound the opposite view—but the methods of this class of lawyer have changed little. The official Committee on Legal Aid for the Poor which reported in 1928 found it necessary to comment severely upon the Dodsons and Foggs of the day. The Poor Persons Rules have, at least, done something to check the activities of this legal type.

So far as the Poor Person is concerned, it is impossible to see that much more can be done for him. It is sometimes suggested that the present procedure should be extended to County Courts, though the Committee of 1928 reported by a majority against this. A voluntary 'Bentham Committee' has just been founded to provide voluntary legal aid in the minor courts, but the learned and good-hearted lawyers concerned have apparently paid no attention to the woes of successful defendants. In 1849 the High Court decided that a County Court judge had power to allow a party to sue before him as a Poor Person (*Chinn v. Bullen*); but the present Rules provide no machinery for this to be done, except where actions are sent down from the High Court to the County Court for trial. Experience leads us to believe that, apart from giving legal advice, no assistance is necessary for the

conduct of poor people's cases in the minor courts ; and we entirely disagree with the proposal of this new 'Bentham Committee' that there should be power to dispense with the payment of fees in County Courts. There is no reason why the State should subsidise petty, or indeed any, litigation.

The need to-day is to see whether there is no remedy for the unfortunate victim of the Poor Person. Is he indefinitely to be mulcted of his legal costs if he wins ? Seeing the political tendencies of the times, it strikes us as strange that no political party has yet accepted the suggestion that Poor Persons should litigate at the public expense. The Minority Report of the Committee of 1928 went so far as to suggest that local authorities should employ and pay a legal adviser for Poor Persons. So long ago as 1908, the Chief Justice of the United States, Mr Taft, went so far as to say : ' I believe that it is sufficiently in the interest of the public at large to promote equality between litigants, to take upon the Government much more than has already been done the burden of private litigation.' This seems a strange opinion from the land of Individualism. We in this country have not yet reached the stage of proposals for state-paid litigation. But we are still faced with the problem and the socialist solution may yet be forthcoming. Is there any true solution ? There is, but its adoption requires a readiness to receive ideas which, though by no means new in fact, are new to the vast majority of lawyers to-day.

No one of the present generation has had greater experience of the problems of Poor Persons' litigation than Sir Edward Parry, who was a County Court Judge in Manchester and London for over thirty years. With all that experience behind him he wrote these words : ' The best form of legal aid for the poor will be found, not in subsidising litigation, but by promoting conciliation.' Herein lies a remedy. We suggest that whenever an individual or a company is defendant in an action brought by any one who, there is reason to believe, will be unable to pay costs if the action is unsuccessful, be that plaintiff a Poor Person within the Rules or not, the defendant should have an option to demand that Conciliation procedure be resorted to before the action is allowed to continue. If the defendant does not wish to do this, well and good ;

the ordinary procedure of litigation can take its course. The important point to be secured is that the defendant shall have an opportunity of having the dispute settled by Conciliation methods. He should have this opportunity immediately the action is set on foot, for it must be remembered that, to quote Mr Galsworthy, 'when the machinery of quarrel is once put in motion, much more than pressure of the starting button is required to stop its revolution.' The principle of the procedure we suggest should be those well-known words in St Matthew's Gospel : ' Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him ; lest at any time the adversary delivers thee to the judge.'

Our litigation procedure is essentially one of combat and, therefore, only suitable to adversaries who are in a position to play the rules of the game, including the rule that the loser shall pay the costs. Even so conservative a lawyer as Sir Frederick Pollock has written that ' our native Common Law procedure is in essence contentious ; it is a combat between parties in which the Court is only umpire.' Where the plaintiff who begins the action is obviously unable to carry out one of the rules of combat, namely that he shall pay his opponent's legal costs if he loses his action, we suggest that the fundamental principle of ordinary litigation fails to be suitable. Conciliation, as opposed to litigation, is no new idea. Many countries have experimented with compulsory Conciliation, and some have made a success of the experiment. We are not suggesting compulsion, but the provision of an alternative for use only in cases where a defendant chooses that method rather than pay his own costs, win or lose.

There is a brief account of the Conciliation machinery of France in Monsieur Poincaré's book on ' How France is Governed.' The system has been in force since it was set up by the Constituent Assembly in 1790. The Juge de Paix—splendid title!—holds a ' Preliminary of Conciliation ' before a law-suit begins. To quote Monsieur Poincaré, the function of the Juge de Paix is ' less to try law-suits than to endeavour to prevent them.' The system was extended to certain commercial issues by a decree of Napoleon in 1806. The Council of ' Prud'hommes ' sits to adjudicate on conciliation methods in cases of differences between ' merchants or manufacturers and their

employees.' The 'Prud'hommes' are elected for six years and are representative of employers and employees. In Norway and Denmark somewhat similar systems have been at work since 1795. There intending litigants must obtain a certificate that an attempt at conciliation has been made and has failed, or the courts may refuse to hear their case.

The United States of America have also experience of Conciliation, and for the details that follow we are indebted to a book 'Justice and the Poor' by Mr R. H. Smith. Each State in the Union is, of course, its own master in such matters. Cleveland established, in 1912, a Small Claims Court, technically known as the Conciliation Branch of the Municipal Court. It deals with claims up to thirty-five dollars and is not limited to mere actions for debts. Torts (civil wrongs) may also be dealt with. On receipt of a complaint the court clerk writes or telephones to the defendant and endeavours to settle matters with him. If there is a contest the ordinary rules of evidence are not enforced; lawyers are not excluded, but their employment is not usual. Mr Smith cites a case of a landlady who claimed twenty-five dollars from a lodger on the ground that the latter had smoked in bed and burned the mattress. The burning was apparently not denied, so the judge telephoned to a departmental store and found out that a similar mattress cost eight dollars. Judgment for that amount was given. In Kansas there has been since 1912 a Small Debtors' Court as a separate organisation with jurisdiction up to twenty dollars. Both the low limit and the separate organisation seem to us unwise provisions. The judge, who is a layman, is free to get evidence where he can, and is bound to 'give judgment according to the very right of the case.' As Mr Smith says, 'this means justice according to individual conscience after the manner of an Eastern Cadi.'

In all these cases resort to Conciliation is compulsory within the prescribed jurisdiction. Public opinion in this country is not yet ripe for that. But we suggest that in any civil court any defendant should have the option, whether the claim be for five shillings or for five millions, of having his case tried by Conciliation methods if he is of opinion that for any reason he is unlikely to recover his costs if he wins. Conciliation methods would involve

the abandonment of the rules of evidence, the possibility of trial on documents alone or the hearing of witnesses at different times without cross-examination by the parties. It would, we think, be unwise to permit laymen to act as Conciliation judges. Trained lawyers should be exclusively employed, and we venture to suggest that it would be a most beneficial experience for Judges, Masters, and Registrars, whether of the County Courts or of the High Courts, to exercise the function of Conciliation judges. They would learn many lessons which would be of great value in their ordinary daily work.

The creation of Conciliation machinery was one of the favourite ideas of Lord Brougham. From 1828 onwards he advocated the plan. His first bills for the creation of County Courts provided for Conciliation machinery as part of the County Court jurisdiction. County Court Judges were to be 'Judges of Reconciliation.' In the bill of 1833 the following proposals were made: Clause 59 proposed that, 'It shall be lawful for any person who hath any claim against any other person in respect of any debt to cite the person against whom he has such claim to appear before the judge where the adverse party resides, to have the matter in dispute between them heard and advised upon by the judge, which hearing shall be called proceeding for reconciliation.' By clause 61, 'the party so cited shall, at his own election, appear or not before the judge.' Then, if the parties both appeared, by clause 63, 'it shall be in their option to follow and abide' by 'the judge's advice or not,' but if they should so decide, 'the substance thereof shall be reduced in writing signed by the parties' and entered in 'the Reconciliation Book' and such memorandum 'shall be final and binding on the parties.'

These proposals roused the vested interests of the law. Lord Lyndhurst gave voice to the opposition in the House of Lords on June 17, 1833. 'Such a court,' he said, 'had been tried in France, in Switzerland, in Belgium, in Holland. . . . It had been abandoned in them all, because it had signally and lamentably failed.' The ex-Lord Chancellor was too sweeping, but even he had to admit that Courts of Reconciliation had succeeded in Denmark and Sweden. Since those days, such courts in various forms have succeeded elsewhere. Lord Campbell

in his Life of Brougham wrote frankly that the proposals 'generally speaking, were rational and practicable.' However, in order to secure the passage of his County Courts Bill (it was not passed until 1846) the Conciliation clauses had to be omitted. In 1845 Brougham, no longer Lord Chancellor, introduced them as a separate Bill, but again without success. Campbell records that on the introduction of this Bill three Peers only were present in the House of Lords besides himself. In 1848 the Bill was revived, but made no progress. No progress has been made to this day.

It is doubtful whether any reform is slower than Law Reform. But it ought to be possible to secure assent for such a moderate proposal as that defendants who have reason to believe that they will never recover their legal costs if they win the action shall be entitled to demand informal Conciliation procedure. Were such a modest reform introduced, the injustices that have long existed and which the new Poor Persons Rules have intensified would disappear to a very great extent. By introducing such a reform we should be making a most beneficial admission that more than sentiment and good-feeling are necessary to adjust the relations between the poor and those who are better off; we should be admitting that head as well as heart has to be set in motion. We would throw open the Conciliation procedure in all cases, regardless of whether the Poor Persons Rules are being used or not, so that henceforth few successful defendants can have cause to complain if they win their cases and yet have their full legal bill to pay.

It may be that Conciliation procedure will not be suitable in all cases. We believe, however, that it could be worked even for the most prolific type of action, the 'running down' or accident case. But let experience decide. It is encouraging to read that Sir Edward Parry in his latest book on Law Reform, 'The Gospel and the Law,' has frankly written that :

'I have no hesitation in saying that, had I had the opportunity of assisting the poorer litigants who appeared before me to settle their cases by methods of conciliation before they had spent what to them were large sums of money in solicitors' costs and court fees, I would have succeeded in at least 75 per cent. of the matters I tried, and with better

results to the litigants and a saving to them of their time, their money and their peace of mind.'

We believe that experience of such a voluntary scheme as we have suggested would have far-reaching results. If the results were good, the question of extending the principle, or possibly of introducing an element of compulsion, could be considered later. In any case valuable experience would be gained. A fresh and invigorating wind would blow over our whole machinery of litigation and very likely the lesson might be learned that in all cases where juries are not employed our present standards of evidence can safely be modified. But whatever the results of the experiment, it could no longer be true that our present system permits, and our present Rules encourage, individuals and companies being put in the position of having to fight civil actions, knowing full well that every penny they spend must in any event come out of their own pocket.

In 1189 Bracton wrote in the Preface to his 'Treatise on the Law and Customs of the Kingdom of England' that 'the power of his adversary oppresses not the poor man.' This, on the whole, has been true of English law ever since. But the time has come when we should apply our thoughts to the power of a poor adversary to oppress those who can at least afford to defend themselves.

Art. 3.—THE NEW 'CIVIL WAR' IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE only war worthy of the name which the American people—so remote from peril, so well-dowered by Nature and by luck—have ever waged was between themselves, when the slave-owning States sought to set up a nation of their own, and so disrupt the Union: the abolition of 'the peculiar institution'—as property in black human cattle was called—was a side line with Abraham Lincoln. In that ferocious four years' conflict 2,778,304 men fought on the Union side, and about 750,000 under the Confederate flag. I need hardly say that this bloody and fratricidal strife was deemed 'unthinkable' until the first shot was fired at Fort Sumter on that tragic April day in 1861. It would seem that all wars are 'unthinkable,' though the drift of them be sun-clear to observers for a whole generation. Was not 'unthinkable' the word which the bewildered Asquith used to Prince Lichnowsky on the very eve of a war which involved all the world? Apart from pensions, the American Civil War cost \$3,000,000,000 and left the South in an outrageous welter of 'Reconstruction' for many years. America's independence had been due to British muddling, French aid, and a matter of \$50,000,000—this last scraped together by thirteen very disunited States, whose mutual hatred was a curious portent of the time.

But on Dec. 18, 1917, the Federal Congress in Washington sprang to a new 'war' on the whole forty-eight Sovereign States of a continent as large as all Europe, peopled by 120,000,000 citizens of every known race, including 12,000,000 persons of African blood. This population—it is well to remember—dwells in every known climate, from the Minnesota winter of 40° below zero to the sub-tropics of Florida and the perpetual summer of Lower California. This Federal challenge took the specious form of the Eighteenth (Prohibition of Liquor) Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which Senator James Reed of Missouri, in a recent Congressional debate, branded as 'the greatest crime in our history'; at the same time surveying the colossal anarchy and corruption which it has brought in its train. I propose to survey this singular Ten Years' War, whose cost in

money alone will be reckoned by a later historian in staggering caravans of noughts. Assuredly its aftermath must take at least a generation to clear away, even when its 'unthinkableness' has long passed into the disastrous armouries and museums of social teleosis—even going back to the Dorian Greeks. That the Democratic Senator from Missouri was right, his President had already shown by addressing himself to this enormous evil in his very first, or 'Inaugural,' speech as the ablest autocrat who has ever ruled the United States.

'We are steadily building a new race,' Mr Hoover said. And we may here compare 'our composite and cosmopolitan people,' who so grievously afflicted the hapless Wilson in 1915-16. After dealing with national prestige, security, and prosperity, Mr Hoover passed to the perils he saw in shaping 'our new civilisation.' 'The most malign of all these dangers is disregard and disobedience of law.' Enforcement of the liquor-laws was everywhere either 'delinquent or inefficient.'

'Of the undoubted abuses which have grown up under the Eighteenth Amendment, some are due to this cause. But they are due in part to the failure of some States to accept responsibility, and the failures of many State and local officials to observe their oath of office. With all this has come a dangerous expansion in the criminal elements, who have found enlarged opportunities in dealing in illegal liquor. But a large responsibility also rests directly upon our citizens. There would be little traffic in illegal liquor if only criminals patronised it. We must awake to the fact that this patronage from large numbers of law-abiding citizens is supplying the rewards, and stimulating crime.

'More than 9000 human beings,' the President pursued, 'are lawlessly killed in the United States; and little more than half as many arrests follow. Less than one-sixth of these slayers are convicted, and but a scandalously small percentage of these are ever punished. In proportion to population, twenty times as many people are lawlessly killed in the United States as in Great Britain. In many of our great cities, murder can apparently be committed with impunity. At least fifty times as many robberies in proportion to population are committed in the United States as in Great Britain.'

Now, Herbert Hoover, the realist and world-citizen, is no Jeffersonian meliorist, no blind follower of the

mindless band-waggon of Democracy. He sees America with quite other eyes than those of Emerson, Whitman, or William James: did not that vivid pragmatist behold Democracy 'stumbling through error, till its institutions glow with Justice, and its customs shine with Beauty'? Moreover, it is hard to reconcile the lurid America of Mr Hoover's 'Inaugural' with the aloof, utopian polity pictured for us by that genial Rocky Mountain Senator who is Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. 'Under what other form of Government,' Mr William E. Borah asks us, 'may be found the intelligence, the devotion, the ethical insight, the unselfish conduct and the moral and social earnestness that characterise our citizenship?' That blessed citizen of to-day who takes a glass of wine at dinner, who has beer with his lunch, or a whisky and soda in his club, incurs the truly 'unthinkable' penalty (under the recent Jones-Stalker Act) of five years' penal servitude and a fine of \$10,000! Is it any wonder that President Hoover, confronted with the all but incredible facts set out in these pages, should warn his people that: 'We are confronted with a national crisis of the first degree. We are suffering—not from an ephemeral crime-wave—but from a subsidence of our foundations'!

Here is plain speech with a vengeance from the only statesman of vision and strength who ever has entered the White House—President Lincoln alone excepted. Hoover found Prohibition tacked on to the Constitution, although it was far worse than a dead letter, like the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments which decree the black man's 'equality' and his right to vote; a preposterous folly is this for States like Mississippi and South Carolina, where white people are actually in a minority. America's Quaker President is a life-long 'dry'; but he has no desire whatever to foist his dryness upon an enormous continent, where a hundred different races coalesce in lush prosperity of a wholly unmartial kind. He will do his best to enforce a quite impossible law, until it either fades into 'nullification' or passes into the hands of the Sovereign States for local option.

Five of these have already seceded; the latest was Wisconsin, where Governor Kohler signed his repeal after

a two-to-one vote of the people had been taken. New York, Montana, and Nevada have likewise 'gone wet.' Maryland passed no enforcement law; Connecticut and Rhode Island never ratified the Eighteenth Amendment at all. Massachusetts and Illinois are in rebellion, while California—three times the size of England—is deluging the whole continent with 18,000,000% worth of wine-grapes. These are judiciously pressed by millions of Italians, and then the 'harmless' juice is passed on to customers with a simple formula for raising the dearly-desired 'kick.' In this, and in far more evil ways, were the soberest of all peoples imbued with a frenzied thirst for the forbidden, such as Senator Reed outlined in his four-hours' speech; the vast sales of malt for 'home-brew,' the universal display of flasks, the luring 'ads.' of brewing and bottling devices; the reckless drinking by boys and girls, the network of spies and informers, with new class-hatreds engendered, and a deluge of poison-liquor on the land which a Congressional Committee found was killing or blinding 11,000 people a year, and increasing the insanity rate in some cities by as much as 1700 per cent. This dreadful stuff, sold at five and ten cents a glass on the East side of New York, landed 238 patients in a single week in the special Alcoholic Ward of Belle Vue Hospital; it is mainly 'smoke,' or industrial alcohol, doped with iodine or creosote, ether or burnt sugar, so as to impart a tasty tang.

More fire-water is won from corn-mash, potatoes, and fruit. Strange evidence was given by doctors and judges before the House Judiciary Committee. Such was the craze for paregoric in Chicago, that druggists were forbidden to sell more than a single ounce at a time. But eager women collected many of these ounces, and added powdered opium to make a weird intoxicant. Others, again, used sweet spirits of nitre, or Jamaica ginger. A prominent parson mourned that the Volstead Act had undone a hundred years of decent temperance labours. A Lunacy Commission showed the House a terrifying battery of flasks. 'Drink out of these,' America's legislators were grimly told, 'and something will happen to you'! Another witness showed how the huge increase in bank-deposits, far from being due to new thrift or money saved from liquor, as uplifters had maintained, was

largely the ill-gotten gains of moonshiners, bootleggers, high-jackers, and rum-runners—to say nothing of the Western grape-growers, whose \$315,000,000 crop suddenly soared in ('liquor') value to the staggering figure of \$1,260,000,000.

Asked by Congress to account for this flagrant defiance of more than half of America's people, Judge Harry S. Priest of Missouri replied :

'This is an inquisitional law ; it wears the badge of morality and discriminates sharply between the rich and the poor. Our people distinguish between an act of real turpitude and an act which is mechanically made wrong by law. The one you can deal with ; the other you will never prevent at all. This is the case with absolute Prohibition, which most of our people regard as an invasion of their natural rights.'

While Congress was hearing the evidence, a truck full of petitions against this law was drawn up outside the House Office Building ; here were over 7,000,000 signatures, including those of 'converted' women, like Miss Ida M. Tarbell, the classic historian of the Standard Oil concern, and Mrs Charles H. Sabin, of the Republican National Convention. And when America's women desert a cause or a craze, its season is certainly over.

I have spoken of a real 'war' between the American States and the Federal Government, whom the States accuse of 'manufacturing new crimes under the whip-lash of political parsons and immature moralists.' The demand for 'good liquor' does exist, as Mr Hoover has duly noted. 'You can get it here as easily as in Mexico,' Mayor J. J. Walker of New York explained to his friends with his usual contagious gaiety. 'But it's hard to come by in Canada.' How should it be otherwise with 'bribes beyond the dreams of avarice'—according to Mr Andrew Mellon, America's Chancellor—offered to Prohibition's official army to ignore their duties ? Even in the first forty-one months of it, Attorney-General Daugherty could only report to the White House 'one of the most tragic epochs in American history.' Millions of money in fines and thousands of years in gaol could not stem a deluge that grew ever greater in volume. Among the 'conspirators' and abettors were high Judges and lawyers, Federal and State officials, multi-millionaires and members of America's

foremost families. Cases of bribery and corruption—even of assassination!—had been found (Mr Daugherty grieved to say) 'in the very sanctums where inviolability of the Law, it was presumed, would have been held sacred.' As for the huge fortunes made by slaking America's sudden thirst, I need only mention the \$10,000,000 which District Attorney Monaghan of Philadelphia found deposited by bootleggers in a single year in the banks and trust-companies of the City of Brotherly Love. Sitting on eleven murders by the liquor-'racketeers,' the usual Grand Jury submitted the usual report on the customary 'group of lawless men' who transacted their 'booze'-business with all the panoply of bullet-proof vests, rifles, revolvers, and machine-guns!

'They have—with efficient legal advice—erected an organisation to flout the law with the corrupt connivance of police officials, high and low, who have themselves been enriched by millions of dollars. Notorious criminals have been put on our streets armed with deadly weapons to indulge in bloodshed, robbery, and brutal murder, openly and brazenly, with a degree of security unheard of in a decent community.'

Twelve thousand of Philadelphia's 'speak-easies,' gambling-dens, and brothels were at once closed by Mayor Mackey in a great city of 3,000,000 people. In Chicago things were vastly worse throughout an urban area almost as large as Paris. Here, in broad day, seven men were butchered outright in one *battue* by rival liquor-gangsters using machine-guns and pistols. This town's murder-record for a single year was 498 as against twenty-seven in London—which has nearly thrice the Windy City's population. New York came second with 401, while Detroit (Henry Ford's utopia) showed 228, or 16·5 for every 100,000 of its prosperous and polyglot population. No one, by the way, seems to urge the taking away of his 'gun' from the American gun-toter. Over there, men and women carry guns almost as we do watches: nor is there any restriction on the sale of ammunition whether for home defence or 'private wars.' How, one asks with awe, is such a socio-political portent possible in any civilised land as 'Scarface Al' Capone, the millionaire Sicilian gangster of Chicago, with his gorgeous villa at Palm Island (Fla.) and all his liquor, gaming, and vice-'interests' throughout

America's second city, to the value of nearly \$16,000,000 a year? I will not stay for an answer, since the question of liquor supply, as well as the insatiable demand for it, is here my prime concern.

The entire continent has long been besieged by 'booze' fleets, which call for new Federal navies to repel them at any cost. All told, last year's quite hopeless 'enforcement' entailed an outlay of no less than \$936,000,000. And still the fanatics clamoured for more. Dry Democrats, indeed, put forward a Bill for \$1,162,675,389! In the House, this was whittled down to a mere \$250,000,000, and then promptly rejected. Senator Harris of Maryland finally reduced the appropriation to \$24,000,000. Even against this 'mite' Chancellor Mellon took a firm stand—only to be bombarded with reproaches from Methodist uplifters and the notorious Anti-Saloon League. These reckless *lestai* (as crafty Josephus would call them) were amazed and shocked at the pusillanimous conduct of this purse-holder of the United States. They wanted new Coastguard forces; more garrisons for the customs, with horse and foot and cars for the 3000-mile 'Canadian front.' Armies in the field ought to be 'doubled and trebled.' Increased salaries, too, should be offered for 'a higher type of [dollar-proof?] men to undertake this arduous and hazardous work.' And to wind up, Mr Mellon's snipers fired a parting shot: 'Does the Treasury sincerely *desire* efficient Enforcement?' That rattled Bureau will surely chant a *Te Deum* when it retires from so forlorn a fight against half a continent, leaving the Ministry of Justice to take over those liquor-trenches, in which all America appears to be drowning in joyous confusion, while its President demands a further \$15,000,000 for more gaols.

Now for the armadas of attack and defence, of which Mr Seymour Lowman is the civil chief, and Dr James M. Doran the nimble *strategos*, with over 6000 warriors under him, doling out 8000 years in gaol last year alone to say nothing of 'legal killings,' of which I shall presently speak. Twenty destroyers and 300 patrol-boats put to sea to do battle with the Demon Rum. And this Big Stick grew beyond Roosevelt's wildest imagining. Captain V. E. Jacobs, of the Coast Guard Service, was soon asking for thirty cutters besides. To these were added submarine-chasers, with fast tugs, 18-knot launches and 36-footers

that could beat a train ; many of these carried nifty one-pounders and Lewis guns. The Booze-Fleet was soon officered and manned by 5000 specials from the New London Academy. But their thunderous 'Day' was all in vain—as we see almost daily in lively spots of the European papers. All the Defensive-units are outwitted, if not out-fought, up and down the Atlantic Ocean, in that watery world of the Great Lakes, along the Detroit River, on the Mexican Border of 1800 miles, on the Canadian front of 3000 miles—even in the far Pacific, where safe nests are lined with highly profitable liquor in languorous lagoons of the South Seas.

Scotch whisky of the classic brands fetches two or three pounds a bottle in the American cities. Of course this is for the elect, as also are the choice wines and liqueurs that stock the cellars of Heliogabalan 'plutes.' The poor devil of Main Street, who 'goes up one flight' in a dry goods store, or at the greengrocer's—even in the harness-maker's—can only get his tot of 'white mule,' or dematured alcohol. This begins at twenty cents, and may leap to a dollar when the victim's speech grows thicker. The beer sold in a 'blind pig' is often harmless home-brew made of hops and malt syrup, faked up with gelatine and yeast and sugar, then allowed to ferment for two days. For use in private homes, there are panoply and formulæ beyond any telling. In June 1919, New York City had 7069 saloon bars and 689 wine and spirit stores. On Prohibition's tenth anniversary, Police Commissioner Grover Whalen was able to count over 32,000 'speak-easies,' in whose maintenance the police themselves were co-operating in kindly ways, and every way took you 'there'! The well-to-do are lavishly 'fixed,' and drinking has become a continental craze. 'We have taken the Bottle,' mourns a great journal of the Middle West, 'out of the bar-room, and put it in the home. We have encased it in leather or silver to fit the hip-pockets of our callow sons, so that these may liven up our neighbours' little girls. It isn't what we meant to do. Many of us do not yet realise what we've done. And it is a horrible thing to haunt the consciences of us who think we know how to use the ballot and rule society.' It is a lawless game, as all wars must be. Liberty is held to be at stake in Liberty's loudest land, where the Rights of Man were long ago written into the

Union and State Constitutions. And lastly, this is a war which not only gratifies millions, but puts millions of money into the pockets of its daring pandars, both at home and abroad. Hence this unrelenting siege of the United States and the packing of outworn prisons until their occupants rise in murderous mutinies and burnings.

There is a 'French Front,' based on the dismal rocks of St Pierre and Miquelon, where the poor cod-folk have become fishers of men with a liquor-bait. There is a 'British Front'—in those endless West India groups—whose natural market for all things is the immensely rich continent at their door. Here Headquarters are established in Nassau, of the Bahamas, whence 'Queen' Gertrude Lythgoe was able to bring off her million-dollar deals with the bankers of Wall Street, whose love for gilt-edged securities is so well known! At one time 100 liquor-vessels hovered outside the three-mile limit off the New Jersey coast, all of them with baffling clearance-papers, some supposed to be from Tampico down in Mexico, where oil is as water in flow. Not all of this restless fleet's 'stuff' was landed. To the cutter 'Kickapoo' fell some \$500,000 worth. There was much spectacular dumping of whisky in the sea, with front-page features and photos of these oblations in all the newspapers, through the Division of Statistics and Education, which forms part of the Prohibition Bureau. But there were far more private sales of this booty, with fat profits for the lawful buccaneers of Prohibition. *Quis custodiet*—? After all, if the police of the cities could pocket their millions, were the sea-sentinels only to demoralise the fishes, and then sail home with Virtue as their only guerdon? Why, the crew of the submarine-chaser 'Hansen' were actually found to have stolen fifty cases of choice Scotch from a stranded blockade-runner of the Bahamas, and were put on trial for the crime.

Daring smugglers, riding without lights, became a serious danger to liner navigation in the Ambrose Channel of New York Bay. Prohibition officers even left the Federal Service, and themselves turned 'high-jackers,' or preys upon the rum-running fleets. One of these pirates was tried at Bimini, in the Bahamas. In desperation at last, the U.S. Treasury sought the aid of the State Department; and soon a Committee of our own Imperial

Conference was considering the very grave matter of searching suspects as far out as twelve miles from the shore. This was debated in the House of Lords, both by the late Lord Curzon and by Lord Birkenhead. At the same time, in the U.S. House of Representatives, excited 'Drys' warned their worried State Secretary that: 'No consideration for a foreign Power need be expected from the Legislative Chambers, whose members—and the people behind them—were making the greatest moral and social experiment ever undertaken in the interests of all mankind.'

Meanwhile, 'the people behind them' were clamouring for more and yet more British and Canadian liquor at any price, as well as for the choice vintages of France, Italy, Germany, Spain, and the rest, to say nothing of those delightful cordials distilled in foreign parts by the pious monks. Soon grave international 'incidents' showed that the Great Moral Experiment was much more than a domestic affair. The captain of a Nova Scotian vessel complained of arrest by a destroyer twenty miles out at sea. Our own Embassy lodged energetic protests in several cases during the 'reign' of Mrs Mabel Willebrandt as Assistant Attorney-General. President Hoover lost no time in accepting this lady's resignation, which he did in the nicest of notes. Over in the Pacific, at least one Revenue boatswain was prosecuted and sentenced for perjury, having sworn that a certain rum-runner was seized well outside even the twelve-mile zone. In the case of the steamers 'Buemal' and 'Gardner,' personal effects and money, amounting in all to \$72,679, were seized by the official boarding-party. Here the Federal Judge, when ordering prompt restitution, characterised this case as 'an act of piracy—except in the minds of the Prohibition agents.'

Captain Karl Anderson, of the Norwegian fruit steamer, 'Juán,' from Honduras to Baltimore, was six times shot at in Chesapeake Bay, and thereafter boarded and searched by armed men. Next, the private yacht 'Restless,' belonging to Mr Stuyvesant Fish, a member of one of the oldest and richest American families, was fired upon in the dark, then stopped, and searched (in vain) for liquor by six officers. With cocked revolvers these men had the insolence to tell Mrs Fish and her young sons that they

were lucky not to have been shelled at sight by the Revenue cutter yonder! But the most flagrant case of all was the pursuit and sinking by gunfire, in a furious sea, of the Canadian schooner, 'I'm Alone,' whilst on a voyage from Belize to Bermuda. One seaman lost his life—Leon Maingay, a French subject. So two foreign Ambassadors and one Minister—Sir Esmé Howard, M. Paul Claudel (a poet of exquisite culture), and Mr Vincent Massey of Canada—promptly called upon State Secretary Stimson for explanations. Meanwhile, Captain John Randell, of the 'I'm Alone'—which had been sunk 200 miles off the Louisiana Coast—had actually been brought into New Orleans as a common felon in leg-irons. This fine seaman's service in the Great War is a record of outstanding merit. The 'I'm Alone' case, with far-reaching results implicit in its final rulings, is still *sub judice* between the authorities of Washington and Ottawa.

The Canadian—or principal land—Front calls for much fuller mention, because through it the Great Moral Experiment receives 90 per cent. of the Dominions' export of liquor, or say \$30,000,000 worth a year. Every known device has been tried in vain to dam this flood, including 38-knot launches armed with quickfirers, rifles and tear-gas bombs, which are all duly approved by the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals. Something like \$2,000,000 a year in graft paid to Government officials largely nullifies this display of Federal force. 'Ground has been broken for a new international bridge' (the American jester notes) 'between Windsor (Ont.) and Detroit (Mich.). But why not make it a pipe line?' On this war-sodden front, U.S. Commissioner Camp grieved to find 'patrol-officers who were not faithful to their trust.' 'And dismissals were like throwing water upon a duck's back!' Mr Ford's famous motor-hive is, in fact, the 'Verdun' of this endless Canadian war; there were thirty murders here in a few months, with smuggling, high-jacking, racketeering, banditry, and black-mail, all in full blast. Rival 'General Staffs' here move and counter-move with Schlieffen-plans of shifty genius. On Lake Erie and other lonely waters, a new fleet of fifty-three vessels was launched, all directed by an anti-liquor Moltke from a secret headquarters. But the enemy at Ecorse and at Amhurstburg on the lake continue to score,

so vast is the area of operations—and so fierce the demand from an American people who, as we see, positively decline to be Prohibited. Mayor Smith of Detroit (a wet man) owned to 15,000 'blind pigs' in the foreign babel of his 'wide-open' jurisdiction.

In winter, fast skaters ply on the frozen Detroit River hauling the stuff, and madly pursued by official Nemesis on ice-creepers. There is no peace on the mile-long Peace Bridge, which was opened in 1927 with such moving magniloquence. For Ontario Province is now wet. All Canada, indeed—like Sweden and Switzerland—has solved her liquor-problem with true Platonic wisdom, while her immense neighbour continues to flounder in the stew I have outlined. But America's *eidola* is averse from taking anybody's dust, intent as it is upon saving at least the 27,000,000 wage-earners—despite all the protests of the Federation of Labour. *Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi!*

Natural philosophers have here a fruitful field for speculation as to the influence of environment—the *äusserer Bildungstrieb*, which accounts for so much in the spasmodic stunts of these child-like American people. Big newspapers send regular war-correspondents to these Canadian battlefields. 'Guns flamed early to-day,' one of these lively lads tells us, 'along the upper reaches of the Detroit River, as the rum-smugglers essayed yet another dash through our blockade! Heavy firing was reported off Caron Avenue. About five this morning, our speed-craft tore into the East Windsor zone, followed by intermittent roaring of the guns. Casualties on both sides are as yet unknown.' Half a million cases 'of the best' will here be dumped in a single month into America's eager maw, apart from supplies that go by motors and lorries along lonely sylvan ways.

President Hoover sent an imploring S.O.S. to Canada to 'help our Treasury in this systematic war'! But Detroit, now the fourth of all America's cities, is bound by steel rails to a land where 'booze' may be legally manufactured and sold. Huge bridges, with passenger and vehicular tunnels, as well as motor highways and ferry-lines, all hug that thirty-one miles stretch of the international river—to say nothing of Detroit's own vast illicit breweries, distilleries, and universal home-brewings on the part of people who still hear the Liberty-Bell of long ago ;

who still read Jefferson on the 'Pursuit of Happiness'; and who vowed in their primal Ellis Island cages that: 'We came over here to escape Kings'!

Giant combines exist on the Great Lakes to outwit the Prohibition men of Buffalo and Mackinac. A shuttle-system operates whereby the liquor-traffic shifts into Lake Erie or Lake Huron according to erratic plunges of the enemy's barrage. Intelligence systems on both sides are elaborate and keen. Speed-boats were at last replaced by heavy 80-foot tugs, capable of riding the fresh-water seas in all storms and bringing their precious freight into safe and secret harbours. No deck-hamper can now take the foeman's searchlights in these bold and furtive ships. Big motors give them high speed; the wheel is in a cockpit, with the steersman's head only a few inches above the rolling deck.

So is America supplied, and that with irresistible *elan* on the attackers' side. In the last resort the weary defenders may be bought over—with new meaning sensed in those indulgent words: 'The Spirit indeed is willing, but the Flesh is weak'! As for the Sovereign States (one of them five times the size of England!), these have long grown languid in enforcement on their own account. 'Let's leave it to Uncle Sam,' they say as they mix their seductive cocktails. 'He began it in his mindless way—like a paper-hanger in the lizard-pastures of Arizona'! Canoes and row-boats with false bottoms swarm on this Canadian Front. Out-board motor-boats, known as 'skip-jacks,' haunt the reedy shallows where Dry craft cannot follow. Liquor prices go up and down according to the fortunes of this never-ceasing war. Of course blood is spilt; but the guilt of it is smeared (in Uplift papers) 'on the scofflaws who defy our Government that they may keep their own whistles wet'! To this Canada's press replies: 'Official America desires Prohibition, but unofficial America has a lolling tongue for all the booze we can bring over'!

Official Canada has throughout been sympathetic and correct. Mr W. D. Euler, the Minister of National Revenue, personally explored the Detroit 'Verdun.' 'Do you cross in daylight?' he asked a veteran exporter of Windsor town. 'Quite often,' was the reply. 'And how is it they don't get you?' He answered with a

smile: 'It just happens they're not on the spot when we go across.' Mr Euler declined to enforce an order forbidding clearances to the United States. This, he said (voicing 'the Treasury view'), would entail a loss of 250,000*l.* a year to the Dominion, and at the same time force the traffic 'underground,' to the corruption of Canada's own people and general chaos on the Great Lakes. Moreover, seven of the nine Provinces are now opposed to Prohibition; and the export of liquor is perfectly legal until Parliament decrees otherwise. Finally, this Minister told the Ottawa House of Commons that he had stood on the Canadian docks at Bridgebury and Windsor and watched the unloading of Canada's liquor in broad daylight at Buffalo and Detroit—with U.S. preventive officers either turning a blind eye, or even actually assisting in the transport! Desperate remedies are sought to detect U.S. citizens who break the Dry Law, including secret instructions to over a hundred gas and electric-light meter-readers of a certain Rhode Island corporation. Great was the uproar when employees of the Blackstone Company threw up their jobs rather than 'act as snoopers, squealers, and spotters for the Government,' in cases of secret stills and homebrew gear in the citizen's cellar.

But surely the most staggering discovery of all was that, not even Detroit, nor the Mexican Border towns (where a strand of wire divides the two immense Republics), were the wettest of all, but Washington itself, the very ark of Prohibition's covenant; the secret seat where the first *ébauche* of this monstrous Law was shaped as a war-measure to conserve grain in November 1918. That blunt sailor, Admiral Charles P. Plunkett, Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, was the first to shock President Coolidge with a flat statement that 'Washington is the wettest city in the United States'! And then there were queer confessions. Senator Cole Blease of South Carolina explained the mystery of his 'drinking wet and voting dry':—'If we pass enough drastic laws, the whole thing will be repealed.' Senator E. I. Edwards, of New Jersey, scathed the bludgeon methods of the Anti-Saloon League, and roundly declared its supporters to be either 'bigots or damned fools.' But the greatest defection of all was that of Senator A. R. Gould of Maine—which is

the mother-State of the movement, and has been dry since 1846. Mr Gould would end this liquor-war with a licence for light wines and beer. Other statesmen in the Federal Capital thus express their view: 'I vote dry and I live dry. But I totally disbelieve in the Eighteenth Amendment'! The veteran Prohibition worker, Mr Clinton N. Howard, found 342 places in Washington where very bad liquor was as openly sold 'as sugar in the grocery.' Much of this stuff contains from 4 to 60 per cent. of alcoholic poison. No shibboleth of the underworld was needed to obtain a drink—'all that is required in this Sodom of Suds is just a thirst and the price'!

Then with the Members of both Federal Houses in expansive mood, there came crowding memories of those two excited Conventions of last year, when a wet Al Smith ran against a dry Herbert Hoover. It is true that virtuous Democrats wished that Houston orgie to be 'dry as the Sahara camel.' Yet electoral delegates in the hotels were shown to hospitable rooms, where they read this greeting from a genial management: 'We would *not* encourage any man to defy Prohibition. But for the protection of our furniture and your own convenience you will find a corkscrew in your bedroom cupboard'!

For ten years the jesters and cartoonists of all the world have cut loose upon this 'Moral Experiment' following the lead of America's own press from ocean to ocean. This is to be regretted; for, as I have shown, this 'shoeing of the goose'—as the Spanish Republics call it—has been a very disastrous mania. One recalls young sky-mad Bunyan, leaving his leaky kettles to cry: 'Be ye dry!' to that mile of puddles between Elstow and Bedford. On the stage and the screen the quiddities of Prohibition have been ridiculed *ad nauseam*. Highly paid 'columyists' were sorely taxed for fresh titillations day by day. Thus: 'Ex-President Taft had gone to Canada, *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*' 'Maybe if you go to the police-station and threaten to make wine out of the dandelions, they'll send along a cop to weed your lawn'! 'Seems there's a fortune awaiting the man who invents an unbreakable trunk for our travelling Congressmen'! Many of these legislators have been arrested on returning from abroad, 'well-fixed' with bottles in their baggage. Upon such delinquents the religious press have been very

severe. A Mormon journal darkly recalled the famous freethinker of Samuel Butler, who 'used to thank God he was an atheist.' And when Congressman Morgan (an Ohio Dry) was found with wet luggage on landing from Panama, he was sadly compared—in Pio Nono's phrase about Pusey—to 'a bell that invites all to church—while itself remains for ever outside'! Meanwhile, the Drys continue their pressure-politics, mainly through the powerful and reckless Anti-Saloon League. This singular body was founded in 1893 at Oberlin, O., and was welcomed by the four principal Church hierarchies. At one time this League was spending \$2,500,000 a year 'to fight the Demon Rum by force and suasion.' It has a forceful lobby in the Halls of Congress. It also won over America's women, in a vast gynarchy where 'Ma' Ferguson was somehow elected Governor of Texas in a land much larger than France; but the Lone Star State prefers to forget 'Ma's' uproarious reign.

The Anti-Saloon League may be called the unofficial General Staff of Prohibition. It is now raising a war-fund of \$10,000,000 under the ægis of its chief, Dr Scott McBride, and Mr S. H. Cherrington, of the Education and Propaganda Department. This latter branch, by the way, was recently found to be importing 'Dry' slogans into America's school text-books, nicely wrapped up in courses of English, Civics, Drawing, and Current Events. President Hoover was much annoyed at this, and 'sat down hard upon it.' Affiliated with the Anti-Saloon League is the World League Against Alcoholism, whereof Mr 'Pussyfoot' Johnson is the travelling apostle in thirty-five countries—not forgetting India and its welter of races and castes. There is no denying the political power of the Anti-Saloon League all over the United States. Its allies and outposts bombard the Capitol itself, and legislators there have come to hate and fear it. Of one propaganda-fortress in Washington, from which (it was alleged) insidious snipers crept out to waylay Members of Congress, the veteran Senator from New York, Mr Royal S. Copeland, was very outspoken: 'If I had my way, that imposing building would be razed stone by stone, for it is the symbol of sinister forces.' The Board of Public Morals was grieved to hear Senator Copeland talk like this.

'Himself a health expert, . . . in the presence of this enemy of all good, which is the Liquor-Traffic. For this is the Python we are at grips with. It crawls into our homes, corrupting all, and utterly devoid of conscience or remorse. We do *not* approach it with bouquets, but with force and penal sentences. We intend to strike and kill it, as the Constitution of the United States ordains. The Python's trail is in our courts and politics, and all over our social order. It threatens the very pillars which support our nation's fabric. Are we to be silent before the menace of this Thing? Are we to acquiesce in the ever-increasing insolence with which the world's greatest curse defies every attempt to cast it out forever?'

It is useless for any reader to absorb the passionate fury of this outburst without also considering the profound sincerity that goes with it, and also a crusading spirit in which any and every means is held to justify the supposedly sacred end.

Every agency of publicity is used to enlist champions against the Python: sky-writing 'planes; the radio that talks to millions; impassioned lectures, articles, and books, and, of course, the movies, both musical and mute. Nobody hailed the new talkies, by the way, so eagerly as the professional Laocoons of Liquor, armed as they now were with what the 'silent' interests used to scoff at as 'those chirping tintypes.' And spies of the League in Washington keep eager watch and ward upon 'Embassy liquor,' to the real embarrassment of the U.S. Government. For years the foreign diplomatists have been affronted by 'snoopers' who stand at back doors in Sixteenth Street to watch (and to photograph) the delivery of wines, beer, and liqueurs which the envoys of nations are privileged to receive, exactly as though they lived in London, Paris, Berlin, or Rome. On one occasion sixty cases were seized by the Washington police from a lorry of the Siamese Legation, upon which an Attaché was actually riding. In Boston seals were ostentatiously affixed, and an armed guard mounted, over a consignment of champagne, gin, and whisky intended for the representatives of Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Egypt. It is common knowledge that Sir Esmé Howard has long been vexed by all the vulgar and facetious publicity given to each cargo of 'liquor' he received. Both he and the rest of the Corps in Washington receive many protests

by post from ill-mannered and incontinent 'Drys.' To one of these, a timber man of Lynchburg, Va., Sir Esmé Howard wrote a private note offering to forgo his liquor-rights at the bidding of the United States. Now the story of perfectly innocent letters, written from our Embassy in Washington, is not a happy one, and the present case was no exception to the rule. Other Ambassadors and Ministers were placed in an awkward light when Mr Carter sent both Sir Esmé's letter and his own to the ever-hungry newspapers. State Secretary Stimson was forthwith besieged by 'Anti's' of all grades. A special statement was issued by our harassed Embassy, pointing out that the correspondence had been private and that Sir Esmé's well-meant offer had been signed for him by his secretary—as an expression of his private opinion, and not on behalf of the Diplomatic Corps,' of which the British envoy was the *doyen*, by the way.

Of course, all the fat was now in the alcoholic fire. Wets and Drys were arrayed afresh for battle. Washington correspondents pictured officials at the French Embassy pounding their desks in wrath over the affair—even hurling books and papers on the floor in fury at this paltry attack upon their diplomatic dignity. 'Britain's Ambassador' (the 'New York Herald-Tribune' explained) 'is annoyed by the crowds that gather at his gate whenever liquor-deliveries are toward, and the photographers line up across the way. Sir Esmé also dislikes being placed before the American public as a hard-drinking British knight, importing van-loads of liquor into a Dry country.' The Washington 'Star' thought it disgraceful that Representatives of the Great Powers should be thus baited in the traditional immunity of their own homes. And the 'Post' was pretty caustic when comparing Sir Esmé's proffered conformity with the flat refusal of General Dawes to wear 'short-stop pants at King George's Court.' Upon all this crudity no comment need be here made: it is but a further phase in a Civil War whose partisans have invoked even Mohammed and Christ Himself—'whose wine-making at the Galilean feast would make Him a felon in the free America of to-day, liable to five years in gaol'! Moreover, the militant Wets put forward that shrewd plute, George Washington, 'who made good liquor in his own home and used it in moderation.'

I must now deal briefly with the legalised killings of citizens who have been bludgeoned or shot to death in their own homes by Federal agents for no more heinous crime than the drinking of a glass of wine or beer. Two farmers in Oklahoma were butchered in one of these forays. A hospitable old German of seventy-seven, in rural Maryland, offered a glass of homebrew to a spy. Agents rushed in to wreck his place and smash all the bottles they could find. That old man was riddled with bullets whilst resisting this violation of his premises. Henry Virkkula, a Finnish-American confectioner of Big Falls (Minn.), was motoring home in the dark with his wife and family, when twenty-six slugs were fired at him from a sawed-off shot-gun. The man collapsed in a dying state upon his wife and screaming children in the car. No liquor whatever was found. The motor's gearshift was found to be in neutral, showing that the victim had been trying to stop when he was abruptly killed without any further warning. 'Don't cry, lady,' said the contrite slayer to the distracted woman on that midnight road, 'I'm only doing my duty.'

At Aurora, Ill., a Prohibition 'snooper' shared a glass of home-made wine with the family of Mr Joseph de King. Officers forced their way into the house, clubbed the father into insensibility, and shot the mother dead by her own fireside. Of these 'unthinkable' outrages the U.S. Treasury acknowledge 190, but America's press counts at least 252 of them. 'How long,' asks one of the great Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers, 'will America tolerate such deeds by the madmen of moral reform?' America's masses take them tamely enough. A 'drastic reduction' of Prohibition's armaments may be announced: thus the use of rifles has been frowned upon in future citizen dealings. New instructions are issued to the Dry Armies and Navies by the Treasury and its Enforcement Commissioner, Dr James M. Doran. Even 'bone-dry' Senators denounce this butchery of innocent citizens—often going over to the camps of reform or repeal, and wondering how the Old World 'tyrants,' from Rome and Madrid to Moscow, must view a Land of Liberty where such frightful excesses are possible in morality's name? President Hoover has been greatly distressed by these savage murders. Ten thousand newspapers take sides in this new phase. But still the

war crackles on; this *mysterium tremendum* of Liberty's Land, where men *must* be made into angels by 'forcing the doors of God's workshop,' to use the ex-Kaiser and former War Lord's pious phrase.

'It was industrial expansion,' Mr Ford explains, 'which gave us Prohibition.' And America must needs remain a law unto herself. As for History, does not the mage of Detroit dismiss it as mere 'bunk'? True, he tried to make history himself in 1915 with his egregious Ark of Peace, which was somehow 'to get the boys out of the trenches before Christmas.' That same Ark was appropriately suggested to Mr Ford by Rosina Schwimmer, a Hungarian lady to whom the U.S. Supreme Court has recently denied citizen rights on account of her non-martial leanings. But who shall explain the jungle of fads and cranks which all these New World reformers foster? Look at William Childs, whom I may call the 'Lyons' of the United States. After this man had dotted the continent with a chain of popular restaurants, worth \$37,000,000, he suddenly decreed that flesh meat was a vicious food, and that beans and slops would build far better Americans. Childs' shares promptly slumped in Wall Street from \$74 to \$37; and the herbivorous pervert had to be ousted from control of the company while there was yet time to save it. So goes what Henry James called 'the strange, irregular rhythm of life' in the strangest of all lands, where women and wild zealots have unbridled sway, and where the 'He-Man' is but a sighful wish as the active spirit, or *impigra mens* to which Lucretius referred in the first definition of Progress. Posed as a social issue, the question: 'Should a husband keep anything from his wife?' was answered to the delight of all: 'Just enough for his lunch and his car fares!' It is the women who spend 85 per cent. of America's fabulous revenue.

The Volstead, or National Prohibition Act, was drawn up to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment, which forty-six of the self-governing 'nations' of this vast continent ratified with so light a heart. Strenuously resisted from the first, the Willis-Campbell Act was passed to buttress this new Law in 1921. Next came the Jones-Stalker Act, raising the maximum penalty to what European nations impose for manslaughter, flagitious rape, or burglary with violence.

Under Mrs Mabel Willebrandt, 55,000 criminal prosecutions were instituted last year and malefactors sent to gaol for 7700 years, with fines and forfeitures amounting to \$7,303,563. No wonder there were bloody risings in the overcrowded gaols! 'We want the Courts,' Assistant Secretary Lowman explained, 'to bear down upon the organised rum-rings, without punishing too severely the small fry who take an occasional drink.' To this policy his militant marshal, Dr Doran, added the bright idea of taking the finger-prints and Bertillon measurements of liquor-culprits, together with a record of their life and 'doings,' all these to form a sort of citizen 'Rogues Gallery' *in terrorem*.

America's answer to this and all other attacks is to drink far more than ever, and to pay from ten to twenty times more for liquor than she did before the innocent-looking Wartime Prohibition Act was put in force in 1918. At the time over 4,000,000 of 'the boys' were under arms in the Army alone, apart from the Navy, the Marines, and Reserve forces. In 1926 eight States took a Wet-Dry referendum with the startling defections I have noted. And now even the most redoubtable foes of the 'Python' are forced to pour cooling drops upon the fever of Anti-Saloon Leaguers. 'So far as to-morrow's Drys are concerned,' Mr Stanley High told them in Washington, 'our cocksureness needs a little tempering. To-day's Congresses may be Dry, but what sort of legislators will the voters of to-morrow elect?' On 'present tendencies,' this cold-footed champion believes, they will be Wet. For there is little leading over there in any sphere, but only anxious pandering to every whim and caprice of the Sovereign People.

Among the 'Sixty Reasons' against the Volstead Act which unofficial members of Congress drew up, we read: 'It has made 10,000,000 American families set up a daily example of law violation by the manufacture of intoxicants in the home.' Therefore, Mr Stanley High told his Methodists and Leaguers that: 'Fierce damnation of the saloon produces no more effect upon our young folks than do all our fire-and-brimstone fulminations about Hell itself. Moreover, they claim that the methods used to enforce this Law have established even greater evils than it was designed to destroy.' Yet another jolt came when Mr Paul W. Chapman, the Chicago banker, bought eleven

giant liners from the U.S. Shipping Board at the bargain price of \$16,082,000 and made every one of them as wet as the sea they sailed. Even the Press (to-day as thirsty as Fleet Street was in the old Bohemian days) was staggered at this purely business move. 'One great problem after another,' mourned the 'Ohio State Journal,' 'rises up gauntly to test the finest minds of our nation.' True, there was lame talk of 'medicinal liquor'; of 'wines only,' of dumping surplus liquor at the twelve-mile limit when coming home, and of Python-service at sea 'only in the cabins,' leaving a dry *ambiente* in the saloon and smoke-room, say, of the huge 'Leviathan.'

Then the ruling of Chief Justice Taft in the Cunard case of 1923 was dug up in extenuation: the Volstead Law 'is not intended to apply to domestic vessels when outside the territorial waters of the United States.' General Manager Burke, of the new Chapman Line, was quite cheerful about it all. 'The effect of the "Leviathan" going wet,' he declared, 'will bring us from 15 to 20 per cent. more passengers.' Here it will be seen we leave the austere and tenuous realm of ethics, and come down with a bang to the brass tacks of Big Business. And over its own office highballs and cocktails, America's Fleet Street expounded this bloodless bid for Sea Power against 'our wet European rivals.' 'Given this insatiable demand,' cooed the Cincinnati 'Enquirer,' 'the supplying of liquor becomes inevitable. For Dryness is too severe a handicap to place upon the struggling merchant-marine which we are now trying to nurse into full-grown strength.' Some editors saw in these wet ships a Jeffersonian vindication of 'the ever-enduring privilege of Personal Freedom.' Bolder fellows now even reproached the utopian Drys. 'There are always ten men in Washington who can tell you how to hitch your waggon to a star for one man of horse-sense who can show you how to pull a tree-stump out of your road.' Dry ships there still are, of course, and in the most severely dry of them all, inquisitorial Customs fingers once touched a sticky spot on a cabin panel. Here, in a clever *cache*, 800 bottles of Bremen's best were laid bare to the tender mercies of Prohibition in Hoboken Docks—where I have seen bloody riots, as Italian sailors fought to rescue one of their own lads who had been caught bringing ashore 'the stuff.'

How do America's scholars and thinkers, the 'high-steppers' and 'wide-walkers,' view this vain bruising of stiff necks under the flaming wheels? As scholars and thinkers must always do. Dr Nicholas Murray Butler is in favour of nullification or repeal, since that is America's way of ridding herself of laws which offend the sense of justice and right. Those opposed to this course, he added, could only countenance the present orgy of lawlessness, debauchery, and Government-made crime which President Hoover himself finds 'the dominant issue of our day.' Mr H. L. McBain, Ruggles Professor of Constitutional Law in Columbia University, finds 'the divine (and Jeffersonian) right of fifty-one per cent. toppled from its throne by the ruthless hand of reality.' The Professor calls Prohibition 'the largest political issue the American people have grappled with since the Civil War.' But the position is far more complex than outsiders realise. Absolutely to forbid liquor throughout forty-eight large 'nations,' covering a whole continent and peopled with every known race, from Irish to Sicilians and from Russians and Germans to black men and yellow, would call for a gigantic Federal Army of enforcement, centralised in Washington. Yet the Volstead Act wiped out all the liquor-laws of the States, from puritanical New England to the Arabian deserts of Arizona and New Mexico. And the States cannot restore those laws. It is no wonder that no effective remedy is yet in sight for a blind Federal plunge of unreflecting folly on so colossal a scale.

Mr G. W. Wickersham, who heads the President's inquiry into the general contempt for law, proposes a new division of Federal and State powers. This was debated at a recent conference of State Governors, whose geographic and ethnic problems were seen to be immensely diverse. It stands to common sense that Messrs Richards and Gardner (of the two Carolinas) should—in public—be dry, since African negroes predominate in those two Southern States. On the other hand, Governor Ritchie of Maryland contended that there was no obligation of any sort upon the Sovereign States to enforce the Federal dry laws. And the only crime wave which that right able man could see in his own cultured land was of Prohibition's own making.

Legal lights at the Lawyers' Club in New York took a

grave view of the Jones Law, by which the sale of a glass of beer became a felony of outrageous consequence. A committee was formed, including four ex-Federal Prosecutors, to assist juries everywhere and shield citizens 'who had done nothing condemned by civilised society.' Mr Clarence Darrow, who figured in the famous 'Fundamentalist' case of Dayton, O., does not even think repeal is necessary: 'Prohibition is dying a natural death, and soon it will be forgotten. Everybody feels entitled to evade it, so the thing is best out of our way.' Even religious folk, viewing the present hopeless mess, indite new whimsical prayers: 'Teach us to drive through life without skidding into other people's business! Preserve our brake-lining, that we may stop before we've gone too far! Help us to hear the knocks in our own engine, O Lord, and close our ears to the grinding of our neighbours' gears!'

Mr. Hoover himself, and his new Commission of eleven carefully-chosen members, has made the 'lawless American' a very prominent figure, with rueful comparisons set out in a very mercurial Press. 'A heathen country,' sighs the Brooklyn 'Times,' 'is one in which the week's pay-roll can be carried without gas-bombs and an armoured car.' Professor W. E. Dodd traces this habit of lawlessness from the earliest seizure of Indian lands against British advice, and on to the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850, which the North so long violated, and which led to a terrible war. Then the railroads and Trusts continued the lawless tradition; and so to 1900, when America's cities were lurid with saloons and brothels and gunmen, all under 'political' control. Last of all came the Volstead Act, when the well-to-do 'laid in supplies, and held that Prohibition is good for the working-classes.' But surely the root cause of all this chaos is the inevitable weakness of a merely Federal Government, to which Lord Durham drew attention over a century ago. Forty-eight Parliaments grind out conflicting laws by the ten thousand. In a single year 20,000 statutes were passed respecting the railways alone. And although the 'frontiers' are but imaginary lines, the laws of each State differ totally; so that a journey from New York to San Francisco is like one from Ostend to Constantinople. Is the school-teacher in an Anti-Evolution State to banish all the standard

text-books and encyclopædias? Or is he to break the law and lose his living?

It seems hopeless to convey to the British people an accurate picture of the 'Atlantick polity' we call the United States. Our editors pontificate about it, often without ever having visited New York City, to say nothing of the immensities beyond, from the ranches of Idaho to the Corn-Belt of a thousand miles, and from the awesome firwoods of Washington State clear across to those Florida 'Keys' which all but run over to tropical Cuba. European newspapers are far better informed upon America than are our own; those of Germany are best of all in this respect.

We all know how the world has been watching this immense attack upon liquor: even Mexico would abolish the city *pulquería*, as her northern neighbour did the saloon. As Governor of Tamaulipas, President Portes Gil had some success in prohibition by 'gentle suasion.' And there is also in Mexico the 'divine' drug, mescal, pressed from yet another cactus to induce visual hallucinations. West African gin and Russian vodka offer two more themes *à propos*. Both are bound up with revenue and the inescapable 'Treasury view.' Customs receipts from spirits on the Gold Coast alone amount to 800,000*l.* a year, and trade returns show an increase of 446,000 gallons. The Bishop of Accra grieved over the lavish wake of the late Chief of Oda, whose sorrowing kith and kin contrived to empty 1200 cases of trade gin whilst gobbling the funeral meats. But can the Gold Coast Government make good the loss in revenue, as Malaya did by the gradual suppression of the opium-trade? After all, the West African has his palm-wine, though white doctors say it is as vicious in effect as the worst 'hooch' sold in the dens of New York's East Side.

Before the War, Imperial Russia's so-called 'Drunken Budget' included nearly a thousand million roubles from the sale of vodka. After the elimination of this spirit the Empire's thirst was slaked with samogon, which was home-made from grain. The Soviet Government discouraged this; its Finance Commissary now looks for a vodka revenue of 20,000,000*l.* in the current year. America's Wets note that Britain still spends nearly 300,000,000*l.* upon liquor, even in this, her soberest day,

when—as Surgeon-Commander Rivaz, R.N., tells us—even bluejackets will often forgo their rum ration in the shore establishments. Both Wets and Drys juggle with titan figures and phenomena of all sorts, from the antique poesy of fine wines to the fate of 'Lokaloption' in Switzerland—an ordinance for which the Model Republic appears to have no fitting name in any of its own four languages. Who would believe that among no people is alcohol cheaper, or more accessible, than among the Swiss, who will put a bottle even on the breakfast table, and press the dross of cider into the *trester* which is drunk by their working men?

In the stupendous literature of the Demon Rum which America has amassed, one may sample a thousand liquors, from Zulu beer to the *saké* of Japan, which the Seven Sages sought—according to Otomo no Tabito, a singer of the seventh century. American moralists are perplexed at all this human crave; they make songs of their sorrow, as did Mr John Hawke of our own Anti-Gambling League, who sold 'A Leprosy is O'er the Land' and five other dirges for twopence, with a little extra for the Tonic Sol-Fa. The late W. D. Howells may fairly be called the Henry Ford of American literature: five books in a year was mass-production which put their author on a pinnacle of fame and ease, whilst his plays and novels moved the whole nation. Howells declined to write a foreword for De Maupassant's tales unless he was free to point out their 'moral flaws.' All through his life and travels, this veteran mistrusted 'the poison of Europe.' 'Our own people are manlier and purer.' In short: 'No one knows how much better than the whole world America is until he tries some other part of the world.' And beyond question this sentiment of Howells' is widely and sincerely shared. It goes back to the 'Farewell Address' of President Washington, who drew a sharp distinction between the psyche and problems of the Old World and the New. To this day the 'Keep Out' policy of the Early Fathers continues to sway America's actions and policies. There is vague purpose of erecting 'something different.' Each Inaugural Address of a President is hailed by the Press of the entire continent in that spirit of the rhapsodist of the Persian Court who announced that: 'God hath

given a prop to the universe,' when a new Shah was crowned in Teheran !

This question of Drink appears to be ineradicable, whether among civilised or savage races. Little Newfoundland tried Prohibition ; for the example of the United States has a potent attraction for other peoples of the New World, many of whose political constitutions are sad misfits in consequence. Even Havana's new 3,000,000*l.* Congress is a domed replica of the Capitol in Washington, and American architects designed it. But Newfoundland had to give up Prohibition, solely because the markets for her fish lay in vinous countries like Spain and Portugal ; and American Dryness meant a return voyage in water-ballast, which no moral worth could transmute into cash. So goes the process of disillusion. Germany, we know, went sabre-rattling for 'a place in the sun,' with disastrous consequence to all. In the spiritual aether, America sought 'a place in the moon' ; she is now returning to earth as fast as that nine-foot rocket which Professor Robert Goddard, of Clark University, tried to plant upon the dead satellite of our earth after many years of experiment, and whose descent upon the suburbs of Worcester, Mass., caused an awful panic, calling out police, fire-fighters, and ambulances to deal with effects of the explosion.

I have said that even America's women are appalled at the crime and chaos of their enormous land, due in part to total and unqualified Prohibition. They have now formed in Chicago the Women's Association for National Prohibition Reform, and militant delegates from twenty-eight States attended its first meeting. Meanwhile, the deluge of drink sweeps on, despite the Ark of Prevention which President Hoover manned so ably, hoping to find a solid foothold for Law in the frantic welter I have depicted. With the liquor-crave itself, as social portent, I have not dealt ; it seems both indestructible and inexplicable. Some of us—like the present writer—never feel the need of alcohol at all, and therefore never take it, though we have no scruples whatever in the matter, and cannot be classed as either Wet or Dry. 'The thing that has been it is that which shall be——' Even Albania must needs have her National Brewery with a British ex-Minister as Chairman, and H.E. Ekrem Bey Vlora

assuring Sir Harry (from the Royal Albanian Legation of King Zog in London) that the sturdy little nation's thirst has up to now called for between nine and ten million pints a year—'all of which is imported.' Thus the concession appears to be a 'cinch,' as the Americans say, or like 'blowing the froth from a *charlotte russe*.' Even here at home, our Drys quote lunar figures of consumption from a Parliamentary return—4,000,000,000*l*. spent by our people on liquor from Jan. 1, 1913, to Feb. 2, 1929. Yet at no time were these islands so temperate. The drinking of spirits has shrunk to one-third of its pre-War ratio. Up to now, the Balfour Act of 1904 has abolished 24,000 licences in England and Wales at a cost to 'The Trade' of 18,000,000*l*.

Then that placid humorist, Lord Dewar, could tell the Distillers Company that whilst in the Glenlivet district the Chief Constable could not report a single case of drunkenness last year, there were 90,000 drunken arrests in the very Windy City of Prohibited Chicago! For, after all, as a pensive American told his lordship: 'Prohibition is better than no drink at all.' In recent years no fewer than eleven nations have gone Dry, only to become Wet again. These were homogeneous races, inhabiting lands vastly smaller than, say, Texas or California. The forty-eight States of the American Union, covering an area as large as all Europe, have never been Dry. Their present 'public houses' are the drug-stores; these sell everything, from handkerchiefs and alarm-clocks to quick lunches and cut-rate railway tickets.

It seems to me that America's only hope in her head-long chase after a brighter world—easily blinded in the process, like the *Œdipus* of Sophocles—is to hand over this bristling problem to the Sovereign States for local option, according to their own climatic and racial needs. Even so, the still graver aftermath remains: I refer to that 'invasion of lawlessness' which Mr Hoover tackled so boldly at the very outset of his Presidential term. This scandal struck home; it was even broadcast from Washington by Mr Wade H. Ellis, a former Assistant Attorney-General, as 'the story of our national dishonour.' Mr Ellis's figures were even more scarlet than Mr Hoover's own. He reports 12,000 murders each year, with 30,000 desperadoes let loose in New York City alone, and 10,000

more in Chicago: this in the vast land that 'has the most money, the most power—and the most laws'! Mr Ellis maintains that crime exists on so vast a scale in the United States that its cost may be assessed in cash at \$13,000,000,000 a year. Well may President Hoover fear that: 'Respect for Law, as Law, is fading from the sensibility of our people.' With the serious increase of drugging, especially the use of that deadly stuff, cocaine, I have no space in which to deal. It is yet another reflex casualty of this continental war.

Here surely is a calamitous price to pay for the so-called Great Moral Experiment which has been blown to rags by obscure gusts of our perverse human nature. *Quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas?* I fancy the next legion of Uplifters will have a terrible reception in the Halls of Congress, where the *Surtout, pas trop de zèle* of that supple ironist, old Talleyrand, has long since been thought too feeble a warning to fling at the wild-eyed cohorts of ultra-human Morality. No: in the light of these dreadful lessons, Uncle Sam will surely rout any further gangs, much as General Dawes routed those nosy Press-men who asked him whether he would conform to sumptuary laws at the Court of King George and wear 'short-stop pants' at Buckingham Palace functions? There was a blazing pause. 'You go plumb to Hell!' the new diplomat of the Corn Belt snapped at them. 'That's *my* business!'

IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

Art. 4.—THE CHILD AND THE STATE.

1. *Children and the Law*. By W. H. Stuart Garnett. Murray, 1911.
2. *The Working Faith of the Social Reformer*. By Sir Henry Jones. Macmillan, 1910.
3. *The Baby Farmer ; The Seed of Hope ; Canal Boat Children, and other pamphlets*. By Sir Robert J. Parr. N.S.P.C.C. 1909-10.
4. *The Child's Guardian and Annual Reports*. N.S.P.C.C. 1887-1928.
5. *Reports of the Royal Commission on the Care and Control of the Feeble-minded*, 1908.
6. *Report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws*. Wyman, 1909.
7. *Report of Mental Deficiency Committee*, 1929.

To such an extent are love, sympathy and pity wrapped up in a child—the embodiment of innocence and purity—that there is no legislative subject in which the ‘cold neutrality of an impartial judge’ is so much required as in that connected with its happiness and welfare. How far such happiness and welfare have long been imperilled we have shown in these pages.* To such an extent, however, has the national conscience been stirred in our day in this respect that not only has a legislative rampart been raised round the child, but a great Society, empowered by Royal Charter, exists to maintain it. It is true, indeed, as Mr Stuart Garnett says in his handbook which heads the above list, that ‘the general rule is that the law is more ready to redress the wrongs of children than of other persons.’ Easy would be the solution of social problems were we certain of the principles which underlie them, or were the issues clear and beyond dispute. Ignorance lies at the root of much of this uncertainty; never was unintelligent empiricism more rampant than it is to-day.

Were Socialist demands acceded to, the State would become a universal provider as it is a universal protector, to the destruction of the nation's manhood and the loss of its common sense. But the State in ensuring the welfare of children by enforcing parental responsibilities is not disrupting social forces; it is conserving social

* ‘Quarterly Review,’ No. 408.

energy. The State is now committed to a general policy towards children, and we are not without warnings that the consequent survival of degenerates may end in a general lowering of the standard of the race, and that future generations must find other means to remedy the evils we have transmitted to them. We cannot depart from our policy now, and are far yet from the possession of sufficient data as to how far heredity and how far environment are responsible for the social evils of our time to be of much service in the solution of our difficulties. We are told on the one hand that if we pull down reeking tenement houses, clear out the lanes and alleys, open up spaces, do all and everything to make our great centres of population hygeias, the new generation would become happy, useful, law-abiding, thrifty. On the other hand, it is maintained that this is putting the cart before the horse, for little impression is made thereby on the social condition of the masses. Hereditary traits will remain ; old habits be retained ; thriftlessness, idleness, indulgence in drink and the consequent neglect of children will continue. Every one who has taken part in social work has had to meet these contending opinions, and has found the conflict between them a check to social reform. A small child can do nothing to form its own character ; it is under the constant play of the influences of its environment, and so according to their nature is its character formed for good or evil, increasing in strength day by day. A stage is reached in the development of character when little can be done to mould it. Hence the difficulty of dealing with the criminal classes and of their reform. Punishment and methods of reforming adults make but little impression on the sum total of human vice. The only remedy by which satisfactory and permanent results can be obtained is to stop the supply of those who fill the ranks of the criminal class and the army of vagrants and wastrels. The more that is done to smooth the path of those who are slaves to vicious habits, the more we increase their powers as agents of mischief. To administer relief to those who can work and will not, to feed and clothe the children of parents who spend in dissipation what should be spent in necessities, only tend to the further degradation of the recipients, and set an example which lowers the general standard of conduct and self-

respect. Both public and private charity require to be rigidly safeguarded; it easily becomes a means of demoralisation, and its proper use is to tide over a temporary difficulty in deserving cases, until the trouble is overcome. Kind-hearted givers of alms tend to perpetuate the race of beggars, and miserable-looking children are a valuable asset in the begging business. Exposure and want are the lot of these poor victims, and what they suffer who can tell, for the worse the day is for the child the better it probably is for its victimisers. Free breakfasts, penny dinners, and soup-kitchens tend to foster unemployment, they do not check it; while workhouses, casual wards and common lodging-houses help to preserve the army of tramps. The time has surely come when the vicious circle in which these classes move from generation to generation should be broken. Something, no doubt, is being usefully done, but more is needed if the evil from which Society suffers through the existence of those worthless classes is to be removed.

Could we but get the hopelessly demoralised adult, who has found himself in the grip of the law, to give his point of view of his case, it probably would be something like this: I was born and brought up in squalor and vice; from infancy up I was inured to cold, ill-treatment, dirt and brutality; starvation, curses and blows were my daily portion; I learned the freedom of the streets and became an adept in every shift, dodge, and sharp practice by which a crust or a copper could be obtained; to lie, pilfer and cheat became my daily practice, and success brought me credit amongst the companions who lived like myself; respectability and the police were my natural enemies, it was my chief aim to prey upon the one and avoid the other. The law thought more of protecting a turnip on a stall than it did about protecting me. Is it any wonder that the jail was the end? At what stage of my career could I have escaped from the vicious meshes that held me? Never was I fitted to do anything useful; never was I capable of being trusted to fulfil a duty. I am now punished for acts which it became natural for me to commit, for which I feel no regret, only in that it robs me of my liberty. I am told that the State punishes me for breaking its laws, but what has the State done for

me that I should owe it obedience? If I owe it obedience it should have taught me obedience; if I have done wrong against it, it should have taught me how to do right; if I am now a burden to it, the fault is not mine for I could hardly be other than I am.

If this excuse covered the whole question it would be impossible now to allow it; but reason and will, and the effect of the punishment awarded to evil-doers, have to be considered in the play of human conduct, yet enough remains to make a serious indictment against the State. The truth seems to be that the child becomes what he is in growth through the powers or tendencies he has inherited and the forces of his environment. Both are essential to the formation of character; and the greater the capacity to receive impression the greater is the power of the environment for good or evil. In fact, the whole principle of the training and education of children postulates the effects of environment, and the necessity of using it to the best advantage in their up-bringing. The importance of the child problem then can not be over-estimated; there is no field of labour so full of possibilities, no social work in which the results are so manifest, as in that connected with the child's happiness and welfare. It is the considered judgment of the late Sir Henry Jones in this section of his fine work that, 'compared with this every other task that reformers and legislators can undertake sinks into insignificance: so rich is the innate inheritance of the child, and so dependent is his possession of it upon those into whose hands his life falls.' *

The British race is proud of its traditions and wealth, and may well boast of its being the greatest producer of high-class stock of all kinds in the world. It would be well if more of the pride taken in horses, cattle, and sheep, were devoted to improving the race. The true wealth of a nation lies in its children, and it is but a truism to say that our nation as a whole has never realised it yet. Had we done so, we should not have allowed the reeking tenement houses, slums, lanes, alleys and courts of our cities and towns to exist for so long, for precisely as long as evil conditions remain, so long will social reformers be checked in their efforts for the suffering children.

* 'The Working Faith of the Social Reformer,' p. 178.

But even when those conditions are removed the reformer will still have much to do. The abolition of slum life will not more than solve in part the problem of child welfare, for many an apparently respectable home has its brutes and its sufferers. We do not, of course, deny the great value of laws, or the necessity of making more of them and better ; but what also is needed is a keener national moral sense, a deeper feeling of national responsibility in the maintenance of social order and good citizenship. It is here that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has achieved its chief distinction. While it has done more than any other organisation to help to make good laws on behalf of the children, its main efforts have been devoted to raising the standard of public opinion and in enforcing parental obligations.

Nature's inexorable rule of the survival of the fittest no longer entirely regulates the policy of the community in regard to children. Christian feeling and national sentiment alike prevent the application of any such relentless principle in civilised States. No restraint is now put upon the propagation of the unfit, and the duty of supporting them is placed more and more upon the shoulders of the better classes of the community, who have thus to bear the burden of the fit and the unfit alike. The right of the State to prevent the imbecile and the insane from propagating children will hardly be questioned ; the difficulty is to give practical effect to the methods of prevention. The study of heredity, so far, goes to show that amongst the criminal class a large number have a morbid tendency to vicious courses transmitted, and not the result of environment. Logically we see no reason why the principle of intervention should not be extended to criminals and degenerates generally, to restrain them from burdening the community with tainted offspring. There is a difficulty in carrying out the principle to a practical issue, such as in segregating vagabonds, beggars and tramps in labour-colonies on a sufficiently large scale to be really effective. But more can be done with the children in securing better conditions for their physical and moral well-being, so as to make them as they grow to manhood useful to the community and so to the promotion of general race efficiency. It is necessary, however, to emphasise the fact that indis-

criminate charity, and the readiness with which many institutions, public and private, undertake the care of the children of idle people, put a premium on neglect and an undue weight on general and local taxation. Without introducing any revolutionary or drastic methods of reform, some check can, and should, be put on the pauperisation of the lower classes. A wave of sympathy supported the scheme of free breakfasts for children, and now in London alone over fifteen million meals are supplied yearly. There can be no doubt that the scheme has a demoralising effect, for the amount contributed by the parent is a negligible quantity compared with the total cost. No right-minded person would see a child hungry and not relieve it; but the proper person to do so is the parent; and as the great causes of the starvation and neglect of children arise from all kinds of vicious indulgence, the best service to all concerned is rendered, not so much in ministering to the effects of the evil, as in preventing the cause by enforcing parental responsibility. By taking over the duties of parents who neglect their children we stimulate the demoralisation that has already set in, until they, too, in time become a burden on the rates. The duties of the State to children are not rendered easier in an age when too many look upon them as incumbrances, and consider an increasing population as evil, thus adopting a vile cult which is morally degrading and inimical to social welfare. The half education of large classes in our time, with its scraps and snippets of crude science and sophistic philosophy, is largely responsible for the lack of intellectual depth and moral sincerity which has caused so many to lose the faith that gave light to their fathers. In breaking away from the old religious restraints conscience grows slack, and there is little restraint, but where this imperils the welfare of children then the law must be firmly administered. The many thousands of illegitimate children born every year and the excessive death rate among them—more than double that of legitimate children—are sufficient evidence of a laxity of conduct on the one hand, and an indifference to infant life on the other, which the State cannot ignore.

It is the duty of the State to strengthen the parental and marital ideal and not to lower it. Every facility

given to parents to escape their peculiar responsibility is a discouragement to true citizenship and conduct, and puts a premium on vice. The evils of illegitimacy are many, and the casual bond between the sexes which ends in parenthood is a peril to the welfare of the community and adverse to social progress. Explanations of illegitimacy have been sought for in the theory that it is either a survival of the primal habit in the matriarchal age when the mother was the head of the family, or that it is a reversion to early sex customs of primitive man. This is an interesting speculation for the anthropologist and does not concern us here. The high position of the mother in modern civilisation is largely due to the nature and character of the marriage bond. The contract between the man and woman is freely entered into, and recognising their equality is binding on both. It creates in the family the composite unit from which society is built up, without which there could be no order, strength or cohesion in a nation. In entering into a casual union the loss to the woman is therefore great: socially she is visited with harsh disabilities, and legally if she becomes a mother she is almost deprived of rights, and the child too often shares with her the load of cruelty and shame. We would not deprive the poor mother of a shred of the sympathy often her due, but we demand for her child the better protection of the State to which it is morally entitled, in order to ensure its welfare and indirectly also that of the community.

The children of illicit unions are inevitably handicapped. They are as a rule born after a period of mental suffering on the part of the mother, during which she is a prey to every pang of shame and remorse. She is also too often thrown, at a time when she most requires sympathetic treatment and tenderness, among those who for selfish gain take advantage of her misfortune. The child from birth is more or less doomed. Few illegitimate children get the advantage of a settled home with their parents under the ordinary conditions of domestic life. Even should the poor child remain with one of its parents it is generally at best not wanted, and all through its early and impressionable years is apt to suffer the gibes of the mean and brutal. If farmed out, too often the chances are that it falls into the hands of callous, cruel

and often criminal persons, whose main business it is to make a profit out of their charge.

Notwithstanding the improvement in the law in regard to baby-farming the wicked traffic is still carried on ; and sometimes so carefully that there is great difficulty in bringing offenders to justice. The problem of illegitimacy is one of exceptional difficulty, but it must be faced. The gross traffic of baby-farming, which mainly depends upon it, is too full of horrors to delay any longer the introduction of measures of reform. The number of illegitimate children born in the period 1923-27 inclusive was 149,358, or an average of over 29,871 per annum. Serious as these figures are, the mortality amongst them in their first year is still more significant. Of legitimate children the death rate per thousand in 1927 was 67, while the rate of the illegitimate was 120 ; the average of these for the previous five years was much higher, amounting to 134 per thousand. The excessive mortality of illegitimate children in the first week may largely be due to want of vitality at birth ; but the heavy rate maintained in the first few months, at any rate, shows a callous indifference. 'There are no redeeming features,' says Sir Robert Parr, 'in this preliminary study, for owing either to weakness at birth, want of care, or premeditated neglect, tuberculosis, diarrhoea, and wasting diseases are fatal to twice the number of illegitimates as compared with legitimate children.' Even to deeper depths this contrast goes in the statement that 'deaths due to syphilis are relatively ten times as numerous among illegitimate children as in legitimate.'

The merciless dealers in infant life prey on the unfortunate mother in her hour of terror and trouble, and the medium through which the business is first conducted is the public press, by means of advertisements ; and the extent of this may be gathered from the fact that 386 were once taken by a Press Cutting Agency in the short space of a fortnight, and all were not examined. To put a serious check on the nursing-out of children would only increase infanticide, but too severe a check cannot be put upon those who trade in children to their death ; for with them the shorter the life of the child, the quicker a fresh premium. Even death certificates and registration can be dispensed with, as in a case where

the puny remains were usually cremated in the kitchen stove and no one the wiser ; and to what dreadful depths of infamy even women can sink in this wicked business, may be judged from the boast of one—' I have burned dozens ! ' The traffic of children in such wicked hands must be suppressed. The disclosures of the investigation made by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children into the traffic in children's lives show, not only how extensive the system has been, but also how profitable it is to those who engage in it, when sums varying from 12*l.* to 390*l.* have been demanded as premiums for a single child. The last thing generally considered on the admission of these people is the welfare of the unfortunate and unwanted item of humanity.

There has been no more fruitful source of supply for the manufacture of youthful offenders, and adult criminals, than is afforded by children who suffer from infancy the liberty of the streets. Aldermanic benevolence and false philanthropy have given sanction and patronage to child trading in the thoroughfares. The habits acquired are not those of thrift and industry, but rather of laziness and vice. Few of the children brought up in such conditions rise, while many fall. Irregular in habits, ill-fed, ill-clad they grow to maturity, physically and morally unfit for every duty. They form the main supply of the Reformatories and Industrial Schools. Stimulated by word and example, and surrounded by temptations, they soon learn to deceive ; they lie and trade on their misery ; they acquire the beggar's whine and cant, the limp, the pose of destitution, the arts and dodges to cheat the passer-by with which mankind has been familiar for a thousand years. It is but a step further to the crime that leads to the dock, and all through life, child and man, it is society that pays for the parasites ; but after all the charge is just, for it is the community who are largely responsible for their existence, in the neglect of them in their early, impressionable years, when their destiny might have been otherwise shaped. The main reason assigned for the existence of street trading is that the wages earned by the children go to keep up the homes of many of the deserving poor who shrink from becoming a charge on the rates. To this the answer again is that the welfare of the child cannot be sacrificed for any

such consideration ; it has its indefeasible claim on the State to see to its citizenship, and it may not be ignored. But the facts show that the children of the deserving poor are not sent into the streets to trade, so that the money gained is an economic waste, while the loss of probable material for good citizenship in the children is a positive loss to the State. It is satisfactory to know that, owing to the enforcement of the laws and the work of social service organisations, street trading by children has largely ceased.

Of the corruption of morals, criminal, and indecent assaults upon children, of which there were 2093 discovered cases in the five years ending 1928, it is difficult to write with restraint. Indignation burns at this record of shame. The horror is intensified in the fact that as high as 40 per cent. were proved to be acts of outrage, and still worse, on Sir Robert Parr's authority, that in many such cases 'the fathers claim a right to their action, and in others the mothers acquiesce in what was being done.' The assaults were committed on children from two years and ten months to sixteen years of age ; of what occurs beyond that age the Children's Society keep no record ; and to add to the abomination of these crimes the transmission of disease is frequent, while many of the assaults are committed on feeble-minded children. It is most difficult to bring the offender to justice in these cases ; parents are reluctant to come into Court, while many compromise with the culprit for a sum of money paid down ; corroborative evidence is usually wanting, and a child's evidence, especially when handled by a counsel for the defence, will rarely bring conviction to the minds of a jury, who too often are inclined to take lenient views, while the punishments are invariably inadequate. No mercy should be shown to the proved perpetrators of such crimes, as nothing should be more sacred than the prospects and the purity of a child, and we have a right to demand that adequate punishment should be inflicted.

It may seem hard to associate the idea of neglect or cruelty with what seems the idyllic life, calm and quiet, on board a canal boat ; but many canal-boat children labour hard day by day in all weathers, wearily tramping while leading the horses, steering the heavily-laden boat, or in working canal locks, notwithstanding Children and

Education Acts. Boys and girls at the early ages of seven to ten years have been found engaged in these duties. Their lives are in constant danger, and many drowning accidents, and burnings from the unprotected cabin fires occur. The inspection of canal-boat children now forms a special branch of the Children's Society's work. In 1928 forty-seven canal and inland navigation waters were patrolled and 2044 re-inspection of boats made. The standard of education is low, and from the nature of their lives their attendance at school is unsatisfactory.

Infantile mortality is still very great; burning, a preventable cause, takes a sad toll, while a heavy death-rate through overlying is maintained. A perusal of the Annual Life Statistics on the infant death-rate makes painful reading, and the gravity of such waste of human life as it discloses cannot be questioned. Such a waste among domestic animals would rouse any amount of sentimental and proper protests. But, as has been pointed out, child life has ever been held as cheap. Yet we have plenty of hope for better things, as not only has the death-rate of children steadily fallen in the last sixty years, but more attention than ever is given to-day to hygienic measures on the part of local authorities to check mortality among infants. Ignorance is the main cause of that cruel waste of life, and a vigorous campaign is needed against it. After half a century of a public system of education better things might have been expected. If education is to fit the young for life, more attention should be given to the preparation of girls for those duties which will fall to them as wives and mothers.

The whole question of the care of the feeble-minded has been the subject of a Royal Commission, and of a Special Committee of the Boards of Education and Control, to whose Reports we can only briefly refer. The estimated number of children under sixteen, of all grades of mental deficiency, in England and Wales who now require special care and training is estimated at 105,000, for whom the available accommodation is inadequate. It will be seen that here is a wide field for State and local effort to supply the needs of these helpless children in the establishment of Schools under the various Acts of 1899-1927, for there can be no doubt of

the good done by those already in existence. In the case of the idiots and imbeciles little can be done in the way of training and education to fit them for the duties of citizenship, and, in spite of the narrow prejudice that prevails, a positive prohibition should be put upon their eventually propagating offspring. The hideous depths to which some of these poor creatures sink is exemplified in a case given in the Committee's Report, of a family of five illegitimate children, the father and mother of whom were brother and sister. The proportion of feeble-minded women who have illegitimate children is large, and every workhouse in the land can furnish examples of the worthlessness of the type produced, who must be maintained at the public expense. Hitherto little has been done to check the evil, for women of this class are not responsible for their conduct and should be protected against their own weakness. The evidence from the Reports is convincing that feeble-minded girls throughout the United Kingdom are especially liable to become victims to the passions of degraded men. The young children are particularly open to bad treatment, and some of the grossest acts of cruelty and neglect committed occur in this class. A pressing necessity, therefore, is the removal of idiots and imbeciles from domestic control where it is generally impossible to give them proper care and treatment. This can only be done at the public expense, and protection should be extended beyond the age of sixteen, unless suitable parental or other authority is provided. Sir Robert Parr, in his evidence before the Commission, said :

' We are meeting almost every day with cases in which feeble-minded girls are taken advantage of by able-bodied men, and it is absolutely impossible to enforce either the Bastardy Act or the Criminal Law Amendment Act, because the girl has not wit enough to know quite what the man did or who the man was. It is impossible to enforce the Criminal Law Amendment Act because you cannot clearly prove, or you cannot get satisfactory evidence to prove, that the man knew that the girl was imbecile. I think that the responsibility should be put on the man to find out.'

Since the immorality is so gross, and the results are so disastrous, most people will agree with the opinion there

given. Mr H. D. Greene, one of the Commissioners who supplies a separate memorandum to the Report, is strongly of opinion that the Act in question should be amended for the better protection of the women and children of this class. His proposal simply is that an absolutely legal disability to consent to unlawful acts of personal impurity should be imposed on all persons, irrespective of age or sex, who are certified or certifiable as mentally defective, and that all persons not being mentally defective who commit such acts, should be liable to punishment whether they had knowledge of the mental condition of the person concerned or not. It is to be hoped that legislative action will follow this recommendation which is still a matter of pressing necessity. If we are to accept these considered judgments, and in especial the masterly summary by Dr O. E. Lewis of his survey of six regional areas in England and Wales for the Departmental Committee, then in their words 'the problem of mental inefficiency assumes a yet wider and deeper significance, and must indeed be one of the major social problems which a civilised community may be called upon to solve.'*

The humane treatment of the insane in modern times is credited with an increase in the number of those so afflicted. The release of those cured by present-day medical skill affords an opportunity of further breeding, so that it is quite possible that this is a contributory cause, thus adding to the many other causes which go to account for the great increase in the lunacy of our time. The old Bedlam system undoubtedly tended to intensify the insanity in those under restraint, generally ending either in rendering the cases hopeless or shortening the lives. If the cured cases, or those known to be tainted, cannot be induced to lead single lives, some restraint should be put upon them, so that their children may not be cursed with the inherited disease.

It is possible that we may be accused of demanding too much from the State, and it may be urged that it already takes too much upon itself in interfering so far as it does with the liberty of the subject in regard to the children. But it is the duty of the State to safeguard public welfare the more jealously, as the children are

* 'Report,' p. 83.

incapable of protecting themselves. And to permit children to be assaulted, cruelly neglected, and generally abused, to allow a course of misconduct which floods the State with illegitimacy, to sanction promiscuous intercourse among the feeble-minded and the insane is not liberty but gross licence. There is no inherent right in man's liberty to do wrong. The exercise of true liberty exists in conforming to the general sanction of a well-regulated community, as expressed in its laws, customs, and institutions. The hundreds of Acts of Parliament relating to children on the Statute Book do not affect the good father and the good mother who do their duty to their children loyally and conscientiously. And the truest wisdom and greatest charity, where national issues are concerned, is to protect afflicted persons from the consequences of their own weakness, and prevent the propagation of the criminal, the feeble-minded and the insane.

A national ideal is needed in these matters. We are the heirs of the emancipating struggle of a thousand years and enjoy the advantages of a great civilisation, with a freedom and liberty in life that cannot be over-estimated. We are too often alike oblivious to what that great heritage cost in the making, and to the debt we owe to those who laboured to secure it. The individual owes so much to the State that it looks in return to his fullest service as a matter of duty and right. All that he is and has become was only possible under the government of ordinary, rational, civilised life. The State cannot exist without the loyalty and best service its sons can render it; the fuller the service the greater is the stability and the greater the strength of the State and its institutions. When men are imbued with a keen feeling of what is due to their own manhood, a true sense of civic virtue, and an ardent spirit of patriotism, then will the drunkard, the idler, and the shirker of domestic responsibility have no place in the ordered ranks of civilised life, and then will the welfare of every child in the land be secure. This is indeed a high ideal and a far-off goal; but it is a goal worth striving for.

JOHN COOKE.

Art. 5.—WANSDYKE.

The Mystery of Wansdyke. By Albany J. Major, F.S.A., and Edward Burrow, F.R.G.S. Cheltenham, 1926.

THE spade is mightier than the pen. When we reflect on the amount of hypothetical pre-history that was written in the nineteenth century about the earliest ages of Mesopotamia, Greece, Rome, or Britain, and the way in which scientific excavation has shown the futility of ingenious reconstruction, we are constrained to a deep pity for the historian of origins. Often he lives to see his theories come to naught: he is most fortunate if he dies before they have become effete. Yet reconstruction is an attractive game, and each generation produces its crop of writers who try to fill up the gaps, before the necessary materials are available. This would seem to show that history is like the other sciences—and advances over the dead bodies of disproved hypotheses.

The spade has destroyed many false theories. But unfortunately that which it reveals is hard to interpret in many cases; and excavation may lead to the production of a new set of hypotheses—some of them as ill-founded as those which prevailed before the age of exploration began. If it destroys one set of errors, it may serve as the basis for the formulating of another set, not less pernicious in the eyes of those who condemn them.

While there have been plenty of students in recent years interested in the very earliest epochs of the history of Britain—to whom Stonehenge comes rather late in their conspectus of the culture-history of our island—there has been still more controversy concerning the times which lie between the coming of the Romans and the end of the sixth Christian century. If the reader of to-day looks at any history of Britain written much before the year 1900, he will be surprised to see how sketchy is the account of the Roman period, and how blank is the narrative between A.D. 410 and A.D. 597. The investigation of the evidence of Hadrian's Wall was almost the only large problem that had been taken in hand in the later nineteenth century, though we must not forget General Pitt-Rivers's Wiltshire diggings: and excavations at Silchester, Wroxeter, Newstead, and other Roman sites had been started. But the

historians had not begun to digest the teaching of the archaeologist, and went on building their story on Tacitus and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, as their predecessors had done, getting what little help they could from Dio, the Panegyrists, Ammianus Marcellinus, Gildas, and the Venerable Bede. They were content to scamp the story of the Roman occupation of Britain, while for the post-Roman period hypothetical reconstruction ran wild, as may be seen by those who care to look up the dead pages of Guest's 'Origines Celticae' or of J. R. Green's 'Making of England.' The last-named work, once very popular, builds hypothesis on hypothesis, and can hardly be taken as more serious history than Major Godsal's ingenious 'Conquest of the Thames Valley,' which is frankly fiction, and gives elaborate details of the military operations of Hengist, Aella, and Ambrosius Aurelianus, as they should have been, considering the topographical conditions of Southern England. As late as 1905 Thomas Hodgkin, no mean student of the Dark Ages, observed very frankly that 'the History of Roman Britain has yet to be written,' and that 'all the early portion of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle has to be used with caution, and we dare not lay great stress on the historical character of any of its statements.'

During the last twenty-five years the whole aspect of things has been changed by the diligent use of the spade, and the history of Roman Britain has been rewritten by the energy of national and local archaeological societies. Alike in Scotland, along the Northumbrian Wall, and on the sites of the Roman cities and fortresses of the south and west, a score of competent excavators have unearthed fact after fact, and their work has been summed up and co-ordinated by historians of whom we need only name Francis Haverfield—cut off too early in his middle age—and Sir George Macdonald, whose ready pen continues to sweep away old hypotheses, and to supply basic conclusions which cannot be denied. We are now in a position to affirm all sorts of historical facts which were mere matters of dispute thirty years ago, and to add new ones of which the nineteenth-century writers never dreamed. And every year the spade continues to give fresh evidence on disputed points—it is only a few weeks since the Caerleon diggers brought to light the first large building in which definitely

Christian decoration was displayed. Absolutely epoch-making discoveries were made when one inscription at Caerwent and another at Wroxeter definitely proved that Roman Britain was organised into tribal 'civitates' like Roman Gaul; and if the Silurians or the Cornovii could erect civic monuments, and were regularly organised communities, so no doubt were the Iceni and the Brigantes and all other British regional groups. We merely yearn for further inscriptions, which may be forthcoming any day.

But most of all do we now live in hope of the discovery of some monument which will prove to us the extent of the great provinces whose names are preserved in the 'Notitia Dignitatum.' Where were Maxima Cæsariensis, or Flavia Cæsariensis, or Valentia, and the rest? All that we know at present is the single fact that Cirencester (Corinium) was in Britannia Prima—and that does not help us very much. A couple of fortunate finds might enable us to complete the provincial map of Roman Britain. It is sad to reflect that there are still atlases, both British and foreign, which continue to give the boundaries of these problematical units according to the reconstruction made by the forger Bertram in the eighteenth century. His fictitious itineraries and lists of cities deceived Stukely and the antiquaries of Georgian days—but why should their echoes still linger in local guide-books, or foreign atlases of the ancient world?

Meanwhile, if Richborough and Segontium, Caerleon and Corbridge, and the line of forts along the isthmus between Forth and Clyde continue to yield new materials for reconstructing the history of Roman Britain, there is still many a site craving the spade—most of all perhaps Verulam, once among the greatest as well as the earliest of Roman cities in this island. And the promising field of exploration ranges over the whole country, from the immense triple camps on Chew Green in remotest Cheviot to the deserted castles of the Saxon Shore, of which Richborough alone is receiving proper attention.

But when we pass the year 410—still the final year in the history of Roman Britain despite of the arguments of Professor Bury and Mr Foord—we may no longer look for inscriptions and great public buildings. The Celt was never much of a builder, and he was singularly neglectful

of the habit of leaving lettered records on stone. We have a few ill-cut inscriptions which may go back to the fifth or the sixth century ; they are all on tombstones, and give no more than the names of chiefs or saints whose graves they mark. And long generations were to elapse before the incoming Saxon began to carve his runes on British soil, or, under the influence of Christian missionaries, to erect buildings of stone.

What can archæology tell us of the dark years which lie between 410 and the landing of St Augustine in 597 ? Practically nothing from inscriptions—a good deal by the careful study of graveyards and the traces of primitive dwellings. Something also, as is now beginning to be recognised, from the investigation of the character and purpose of certain great dykes, which we are compelled to recognise as post-Roman and not pre-Roman. The main result of recent inquiry with the spade is to cause us to throw over for good the series of entries in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle concerning the foundation of the kingdom of Wessex on the Hampshire shore by that more than doubtful ancestor of many kings, Cerdic the son of Elesa. We now have to look for the origins of the West Saxons on the Middle Thames and not on the Solent, whose shores, both in the Isle of Wight and the opposite lands about the Meons, were undoubtedly settled by Jutes, close kin to the Kentishmen, as their grave-finds show. The West Saxons only got possession of the coast-land of Hampshire in the late sixth century. On the other hand, as Mr Leeds' recent work shows, all the south-eastern midlands, along the Ouse and its tributaries, were an early Saxon settlement, though they became in later years part of the Anglian kingdom of Mercia.

There are Dykes all over England, the last and greatest of them being that tremendous work Offa's Dyke, which marked the eighth-century boundary of the English and the Welsh, after the greatest of the kings of Mercia had pushed his frontier far to the west. It is gratifying to find that the investigation of Dr Cyril Fox in the last three years has proved that tradition is here perfectly correct, that this Dyke is a single homogeneous plan, carried out on sound principles, obviously at one time and by the orders of one monarch. But when we turn to the earlier dykes, from those which lie east of Cambridge to those which

stretch across Wiltshire, we get into the region of that speculation which is always fascinating and often dangerous.

One of the recent contributions to the minute study of a great south-country dyke is the book which gives its title to this article—the late Mr Albany Major's 'Mystery of Wansdyke.' The ingenious author left its explanation as a puzzle to posterity, but the data which he gives may, as it would seem, lead to a definite conclusion. This immense work of ditch and mound is second only in length to Offa's better-known structure. Its peculiarity is that for the whole of its eighty miles it cuts right across both modern county boundaries and the frontiers of the old Saxon kingdoms. Starting at Portbury above the Severn estuary, three miles west of Avonmouth, it pursues a devious course across Somersetshire, leaving the valley of the lower Avon some miles outside it to the north, and following on the whole the line of the hills which overhang Bristol, Keynsham, and Bath. It goes right over the top of Dundry Down. After getting within a very short distance of Bath, which still lies definitely outside it, Wansdyke crosses the Avon near Bathford and then, abandoning its former irregularity of outline, strikes in an almost straight line across Northern Wiltshire, leaving Bradford-on-Avon, Melksham, Devizes, and Bedwyn on its southern side, and Chippenham, Calne, Marlborough, and Hungerford on its northern side. All these places are not on the Dyke, but a little removed from it. Obviously they have nothing to do with its course. In Savernake Forest the trace of the Dyke is hard to follow, but it becomes visible again to the east of that woodland, and then ends sharply under Inkpen Beacon, not far from, but not actually upon, the boundary-corner of the modern shires of Berks, Wilts, and Hants. No traces whatever of its going east from Inkpen can be found. An attempt was made by Wiltshire antiquaries of the nineteenth century, notably Sir R. Colt Hoare, to demonstrate the existence of a sort of short subsidiary angle *en potence* of Wansdyke, starting not from its end at Inkpen, but some five miles east of it near Bedwyn, and running south to near Ludgershall. But Mr Major seems right in ruling out this supposed continuation of the great dyke—he found on exploration only 'a rather rambling series of dis-

connected banks and ditches,' not looking like any parts of a continuous work, and very different in effect from the magnificent and unmistakable course of the Wansdyke itself.

The interpretations of the origin, date, and purpose of Wansdyke given in the last three centuries have been many and various, and for most part very wrong-headed. Its name of Wodens Dik in Anglo-Saxon charters shows that its origin went back before the coming of Christianity to Wessex. As a variant the Wiltshire rustic sometimes called it 'the Devil's Dyke,' because Woden and the other gods were all evil spirits in the eyes of the men of the Middle Ages. A delightful folk-etymology showed that it got its name 'because the Devil built it all on a Wednesday.'

When Leland, the spiritual father of all English antiquaries, came across Wansdyke in his travels in the days of Henry VIII, he guessed that it might have been the boundary between Mercia and Wessex. But there was no period after Mercia came into existence in which the northern third of Wiltshire belonged to the Midland Kingdom. Wiltshire was essentially a unit, and a Wessex unit. Mercian kings in the seventh and eighth centuries often discomfited the men of Wessex, and took from them districts which had once belonged to the 'Gewissae,' such as the Chiltern lands beyond Dorchester (Oxon) round which the primitive West Saxon power had centered. But if Christian kings such as Wulfhere or Ethelbald had ever annexed a great cantle of Wiltshire, and run a boundary-dyke across it, the structure would not have got the name of a heathen god, but (like Offa's Dyke) would have been named from its builder.

The accepted theory in the nineteenth century was that Wansdyke, like Bokerley Dyke and Grimsdyke, was Celtic and pre-Roman. Guest called them all 'Belgic ditches,' and opined that they marked the boundaries of the Belgic invasion of Britain, not so very long before the times of Julius Cæsar. But this once-popular hypothesis was completely destroyed by the praiseworthy excavations of General Pitt-Rivers in the end of the nineteenth century, who proved that both Bokerley and Wansdyke were not pre-Roman, but that their earth contained fragments of the unmistakable Roman red

pottery, and iron objects of obvious Roman date. It may be added that in one of its stretches Wansdyke lies over the line of a Roman road, and must, therefore, have been posterior to it. The General drew a very cautious deduction from his excavations—the dykes might belong to the last period of Roman occupation, when the Picts and Scots had broken into the province: or they might have been constructed by the Roman-Britons after 410, as a defence for the south-west, when the greater part of the province had fallen into the hands of invaders, or lastly it was conceivable that they were Saxon work, thrown up by Wessex kings as a protection against Mercia (Leland's old view). But he regarded the third explanation as the least likely; it was improbable that seventh-century Wessex men, knowing all about the Dyke, would attribute it to Woden, and that so large a work, if built quite late, should find no mention in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle or other authorities.

After 1900, therefore, the 'Belgic Ditch' theory was out of court. It remained to be debated whether Wansdyke was late-Roman, post-Roman, British, or Saxon. Mr Major seems to lean cautiously toward the late-Roman solution, suggesting as a probable date the years 367–68, where, as Ammianus Marcellinus tells us, 'the whole defence of Britain was shattered.' The Picts and Scots ranged over the Midlands, and Count Theodosius, who restored the situation, had to conduct his first operations with London as his base. The weak point of this view is that Wansdyke (like Offa's Dyke) is not a defensive military work—no army such as the fourth-century Britain could raise would have been large enough to defend eighty continuous miles of mere earth-bank and ditch. Obviously it is a boundary, and not a barrier. It is wholly unlike Hadrian's Northumbrian Wall, with its solid mile-castles and great fortified camps, and enormous garrison of regular troops.

Other modern archaeologists took up the Saxon hypothesis; Major Godsal constructed an elaborate theory that Ceawlin of Wessex, before his great victory of 577 over the Britons at Deorham, occupied all Central Wiltshire and Eastern Somerset, and then built a wall to cover his conquest, and proceeded at his leisure to work north against the Severn valley. This clashes with all

archæological evidence—which shows that the West Saxons were only just beginning to penetrate into Wiltshire towards the end of the Heathen period, and made no advance into Somerset till long after their conversion to Christianity in the middle of the seventh century. Mr C. S. Taylor, a great Gloucestershire antiquary, fell back on Leland's original theory, that Wansdyke was built by some Wessex king who was fighting a losing game against Mercia, and giving up much territory—e.g. perhaps by King Kenwealh about A.D. 648. The arguments already cited against Leland are equally usable against Mr Taylor's hypothesis. We have no evidence that North Wiltshire was ever annexed by any Mercian king.

There remains a hypothesis which does not appear to have been developed in detail by any modern archæologist, but which seems to us the most likely of all—viz. that Wansdyke marks a boundary between two of the Celtic kingdoms which arose in Western Britain after the first Saxon invasions had begun. For the reasons already stated we may take it to have been a state-boundary and not a military work. No sixth-century army could have defended its whole length, which a lightly-moving enemy could certainly have pierced at any one of a score of points before an adequate local resistance could have been organised.

But whenever was there a state-system in South Britain, during which a kingdom comprising Mid-Wilts and the greater part of Somerset, with all that lay behind them westward, was bordering on another kingdom which included Bath and the Avon valley, Gloucestershire and North Wilts? The answer is that such a political division apparently existed in the first half of the sixth century, and that the conditions required may be deduced from a study of the one contemporary British author, the lugubrious Gildas.

It is certain that the first wave of Saxon invasion came to a sudden end at that battle of the *Mons Badonicus* on which Gildas lays so much stress—'Never was there such a slaughter of those scoundrels,' and he well remembered the date since it was the time of his own birthday. After the battle of Mount Badon, whenever precisely it was—some lean to a date as early as 500, others to one as late as

516—and wherever precisely it took place—at Bath *prope Sabrinae ostium* or elsewhere—the Saxon advance was stayed for a whole generation or more, and the Britons settled down into some sort of a new state-system ‘foreign wars having ceased, though alas! civil discord remained.’ There is no possibility of contradicting a contemporary author when he makes the definite statement that the Saxon advance had come to a long halt. And the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, for what it is worth, bears Gildas out, by its long silence in the first half of the sixth century, barely interrupted by two or three local Wessex notes.

What was the British state-system in this forty years of respite from the Saxon storm? We have it in Gildas’s virulent epistle to the kings of his own day. There was a kingdom of Damnonia, which must have included the whole of unconquered south-west Britain. It was ruled by a certain Constantine, who is reproved for the sacrilegious murder of his two nephews, who had taken sanctuary, and for other crimes. His neighbour in the narrative is a king named Aurelius Caninus, who must almost certainly from his name be the heir of that Aurelius Ambrosianus who is recorded to have been ‘the last of the Romans,’ the saviour of the wreck of Roman Britain. For Gildas declares that the heirs of Ambrosianus, though wofully degenerated from their father’s virtue, still lead their armies to victory in his own day. Where did the kingdom of this Aurelius Caninus lie? He comes between Constantine of Damnonia and Vortiporius, king of South Wales—Demetia. We must look for his realm in the lower Severn lands, and we may locate him as ruler of the regions of those three great Roman cities which were still surviving in 550, but which fell all in a year into the hands of the West Saxons after the battle of Deorham in 577. Aquae Sulis, Corinium, Glevum—Bath, Cirencester, Gloucester. If alive in 577 they were certainly still more alive when Gildas wrote. Aurelius Caninus is warned to remember the fates of his father and other relations who had been cut off early, and to desist from his inveterate ambition and love of conquest. ‘Dost thou not hate, as a deadly serpent, the peace of thy country, and thirsting unjustly after civil wars and frequent spoil, shut the kingdom of heaven against thine own soul?’ Whether Aurelius was the grandson of his namesake, ‘the last of the Romans,’

or a great-grandson we cannot say. Either is possible. The one thing certain about him is that he was always fighting with other Britons—there is no indication whatever that he was troubled by Saxon foes.

After dealing with Aurelius Caninus, Gildas goes on to censure the grey-headed Vortiporius of South Wales, a man of deceits and adulteries, the naughty son of a good father, even as Manasses was the son of Hezekiah. He then passes to rail at Cuneglassus—undoubtedly to be identified with the Cinglas son of Owain and great-grandson of Cunedda who occurs in the Welsh genealogies. His realm must be sought on the Upper Severn and in Mid-Wales, for his successor in the list of reprobates is Maelgwyn the great king of North Wales, *insularis draco*, for his dwelling was in Anglesea, conqueror of many kings and annexer of many kingdoms. Maelgwyn (Maglocunus) occupies paragraphs of abuse even more lavish than those devoted to his southern contemporaries. He died in the great 'yellow plague' of 547—and this date settles the fact that the 'Querulous Book' of Gildas must have been written not later than that year.

But with Vortiporius, and Cuneglassus, and Maglocunus we are not here concerned—they are too far from Wansdyke. Our interest lies with Constantine of Damnonia and Aurelius Caninus on the Lower Severn. For here we have precisely two monarchs whose borders would correspond to the delimitation made by the great Dyke. For the ruler of Cirencester would certainly be in possession of all North Wilts as far as Chippenham and Marlborough. And the ruler of Bath would own the whole lower valley of the Avon, which is so strangely taken out of Somersetshire by the line of Wansdyke. Aurelius Caninus is censured for his inveterate love of civil war and conquest. Surely Wansdyke, whose ditch is ever on its north side, marks the boundary which Aurelius imposed on Constantine of Damnonia.

I know of no other period than the first half of the sixth century at which we can construct a reasonable boundary along this line from Portbury in the West to Inkpen on the East. The Saxon had been completely put out of action for many years—the dyke has no reference to him, but it records the strife, and no doubt the consequent treaty concerning frontiers, of two bellicose

Roman-British kings. When the armies of Ceawlin pushed their way to the Severn, and sacked Bath, Cirencester, and Gloucester, and the Gewissæ flocked in to settle the newly conquered lands in 577, they would be quite unconcerned as to the builder of the great dyke, built by the Britons—which was never a boundary line for them—and so in their ignorance they named it after their ancestral god as a maker of things marvellous. And Wodensdyke it remained from their day till now—occasionally emerging as a battle spot in the obscure annals of the Heptarchy. Surely the 'Mystery of Wansdyke' can thus be solved.

C. W. C. OMAN.

Art. 6.—THE HOUR OF KRASSIN.

1. *Leonid Krassin*. By his Wife, Lubov Krassin. Skeffington, 1929.
2. *Bolshevist Russia*. By Anton Karlgren. Trans. from the Swedish by Anna Barwell. Allen & Unwin, 1927.
3. *The Red Terror in Russia*. By Sergey Petrovitch Melgounov. Dent, 1925.
4. *Leninism*. By Joseph Stalin. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Allen & Unwin, 1928.
5. *The Breakdown of Socialism*. By Arthur Shadwell. Benn, 1926.

And other works.

THE work which heads our list has a double interest. It introduces to us a striking and attractive personality, and details an extraordinary career. If it does not greatly add to our knowledge of the internal conditions of Russia, during the period to which it refers, it gives us vivid pictures of them ; while it throws valuable side-lights on her foreign relations.

Leonidas Krassin was born in 1870, at Kurgan, a small town in the north-east province of Siberia, among a sturdy race of colonists, resembling rather pioneers of the American North-west than the emancipated but Mir-ridden serfs of Western Russia. Yet with all his Siberian virility, this son of a minor official was essentially a townsman ; his interests from the first centreing mainly on applied science. It was not until he had been for some time at the University of Petersburg that he was infected by revolutionary enthusiasm. Characteristically, he was drawn less to the ' Slav ' or ' Peasant ' Socialism of the ' Narodniki ' and Social Revolutionaries than to the ' Marxian,' ' Proletarian,' one might almost say, ' Industrial ' Socialism of the Social Democrats ; whose leader, Lenin, became his personal friend. In one respect, however, he was, in later life at least, no orthodox Marxian. A convinced anti-materialist he deprecated the ' Class War ' ; and saw the one hope of humanity in the practice of the Golden Rule. His political activities none the less were unceasing ; and at the age of twenty-two, after his second arrest, we find him spending his ten months' sentence of solitary imprisonment in learning German.

Having specialised in electrical engineering, Krassin obtained a post at Baku. Gorki describes him at this time as 'thin and bony, shrewd looking, his face for all the world like an old ikon. When you looked into it, the pursed lips, wide nostrils, and square brow with a deep furrow in the middle, revealed a man of Russian charm at the same time with an energy that was not Russian.' At the age of thirty-four he married; a marriage marred only by the frequent and prolonged separations which circumstances entailed. At Baku, and later at Arehove Zyevo near Moscow, he still divided his time between hard professional labours and active Socialist propaganda; and we are not surprised to learn that after the abortive revolutionary outburst of 1905 he thought it safer to accept a post at Berlin, under the Siemen Schückert Electrical Company.

Lenin had preceded him into exile; and before leaving, had remarked to Krassin: 'This is the beginning of a reaction which is likely to last for twenty years, unless there is a war in the meantime. That is why we must needs go abroad and work from there.' Work, as we know, for Lenin, as for most revolutionaries, spelt political organisation and political intrigues alone. Far other were the preoccupations of Krassin. As his wife says, he 'made no attempt to mix with the small minority of Germans whose political sympathies resembled his own. . . . In fact, away from the social conditions that he knew and abominated [he] admitted to me that he was not politically minded at all. Perhaps, too, he was beginning to take a different view of his youthful enthusiasms. He was not a professional engineer for nothing. Constructive activity was the very marrow of his bones, and now that business offered better prospects and politics were at a discount, all his energies were concentrated on acquiring the necessary technical knowledge which he hoped later on to apply to the numberless neglected opportunities in his own country.'

His was the temperament, so unfortunately rare in Russia, of the practical reformer; while, politically, he was, in the better sense of the word, an Opportunist. The Socialism of his early and middle life, whatever its theoretic mantle, connoted little more than the craving for a radical 'rationalisation' of Russia's antiquated machinery, political and economic. The 'State

Capitalism' of his latter years seems to have been no more than a synonym for the best conditions obtainable under professedly 'Communist' rule.

On the other hand, one suspects that his early-Marxian training left on him certain traces; and combined with the 'hierarchic' tendency of the born organiser to give him a certain distrust of 'individual' economics.

Meanwhile, a more intense impulse was now to dominate. The spring of 1914 saw him transferred, as Managing Director, to the Petersburg branch of his firm; and with him, as in Mussolini, the outbreak of war evoked, if it did not create, a passionate patriotism. This at first found vent in the organisation of War Hospitals. Later, with a more extended opportunity, he was made Chairman of the War Industries Committee. Russian patriotism and Russian devotion could not, however, galvanise into energy the worn-out, ill-driven political machine. Conditions in both civil and military spheres rapidly deteriorated. A bread-riot in 1917 sounded the tocsin for Revolution; and Madame Krassin—on whom the 'weird and unnatural' sight of the fallen autocrat shovelling snow 'left a terrible impression'—admits that the abdication was approved by 'all thinking people, irrespective of party'; for 'as long as the war lasted the weakness of Nicholas II was a positive danger to the nation.'

The yet weaker Provisional Governments 'could not be convinced,' as Madame Krassin puts it, 'that the first duty of a Government is to govern.' The third and most helpless—that of the Kerensky Socialists—relaxed even more completely the bonds of discipline. Transport, fuel, and food betrayed an increasing shortage; disorder spread from Petrograd to the other great towns; and, by July 1917, street fighting was more than frequent. Krassin, prompt as ever, dispatched a reluctant family, for safety's sake, to Norway; and devoted himself to the restoration of discipline in his workshops, where an outburst threatened. In a remarkable speech he reminded the factory hands that the peasants, now 'free to till and to produce to their best advantage,' would make an increased demand upon the resources of industry; and, if faced by a goods famine, might 'come and take what they cannot get by the ordinary processes of trade.'

. . . What resistance,' said he, 'can you put up against millions and tens of millions of desperate men?' The actual situation he thus foretold has not materialised; but the underlying antagonisms must loom somewhat grimly before the present rulers of Russia.

So far, Krassin had stood aloof from political entanglements. The phrase-mongering incompetence, Liberal and Socialist, under which Russia drifted towards its doom, filled him with scorn. Yet when his old friend the 'dæmonic' Lenin returned in 1917, Krassin at first shook his head over the terrible risk of destroying the whole fabric of the State system by 'fantastic plans for the immediate realisation of Socialist theory.' As, however, confusion became worse confounded, he began to fear a complete impending dissolution, political and economic, of the always amorphous Russian State. Any rule he felt was better than anarchy; any government better than no government at all. Once, therefore, the Bolsheviks had actually seized the helm, he pronounced it the duty of every man to support, so far as possible, the only party which seemed able to control the masses. He condemned with equal severity the 'sabotage' (he uses the word as we use 'strike' or 'boycott') of those civil servants who deserted, or refused to serve, the new—and obviously usurping—Government; the 'intelligentsia' who placed themselves 'in an invidious position' towards it; and the refugees who 'abandoned their country,' as Madame Krassin puts it, 'in order to enlist the help of foreign powers,' and thus threw the nation into the arms 'of the new Jacobins.'

For his own part we find him, on Dec. 22, 1917, a month after the Bolshevik *coup d'état*, writing as follows to his wife:

'Please do not imagine that I shall join the Bolshevik party . . . without thinking it all over very carefully. I told them from the outset that I did not agree with many of their principles, that I considered their tactics to be suicidal; and that I could not even undertake organising work pure and simple, either for trade, transport, or mobilisation, as long as the political constitution of the country made the friendly collaboration of all the democratic parties impossible. . . . If now, however, the [impending Constituent Assembly] should set up some kind of "All-grade-of-socialist" Cabinet,

and if I were offered some post as Head of the department of Trade and Industry, I should most probably accept. . . . I do not want to leave my old comrades in the lurch, and . . . I am the only member of the Left Bloc in any way qualified [for the task], the only man who has connections both among the workers and the technical experts, and whose appointment would be looked upon with favour by the professional classes.'

His decision was not shaken when, a month later, the Bolsheviks, by dissolving the Constituent Assembly, after an existence of one day, crushed in their birth the hopes, always frail, of a Socialist Bloc. For by May we find him in Berlin, the unofficial assistant of the Bolshevik representative; while on his return to Russia he seems at first to have received the post of Director of Military supplies, to which various transport duties were added. Finally, he became head of the Department for Foreign Trade.

As far as Krassin is concerned the patriotism which so obviously inspired him may have counselled well. It is a fact that the Bolsheviks have redeemed Russia from the clutches of anarchy; that they have preserved the integrity and communications of the post-war Empire, have maintained (brutally enough) some measure of public order; and have covered the whole territory with a network of local Councils which, when the poison of Communism has been expelled, may serve as the channels of a sounder political life. It is no less true that, whatever faint gleams of light have irradiated the darkness of Bolshevik economics may be regarded as reflections from Krassin's common-sense, and that he exercised some measure of check from within upon 'the fanatics, those fond believers in a wholesale revolution throughout the world; who else had turned Russia into a wilderness' (to quote his wife's words). It is true that had his remonstrances been heeded, Russia's orgy of horrors would not now degrade the name of Bolshevik, and her relations with Europe, commercial and political, would be different from what they are. But Krassin stood in a peculiar position. Strong, self-confident, and fearless, he possessed just those abilities, and technical qualifications, by which the Bolsheviks set most store. A professed Socialist, with the glamour of his early sufferings upon him, and the friend of Lenin's youth, his political 'record' was unimpeachable. Nor must we forget that all his

own 'hostages to fortune' were out of harm's way, which greatly enlarged his freedom of action. He could and did do with honour, impunity, and advantage to his country, what would have been treachery, ineptitude, or positive madness in less privileged men. Opinions may differ as to the duty of Civil Servants in times of Revolution; but in his severe strictures on recalcitrants he ignores the facts (so conclusively proved by Melgounov) that the organisation of the Cheka dates from within two months of the Bolshevik seizure of power; that the persecution of non-Bolshevik elements, the execution of suspects without trial was rife within three months; and that every official, every educated person, every 'bourgeois' was *ipso nomine* suspect. It is, therefore, not true that the murder of Uritski (President of the Cheka) and the attempted murder of Lenin in August 1918 'by the more bloodthirsty of the social revolutionaries,' inaugurated that 'Red Terror' for which they furnished at once the pretext and an additional incentive.

Krassin denounced strongly the attempt on Lenin's life. 'Many people,' he writes, 'who are far from . . . Bolsheviks say [that his death] would have been an absolute disaster. . . . In the midst of all this chaos and confusion he is the backbone of the new body politic.' But the 'so-called Terror—one of the most disgusting acts of the new Bolsheviks,' to use his own phrase, he condemned, writing from Moscow on Sept. 23, 1918, with unconditional reprobation:

'About six hundred to seven hundred persons were shot in Moscow and Petrograd, nine-tenths of them having been arrested quite at random or merely as suspect. . . . In the provinces this developed into a series of revolting incidents such as arrests, executions en masse and wholesale evictions of bourgeois and educated people.'

Not only common humanity, but practical patriotism, urged him to 'save the thin stratum' of Russia's 'educated class' which still maintained itself. 'I had to fight,' he says, 'for the release of at least thirty engineers—not a pleasant or easy job. Even now not all . . . have been saved.' But, 'finding it entirely beyond his power'—we quote his wife's words—'to alter (Bolshevik) policy in this respect,' he confined himself

more and more to intervention on behalf of single individuals and to efforts towards averting the economic collapse which threatened the country. His own position, as he says himself, was 'privileged'; but 'the life of the people in the towns is just one desperate struggle.'

His own interest, as we have seen, lay mainly in the restoration of foreign trade, which had practically ceased to exist owing to the 'War blockade' and the 'moral blockade' which followed. The re-establishment of normal trade relations was, of course, important for Russia, and we should be the last to minimise its value. But this preoccupation of Krassin certainly seems, at that period, to have distracted his attention from, and distorted his view of, the general economic situation. For trade of any kind presupposes something to sell, or money wherewith to pay. But, on the one hand, as Madame Krassin allows, capital had been deliberately destroyed, on principle, by the Bolshevik Government; while Bolshevik policy, as Bolsheviks themselves allow, was reducing production, agricultural and industrial, below the minimum needs of Russia itself. The revision of Russia's internal economy and the satisfaction of the crying needs of the home market would seem necessary preliminaries to the expansion of overseas trade; as Madame Krassin afterwards incidentally admits. At this time, however, Krassin, no doubt deriving his data from Government sources, seems to have ascribed the very serious situation of Russian industry solely to the effects of the war, added to a shortage of raw material, want of transport, and the 'sabotisme' of counter-revolutionary employers. The war undoubtedly, in Russia as elsewhere, had much to answer for. But Russia was not alone in her sufferings. The weakness of the presiding Governments had been even more disastrous. Shortage of materials in some directions there undoubtedly was, an utter decay of discipline, and a deplorable breakdown in transport; but the inexhaustible natural resources of Russia, properly organised and expanded, would have gone far to supply the deficiency. Employers, whatever their political opinions, do not readily court financial disaster; and Professor Karlgren, the most careful observer who has travelled in post-war Russia, and whose own sympathies were originally with

the Bolsheviks, lays the whole responsibility for the débacle on predetermined Bolshevik policy. The economic disorder they found was not of their making; but the violence of their views created the most credit-shaking alarm; while every step they actually took plunged Russia deeper in the economic morass. Moreover, Krassin at this time shows very little sympathy for the peasants, or understanding of their case. They cannot, says Karlgren, be blamed for refusing to cultivate for the market unless ensured due payment in goods and not in depreciated paper.

The Civil War, of course, delayed commercial negotiation. Its fluctuating fortunes left the issue long doubtful. If the 'other side' should win, wrote Krassin, 'I . . . think they will have to give us credit for what we have done—for it is a great work even to have tried to bring order out of the chaos of conflicting elements and to check the worst excesses.' On the other hand, he was 'not so naïve as to count on any leniency from the victors, especially at first'; despite the fact that he had established many claims on the gratitude of foreigners stranded in Russia. Meanwhile, he was painfully impressed by the incompetence and 'bureaucratism' of the new officials, and was little encouraged by the mentality of the Communist leaders, so far as practical issues were concerned. Not one of them had received any real political training or, we may add, any business experience whatever. 'Chicherin,' he writes, 'has become a rival to Trotsky in the number of mistakes he has made.' The foreign policy of Trotsky and Lenin is ridiculed; and while Krassin continued to regard Lenin as by far the ablest of the party, his ideas often seemed to him 'childish.'

The eventual collapse of the White resistance opened the way to the long series of trade negotiations by which Krassin is best known. We find him in Esthonia, Copenhagen, London; later on in Germany, France, and Italy.

For such work he was peculiarly fitted. 'Not being a doctrinaire,' says his wife, 'he found it easy to make compromises, and if necessary concessions'; while his transparent honesty, personal charm, and refreshing sense of humour acted as oil on troubled waters. Active, untiring, fond of physical exercise, men found him the very antithesis of the 'useless, hysterical' caricature

which Krassin charged Dostoievsky with substituting for the genuine Slav.

On one point alone he was adamant. Left to himself he would have been ready to acknowledge Russia's pre-war indebtedness; and he hoped at this time to recover her credit without any foreign loan. But the State monopoly of foreign trade was, he considered, inevitable; though not upon any theoretical ground. In the first place it was necessarily implied on the State monopoly of Russian Industry; secondly, he saw in it the only means by which Russia could be preserved from the clutches of foreign speculation. On the other hand, as his wife unequivocally admits, he could not in fairness resent the attitude which the Bolshevik attempts at exciting a world upheaval had produced in the Western Powers. '... It is quite certain,' writes Madame Krassin, 'that from the very first the Bolshevik Government had shaped their actions with that sole aim in view, and it was by no means surprising that the European Powers did what they could to combat propaganda.' Krassin, as we may put it, while ready to co-operate with any party, to condone the suppression of individual liberty, and to overlook almost any excesses, in the attempt to rescue Russia from the abyss into which she had fallen, could not withhold his sympathy from those who aimed at preserving their own more advanced communities from a similar abyss.

In London, where his family joined him, some happy years were passed. He formed a very favourable opinion of Mr Lloyd George, and the reason is not far to seek. Krassin recognised in him that (Celtic) faculty of intuitive apprehension, so acceptable to one whose task lay in exciting sympathy for an alien standpoint. That Mr Lloyd George's judgment does not equal his imagination can have mattered little to the resolute and able emissary who proposed to supply the judgment himself. Equally favourable from another angle was Krassin's estimate of Sir Robert Horne as a 'hard-headed man of business . . . clever and sympathetic.' Sir Robert Horne it was who drafted the famous anti-propaganda preamble, reciprocal be it remembered; while Lord Curzon is credited with the (equally reciprocal) provision for the denunciation of the Treaty in case the preamble should be contravened. To

both of these conditions Krassin readily acceded; and after the Trade Agreement was signed on March 15, 1921, his report to Moscow laid especial stress on the anti-propaganda conditions. The issue—so he warned his Government—'depends primarily on ourselves, *our prudence and our self-control.*' His obvious apprehensions were only too soon justified. In less than six months Lord Curzon had to address to Moscow a strong note of remonstrance. Madame Krassin quotes at great length the resulting correspondence, and it is clear that her sympathies, reflecting no doubt those of Krassin, are on this point entirely with the British Government.

Krassin, meanwhile, was organising the trading activities of the famous 'Arcos.' But the resultant transactions must have proved, as Madame Krassin admits, 'absurdly small' save for a dramatic transformation scene, in which Krassin, though from the wings, appears to have played a decisive part.

Russian production had by now touched its lowest point. The economic policy of the Bolsheviks, assisted by bad seasons, had reached its inevitable bourne—*Famine*. If Krassin at one time had somewhat under-estimated the prime factors of the situation he now made ample amends. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion (at which Madame Krassin obviously hints) that the extraordinary *volte-face* known as the 'New Economic Policy,' did not originate in the sterile if vigorous brain of Lenin, but sprang from seed scattered there, from a distance, by the fertile intellect of Krassin. At the final meeting of the Central Committee of the Party Krassin is said to have spoken with remarkable bluntness.

'All the evils and hardships we are suffering now are due to the fact that the Communist party consists of 10 per cent. convinced idealists, ready to die for the cause, but incapable of living for it, and 90 per cent. of unscrupulous time servers who have simply joined the party so as to get jobs.' (The fanatics being unpersuadable), 'I will appeal to the other 90 per cent., and I give them a fair warning that if they do not want the Russian masses to do to them what they did to the Czar's people, they must throw overboard impracticable day dreams, and they must be prepared to face economic laws. The gospel according to Marx is not the be-all and end-all of wisdom.'

Lenin's famous 'if we work badly now . . . they will hang the lot of us,' seems only the echo of that.

Over the Genoa and Hague Conferences space forbids us to dwell. We note only that Krassin had altered his views as to a foreign loan, and told the countries of Europe that by this means alone they could revive trade and obtain an outlet for their surplus goods. But how could he anticipate that while Russia remained a deliberate and fraudulent debtor her creditors would contemplate fresh loans? Meanwhile, another bitter disappointment had befallen him in the matter of the abortive Urquhart Concession negotiation of 1921; by which the Russo-Asiatic Consolidated, which had possessed property in many parts of Russia, was to receive back its properties and working capital in the form of a concession. These negotiations, on which Krassin laid the greatest possible stress, broke down upon a question, not of finance, but of legal sanctions. Madame Krassin gives liberal extracts from the ensuing correspondence, and prints *in extenso* Mr Urquhart's stern exordium, in which he denounces the terrible powers of the Cheka. It should, she says, 'be read to-day by all those who want to understand what is going on in Russia; . . . and if,' she adds, 'some improvement, however slight, occurred in the way of treating people in Russia, it was Mr Urquhart who rendered this really appreciable service to the country.' A year later negotiations were resumed, this time at the instance of the Soviet Government. An agreement was actually signed between Urquhart and Krassin, on the conditions exacted by the former. But, as Krassin wrote bitterly to his wife, 'gross ignorance and unbusinesslike methods in high quarters' baffled once again 'all his work, energy, efforts, and ability.' The agreement was not ratified. 'A small group of mules and imbeciles have undone all my work, as a boy might destroy the web of a spider with one blow.' Krassin immediately sent in his resignation to Lenin, 'already stricken by the nervous disease which later was to destroy his mental balance and bring him finally to the grave'; and received—'in accordance,' writes Madame Krassin, 'with the Communist theories of individual liberty'—the 'grim' reply: 'We dismiss people from their posts, but we don't permit them to resign.'

Little more remains to be said. 'From that time forward,' as Madame Krassin puts it, 'the relations between my husband and the Bolshevik Government were never really satisfactory.' Socialism, he realised, had failed, so far as Russia is concerned. Lenin's death, in January 1924, still further diminished Krassin's influence, but he was too valuable to be dispensed with; in fact, he usually continued to hold at least two important posts at once, one in Russia and one abroad. We find him, for instance, in May 1923, rushed hurriedly to London, where the fall of Lloyd George had been followed by the renewal of Soviet propaganda; and where he succeeded in placating the justly-incensed Lord Curzon by a new formula, forbidding either side to assist, with funds or in any other way, the fomenters of 'discontent.' On the authenticity of the Zinoviev letter Madame Krassin expresses no opinion; but she points out that Mr MacDonald's 'impatient' remonstrances include, not only that document, but the long series of provocations of which it was, in any case, only a detail. Madame Krassin cordially praises the goodwill and patience of the succeeding Conservative Government. For Sir Austen Chamberlain Krassin had a sincere respect, as sincerely reciprocated; and Madame Krassin bears witness to the 'distinct reluctance' of the British Government to sever diplomatic relations with the U.S.S.R.

Meanwhile Krassin's health was gradually failing; overwork, disappointment, and the ceaseless intrigues of fanatical extremists, had done their work, even upon his sanguine spirit and iron constitution. Rest, however, was not for him. Despite his acknowledged ignorance of Russia's internal trade problems, the Moscow pundits summoned him for consultations with respect to a gigantic scheme for amalgamating, under one hand, the whole of her trade, external and internal. But the limit had been reached. In the middle of these discussions, he collapsed. He lingered some months, was moved to Paris, and thence to the Soviet Embassy in London, where he died on Nov. 24, 1926, of pernicious anæmia; brave and hopeful to the last.

H. O. FOXCROFT.

Art. 7.—THOMAS HARDY.

1. *The Early Life of Thomas Hardy*, 1840-1891. By Florence Hardy. Macmillan, 1928.
2. *Winter Words*. By Thomas Hardy. Macmillan, 1928.

THE last of the great Victorians must needs pay posthumous tribute to the universal demand for biography. In the evening of his days he found a trivial book, published without authority, and purporting to tell the story of his life; it was rich only in error and misstatement, and to check the spread of the class of fiction he disliked most, Hardy gave certain material for a true narrative to the devoted companion of his later years. With scrupulous fidelity and unfailing good taste she has performed a part of her task and set out the authentic record of the first half-century in the life of a man of genius.

This last word, so often misused or misapplied, may be set down here with confidence, for if Hardy be not among the Immortals, the best of contemporary judgment is at fault, and those of us who have entered into the spirit of his art and won from the association such rewards as only the greatest writers of all time can offer, have been glamourised into self-deception. Can this be possible, in association with work so austere, so free from concession, so faithful to the truth, so supremely indifferent to the popular verdict, even though its author was a man sensitive in no ordinary measure? 'Look what they write about me,' he said to Rider Haggard in the Savile Club, at a moment when a myopic criticism was occupied with the alleged indecencies of 'Jude the Obscure,' and every wielder of the muck-rake had a task to his liking—'I will never write another novel.' And to the exceeding loss of the fiction that is a part of our literature, he kept his word, for he was at all times of his life an uncompromising scion of the sturdy yeoman stock whence he sprang, and his word was his bond. He had a certain message to deliver, certain aspects of life to reveal in settings that no man who uses the English language as his medium knew with an equal intimacy or could describe with a like vividness. Having made his mark and found his audience, he had but to bow to popular prejudice, to omit a few incidents that he deemed vital,

and his critics would have turned from their gall to their honey. But he refused all concession, outside the limited area of serial publication, and the loss, we cannot gauge its full extent, is ours. What manner of man was he who could do this thing, what forces shaped his destiny? It has been left to Mrs Hardy to tell us.

He came, she says, from a family 'of spent social energies,' quiet, simple folk who led uneventful lives in a county that is unlike its neighbours even to this day, the one considerable area known to the writer in which the spirit of pastoral peace has not been exorcised by 'actory nor by motor car nor by vast, thoughtless assemblies of pleasure seekers. Beyond Weymouth, which is frankly popular, the *hoi polloi* does not venture into Dorsetshire. There are villages as remote from the modern life of 1929 as they were in days when the novelist was a boy, or when three generations of his forbears played 'cello and violin in Stinsford (Mellstock) Church, between the years when the nineteenth century and Thomas Hardy were born. Music was in his blood, his ear was true, and though his gift was sparingly exercised, it gave him the wonderful hearing that touches so much of his descriptive writing to fine and rare distinction. The wind has the notes of a full orchestra; we of the rank and file can hear the sections, if we are lucky. Hardy could hear the individual instruments, and when we put his knowledge to the test, we find not only that it is sure but that only a musician could have responded as he did. Music, colour, form, there was no secret of one or the other hidden from him, and his response to them brought the power to create atmosphere, so soon as he had mastered, by long and diligent study, the value and significance of words. We learn that reading was the special joy of his shy and rather retiring childhood, the taste came from his mother; to a favourite periodical 'A History of the Wars' subscribed to by his grandfather during the Napoleonic era, and found in a cupboard, we owe first 'The Trumpet Major' and then the greatest epic poem of our time, 'The Dynasts.'

As all the world of letters knows, he was to be an architect when school days were left behind. His father was a builder, so that the choice was not unexpected, and he became a premium pupil of John Hicks, architect

and church restorer, of Bristol and Dorchester. Young Hardy would perhaps have preferred the church with its abundant opportunities for leisured reading, but he did not resist his father's proposals and started work in South Street in a room that is part of a Temperance Hotel to-day. Hicks was an educated man, with Greek and Hebrew at command; next door to his office the Rev. William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, kept school. So it befell that in these most impressionable and receptive years, young Thomas Hardy found his lines cast in places of scholarship and high endeavour. There are those who think that this architectural training was one of the foundations of his style, but it may be more correct to recognise in him a mind that made immediate response to form. There is no hint in his writings, nor can I recall any in his conversation, that he loved architecture as a life-work, or regretted his later choice of self-expression, though he had a natural instinct of admiration for fine buildings and for all designs, whether gracious or stately. He studied them as some men study pictures.

It was inevitable that London should claim him. He worked under (Sir) Arthur Blomfield in St Martin's Place and Adelphi Terrace, played the violin in his spare time, and submitted his 'bumps' to the criticism of Dr Donovan, the leading phrenologist of the 'sixties, who had a consulting room in the Strand and told him that his head would 'lead him to no good.' While he worked at his profession he was studying, reading, writing verse that nobody wanted, and his first essay—it appeared in 'Chambers's Journal' in 1865—told how he built a house. He was drawn, as so many young men are, to the stage, had, indeed, the intention of writing for it, and to that end, for the sake of actual experience, took an unnamed part in a Covent Garden pantomime, 'The Forty Thieves.' The cure would appear to have been complete. And then, swiftly, all the little streams of real tendency converged, and the river of authorship began to make its long, steady way to the great sea of English literature.

'The Poor Man and the Lady' was his first book, offered to the house of Macmillan that now, after more than sixty years, is publishing his biography. John Morley read the manuscript for the publishers and wound up his criticism by writing, 'if the man is young, he has

stuff and purpose in him.' Apparently honest John knew more than Dr Donovan did about his contemporaries. But, encomium notwithstanding, the book was rejected, and then George Meredith read it for Chapman and Hall and lectured the author 'in a sonorous voice.' That was the end; the MS. was consigned to oblivion and 'Desperate Remedies' succeeded, 'a story with a plot' as Meredith had advised. Suddenly the young architect was asked (February 1870) to go to St Juliot, near Boscastle in Cornwall, in connection with rebuilding of a church. There he met Emma Lavinia Gifford, who was staying with her brother-in-law, and became Emma Lavinia Hardy four years later. She died in 1912, and a year before the end wrote an account of her first meeting with her husband; it is quoted *in extenso* in the volume before me.

Struggling authors, who feel they have the root of the matter in them, will be encouraged to learn that 'Desperate Remedies' cost the author 15*l.* He paid 75*l.* to the publisher, Tinsley, who apparently avoided risks, and he received 60*l.* back; at the time of the transaction his whole capital was 123*l.* The story was published anonymously in three volumes, 370 copies were sold, and a copy of that first edition would probably fetch 75*l.* to-day. Whatever the faults or limitations of this early excursion into the realms of fiction it served to bring the real Hardy into being, for he followed his first-born with a book which of its kind would be hard to equal and impossible to excel—'Under the Greenwood Tree'—the original title was 'The Mellstock Quire.' Tinsley bought the copyright for 30*l.* and sent, later on, an *ex gratia* payment of 10*l.* 'A Pair of Blue Eyes' went to the same publisher; it was written post-haste for serial use in 'Tinsley's Magazine' and there was some first intention of calling it 'Elfride of Lyonesse.' The opening chapter was printed in August and the book appeared in the usual three-volume form nine months later. By 1872, when he was no more than thirty years of age, Hardy had made his mark, seven years' striving and no looking back had been his portion. Leslie Stephen, then editing the 'Cornhill' and attracted by 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' asked for a serial story. Hardy responded with 'Far from the Madding Crowd'

and 'The Hand of Ethelberta.' He wrote parts of the last-named when out of doors, often without a scrap of suitable paper to hand.

In this connection I recall a drive with Mr and Mrs Hardy some three years ago. We went to a very wild and remote district in the direction of Sturminster Newton, and as it was nearing tea-time, stopped in a village. 'I'm anxious to have a look at an inn near here,' he said; 'I haven't been in this part for upwards of forty years, but I went to the taproom to finish a chapter of a serial I was writing against time; there was an inglenook fireplace and a big oak settle, a semi-circular one.' We called at a very old house, and an elderly woman came to the door and explained that she did not serve teas; that was done at a place called the New Inn. 'May we see your taproom?' I asked. 'My friend visited it many years ago.' 'Come in and welcome,' she replied; and we entered a room with sanded floor, inglenook fireplace, and a big semi-circular oak settle. 'Nothing changed since I came in to finish my chapter,' remarked Hardy; 'but then, why should it have altered?'

His memory was unusually keen, the sight of what was seemed instantly to remind him of what had been, and he would turn to it with unfaltering accuracy. The Dorchester he had known in the long past was as dear, vivid, and present to him as the Dorchester of to-day, any custom of the remote countryside, superseded or abandoned though it might be, had its fixed place in a memory that never deserted the friends and associates of childhood. In many ways his mind was a storehouse in which dreams awaited birth. Reference has been made to his grandfather's old periodical dealing with the Napoleonic wars and how, in his early childhood, the seed was sown that after many years of germination was to produce 'The Dynasts.' The general plan came to him in 1875, a year later he visited the field of Waterloo, in 1877, 1880, 1882, 1887 (in Milan), the masterpiece took more and more definite shape, though many years were to elapse before it came to birth. As early as 1887 the first thought of 'Jude' was noted.

In 1878 we find Hardy a Londoner, living on Wandsworth Common, writing 'The Return of the Native,' 'The Trumpet Major,' that robust challenging book,

then 'A Laodicean' for 'Harpers,' at a time when he was ill, and Miss Macmillan used a looking-glass to reflect the sun's rays on his face. When he was at work on 'Jude' in later years, he made Sue Bridehead perform the like kind but ineffective service to the schoolmaster. Hardy was, however, never a townsman at heart, though he once said to the writer, 'I am, in part at least, a Londoner,' yet he was a familiar figure in literary circles and attended social functions, not perhaps with any large interest in their purely social aspect. The saying of Terence might be applied to him, for all humanity was his province. He watched with interest and without unkindness the foibles of the great; that which, I think, offended him most was the personal vanity of which he had no trace.

Escape from Wandsworth to Wimborne came in 1881, when he wrote 'Two on a Tower,' and in 1884 he bought from the Duchy of Cornwall an acre and a half of Fordington Field, a mile out of Dorchester, and built a house on the bare ground, planting with his own hand those Australian pines that were to give it privacy in the latter days. He had completed that sombre study 'The Mayor of Casterbridge,' the wonderful early description of Dorchester it contains being still as true and arresting as in the hour when the ink was set on the page, and his first book in the new home was 'The Woodlanders.' The man with the heart of a child and the mind of a genius, the man who walked with dreams and could yet note the fall of a leaf, the shape of a cloud, the voice of a branch swaying in the wind, came comparatively early to the home that was to give him peace and tranquillity through more than forty years. To-day the part of the Wareham Road on which Max Gate stands is called Alington Avenue, and I ventured recently to suggest to the Town Council of Dorchester that it would be a gracious compliment to the town's most distinguished son to alter the name to Hardy Avenue. I know that he would have been pleased, though I had never discussed the subject with him. The Council replied that the change of name is impossible because Lord Alington gave the trees that line the road! This attitude seems to stand beyond comment, but it is fair to add that arrangements are being made to set up a statue in another part of the town.

At Max Gate he wrote his 'Group of Noble Dames' and the masterpiece of his middle life, 'Tess.' How strange it seems to read that this book was declined by Murray's and Macmillan's Magazines, and that it was published as a serial by the 'Graphic,' for whose pages all the excisions that prudery demanded were made! To understand the state of mind of those years, it suffices to quote the Editor's request that Angel Clare should not carry Tess and her three dairy-maid companions across a flooded lane. 'For the pages of a periodical devoted to family reading,' a wheelbarrow was indicated—and was supplied. The chapter that deals with the christening of Tess's child was omitted from the 'Graphic's' chaste pages. Alas, for the narrow days of great Victoria, their prurience, their hypocrisy, their inability to recognise the difference between realism and pornography! At a moment when the voice of the purists was about to find utterance, Mrs Hardy brings her admirably reticent volume to a close.

One turns from it with high hopes for that which is to follow and with a certain wonder at the thought that though, in 1891, the greater part of Hardy's output was before the public, the measure of his recognition grew steadily to the end, even after 'Jude the Obscure' had kindled controversy wherever fiction is read or criticism taken seriously. 'Jude' and 'The Dynasts'! these two works may be said to fill a space of nearly forty years, and we must exclude the last-named from the range of the novel-reading public, since its full significance can appeal only to the educated, who are no more than a small proportion of the mass of readers. Then again, 'Jude the Obscene,' as one greatly applauded scant-of-wit chose to term it, was for a long time a book barred from family circles by those who knew it only by name. Hardy was represented as a soured pessimist who did not believe in God and recognised no good in man, a gloomy fellow who saw no sun in heaven and looked upon life as the working out of the designs of a Divine Torquemada whose one aim was to make 'amorist, agonist man' increasingly sorry that he was born. So the legend grew, though none more false ever found root in the popular mind, but Hardy allowed abuse, misunderstanding, and misrepresentation to pass him by.

He was the most restrained of writers, his soul dwelt in security, his vision was true within its selected boundaries, metaphysical speculation had but little attraction for him, and his sense of the inevitableness of things was quite outside and beyond pessimism or optimism. He seemed to stand upright before the wonder and mystery of life, without fear, though not without reverence, watching in a stern, serene spirit of inquiry, the interplay of tragedy and comedy in human life as the play of sunshine and shadow, perhaps in a season when shadows predominate. He could or would make no concession to those 'comfortable classes' on whose behalf Oliver Wendell Holmes wished to start a society for the propagation of intelligence. The reception of 'Jude' may have touched him to brief anger, but this would, I think, have been followed by a deep pity for those who cannot face serious fiction without the comforting anodyne of the happy ending. Life seldom supplies it: how could Art be true if it denied Life? So I think he would have argued with his quiet, serious smile, his brief, selected phrases. But is it not possible to go farther and say that the Tragedian has his proper place in our midst? 'Remember, Cæsar, that you too are mortal.' So at briefest intervals cried the servant who attended the victor's chariot, when a Triumph was celebrated through the dense-thronged streets of Rome. It is well to have a complete awareness of life, to look boldly and without flinching at the shadows, and sometimes in reading the Hardy tragedies, one may be struck by the robust courage of the man who could handle situations so unflinchingly. Who has not felt a real hope that 'the President of the Immortals' would relent and bring some comfort to such women as Marty South and Tess Durbeyfield, to men like Henchard and Jude? Their sufferings are at times too hard for us to bear. But Shakespeare who gave us Bottom the Weaver and Falstaff, Dogberry and Malvolio, created Lear and Hamlet and Othello. We may laugh with Hardy under the greenwood tree, we may enjoy the full, frank humour of a peasantry that comes to us in its habit as it lived and yet may linger, but the tragedies will establish his place among the Immortals. 'The Return of the Native,' 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' 'The Mayor of Casterbridge,' 'Tess,' 'Jude,' 'The Dynasts,' none

shall deny their pride of place, and few should fail to see that only a man with immense human sympathies could have written any of them. We should not know the poignancy of the pain that his creations feel if he had not known it first, and some may pause to ask why a man whose lines were cast in pleasant places could have plumbed such depths and scaled such heights of emotion. If he had encountered bitter poverty, if he had been crossed in love, if he had seen those nearest to him untimely die, there might have been a plausible explanation. But he suffered no privations, he won swift recognition, was able to marry young, to work where he would.

There was nothing in birth and upbringing to account for him as a writer, no more than there was to account for the child genius Mozart, or the boy genius Keats. If we can admit the possibility of life as a *continuum*, we have explained Hardy's natural endowment, though we know from what Mrs Hardy has told us that the gift was polished by the hardest work. But it is only fair to say that the reincarnation theory did not appeal to him; once or twice when I endeavoured to direct his attention to it, he waved the idea aside.

If we turn to the accepted and more readily acceptable reasons for the significance of his contribution to literature, we see that in the first instance he was writing of what he knew intimately. Dorsetshire was in his blood, his eye had taken in her external features from the time when he was a child, and the county retains to this hour an individuality that is all its own. Hampshire, Devon, Somerset have their lovers and their charms, but they do not stand out as Dorset does, and the reason lies in all probability with the railway service that has left so much unscarred. It may well be that motor traction is about to make a change, that the whole of the county will be opened up and touched to the levels of what surrounds it; in this case one can only be glad that Hardy was taken before the event. His heart was in the old times, he would dwell lovingly, even in the last days, on such scenes as that with which he opens 'Under the Greenwood Tree.'

He observed landscape so closely and so keenly that he discovered its moods, and this knowledge enabled him to present his characters in settings that seem true to

the point of being inevitable. He could feel the emotions of countryside under sun and cloud ; sometimes reading a passage in which the mood of man and nature are at one, I recall from Swinburne's 'Tristan of Lyonesse,' the scene in which the sea answers to the thoughts of Iseult, seeming almost to take colour from them. He was in touch with what one might call the mind and emotions of wood and wold ; he understood their moods before he started the long course of reading, two years of it given to poetry alone, that went so far to strengthen his style. He 'played the sedulous ape' to many masters of the written word, and with such memory and powers of concentration as he possessed, the long hours of study were bound to bear fruit.

To the kindly simple fashions of peasant life he brought immediate response, entered with zest into the ritual of the fields, took part in the festivities of hayseel and harvest-home. He knew the wisdom of the old folk, the passion, recklessness, and devotion of the young. When he started to paint a picture his palette was complete, and no man, even among the Impressionists of the school of Claude Monet and Camille Pissarro, knew more than he about the effect of juxtaposition of colours. A certain austerity natural to the man saved him from purple patches and the sin of 'fine writing,' his pen moved with unvarying restraint ; the reader's sympathy is born of the characters themselves and owes little to any running commentary by the author. When in the latter days he did indulge his own views more freely than before, they amounted to nothing more than stray glimpses of the thinker himself. His plot and characters had all been thought out, with a part to play and a goal to reach or miss—'so the moving finger writes,' he seems to say, 'and it is not within my gift to call it back to cancel half a line. Truth must stand and happiness may or may not endure.'

Whatever the measure of his appeal he is true to his philosophy of life. There is an Eastern story—I think it comes to us through Voltaire—of the Ruler who commanded his historians to write the history of man. They laboured twenty years and brought a hundred camels loaded with their manuscripts. He sent them away with thanks and told them to reduce the burden. They came back twenty years later with fifty camels, and he did

as he had done before. Twenty years later ten camels could carry the manuscripts, but he was still dissatisfied. 'I am growing old,' he said; 'I want something I can master before my eyes fail me.' Then a sage wrote man's history for the king in one sentence—'He was born, he suffered, and he died.' This may have been Hardy's creed, but if so it showed only in his tragedies, never in his life. He worked for great causes and small, he preached and ensued kindness, he took less than life offered. Praise was distasteful to him. In his last years he had a great horror of his own birthday because of the incursion of letters and telegrams of congratulation.

In the practice of his art a sense of drama was innate, his stage was always prepared carefully before the first figure took the boards, and all the changes suggest that they had been thought out beforehand. His feeling for the stage was shown by that early intention to associate himself with it, more than once his books trembled on the verge of dramatisation. But there was nearly always some hitch. An actor-manager wanted a situation altered or the balance of characters adjusted in the interests of his own personality or of some popular taste, and Hardy would have none of it. He gave me many details of the troubles in this connection, but something whispers that they were not for publication. He could be infinitely patient. I watched him at Covent Garden, the scene of his first and last appearance behind the footlights, sitting through the dress rehearsal of 'Tess.' Baron d'Erlanger wrote delightful music, and I remember Sammarco as Alec and Destinn in the name part. The effect was strange. Wessex had passed into Italy and lost everything truly characteristic in the passing. But Hardy gave no sign, and when afterwards I asked him what he thought, he answered smiling, 'I thought they all worked so hard.' He could see and sympathise with the difficulties of Italians rendering English rustic scenes in terms of their old tradition; though they robbed his story of its native quality he could be generous and forbearing, grateful for their endeavour. If he showed intolerance—perhaps impatience is the better word—it was, as I have hinted, only with those leaders of the stage who wanted to distort a story or a character in order to magnify themselves. He was so faithful to the truth as

he saw it that a deliberate suppression took the semblance of a vice. Vanity was utterly foreign to the man who, like his own Angel Clare, knew 'the seasons in their moods, morning and evening, night and moon in their temperaments, winds in their several dispositions, trees, waters and clouds, shades and silences, *ignes fatui*, constellations and the voices of inanimate things.' These were the eternal verities, and with all that was ephemeral he had but the smallest concern. If he found something noble in the countryside, he could add to its nobility with his praise. Take, for example, the shearing barn in 'Far From the Madding Crowd.'

'The vast porches at the sides, lofty enough to admit a wagon laden to its highest with corn in the sheaf, were spanned by heavy pointed arches of stone, broadly and boldly cut, whose very simplicity was the origin of a grandeur not apparent in erections where more ornament has been attempted. The dusky planed chestnut roof, braced and tied in by huge collars, curves and diagonals, was far nobler in design, because more wealthy in material, than nine-tenths of those in our modern churches. Along each side wall was a range of striding buttresses, throwing deep shadows on the spaces between them, which were perforated by the lancet openings, combining in their proportions the precise requirements both of beauty and ventilation.'

Here we have the grave, restrained, precise description of one who can not only see the beautiful but can understand whence it derives. Such writing is to be found in all his books; heart and brain hold the hand in the presence of great natural beauty, and we are suddenly enriched with a picture destined to live in the memory.

There are places, too, so near to Hardy's heart that they may be said to have spoken to him at all seasons. 'Egdon Heath,' the moorland that runs from Dorchester to the outskirts of Bournemouth, is the scene of his closest commune with Nature. In 'The Return of the Native' he tells how the place became full of 'a watchful intentness and . . . the heath appeared slowly to wake and listen.' He calls to Egdon Heath in 'Tess' and 'The Dynasts,' for him age could not wither nor custom stale its infinite variety. There are few students of nature and lovers of places in which some enduring experiences have been met, who are not conscious that, in some fashion,

hard to explain and yet impossible to mistake, Nature is participant. For Hardy, Dorset with her barrows of times remote, her towers, her heath, her sequestered villages, awoke a certain response that he was able to kindle in his readers. His books brought many strangers into his kingdom bent on tracing the identity of places where his heroines and heroes 'lived and suffered and died.' Such disguise as covered the place names has been removed. To-day we follow Tess and Jude, Oak and Bathsheba, Eustacia, of the 'Pagan eyes, full of nocturnal mysteries,' Henchard on his lonely wanderings, the choir that makes music 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' Knight and Stephen on the road they followed to find Elfride dead. This search for external things is at least harmless and interesting, but the real quest must ever be for the springs of thought and creative impulse, that united to make the river of achievement. The man himself lived in his work, and it was all-sufficing so far as his contact with the world went. He never sued the public for its praise or the taste of the time for the popularity it could confer. Public applause, intrusion upon his privacy, and all that pertains to the limelight of life were unwelcome. In 'Winter Words,' his last published utterance, there are lines, 'A Private Man on Public Men.' Surely it is of himself he writes :

'I lived in quiet, screened, unknown,

Tasting years of moderate gladness . . .

Shut from the noise of the world without . . .

Unenvying those amid its roar.'

When he realised that the men who should have protected him against ignorant and faulty judgment had been false to their trust, he ceased to write fiction, and there came a time when, in the opinion of some at least of his friends and admirers, his force was spent. But the lady who has given us the first volume of his life came to nurse the declining flame, and it shot up again, not with the all-mastering power of earlier years, but with a steady glow that shone until he had passed by nearly twenty years the span that the Psalmist allots to us. And in those years, when his output was gradually lessening, he continued to maintain his hold on life, to ponder deeply,

see clearly, and express himself in rugged verses. A year before he passed he was well-informed, observant, shrewd in comment, temperate in his views and reliable in his memory, a gracious host with nothing of the patriarch about him. The clear eye, the lofty forehead, the kindly smile, were of no age and of all. Time, in wasting the form, could lay no hand upon the spirit of the man; within six months of the end there was no suggestion that the mind was passing from the physical vehicle. I remember his friendly interest in the poetry of one of the younger men of our time, Wallace B. Nichols. It may be said that little or nothing of lasting importance remained to be done when 'The Dynasts' was complete, though his subsequent verse has a fine quality as invigorating as sea air and as uncompromising as the wind that bloweth where it listeth. 'No harmonious philosophy is attempted in these pages—or in any bygone pages of mine for that matter.' So he writes in his Preface to 'Winter Words,' after blandly telling critics of his recent volume of poems that they had not read what they criticised. He was decidedly critical of the criticism of modern verse.

In some fashion, hard to define or to grasp, Hardy never left his place until Time called him in gentlest fashion to the company of the Immortals. The work he had done sustained his reputation living and will carry it forward to generations yet unborn. To associate him altogether with the Wessex of his chosen range and to regard him as its peculiar product is, in all probability, to take a narrow and limited view. His genius would have been equally expressive in any setting; he would have mastered with equal sureness the special feature of the Yorkshire moors, the Lake country, Exmoor or Dartmoor, the far-flung Scottish highlands. He would have heard the voices calling, for they are there all the time, and the few who have ears may hear. He would have understood the men who guide the plough and shear the sheep and trim the hedge and thatch the stack, whatever their environment, for his heart went out to them, their blood was in his veins. And he would have seen the interplay of the great forces in any circle, love the first and foremost, with caprice and remorse in close attendance, ever the three notes of his tonic chord. Error and sin, the shadows cast by their opposing virtues, must needs

have held him, for, as he wrote in an essay 'Candour in English Fiction,' the crash of the commandments is as necessary an accompaniment to the catastrophe of a tragedy as the noise of drum and cymbals to a triumphal march. This is essentially true, for it is to catastrophe and triumph in turn that the wheel of life revolves, and creation proceeds to the far-off, Divine event.

None will suggest that all his work has an equal importance, or that in all the various fields in which he sowed the seed of endeavour, he reaped an equal harvest of achievement. It is as poet and tragedian that he will challenge the verdict of the years, though the little gem, first fruit of 'the very May-Morn' of his artistic youth, 'Under the Greenwood Tree' will call to lovers of Nature until the motor car and the petrol pump have destroyed the last vestige of the beauty that was England, and our descendants turn to the prose and verse of their forbears to learn what it was that progress removed from life. Then they will wonder vaguely what Hardy's England was like, just as we ask ourselves about the times when Robin Hood ruled over Sherwood Forest.

We have been wisely told that there are three men in all of us, the one we know, the one others know, and the real one known only to the Creator. This being so, it is difficult for any to say that such and such a man or woman in fiction is true to life, we know so little of what life may be. But we have a certain intuitive sense, scarcely developed as yet, though full of promise for a future we shall not share, and we can bring the beginnings of this sense to bear on certain aspects of life. This sense tells us that Hardy's countryfolk are true to the core and that his other folk do not stand anywhere outside the boundaries of probability. We have met the wise old men and women who have gathered their knowledge of life within the limits of the village in which they were born and lived, we recognise their shrewdness, penetration, discernment, and large humanity. Hardy captured all the qualities and all the types, and he has found room for them. They move across a spacious stage expressing themselves freely and fully, revealing at once their understanding and its limitations. With many writers subsidiary characters are at once colourless and subordinate, they are like the supernumeraries in the

theatre, but here, in the Wessex novels, they are all alive, we feel their actual being, we know that they are a part of the soul of the village to which they cling. They provide a rich setting for the main action of history. Wherever we can test his peasantry, his farmers, his men and women who live in touch with the Earth Mother, they ring true, and so far as we may be the companion of his way through the woods and across the moors, we find he has seen all we see and more. It follows that when he turns to the great emotions of humanity and to the results of their clash and interplay, we approach his reading with a confidence that is not disappointed, even though we feel so often that we would willingly remould some sorry scheme of things nearer to the heart's desire. He helps us to a better understanding of the chances or mischances that surround us, but it is not right to suggest that he encourages pessimism. Other novelists who achieve success may make play with life, Hardy enriches it. His philosophy, for all that it is not harmonious, permeates his books and touches readers to sadness, but at least he makes no concessions to a vitiated taste or to a facile optimism. Others have seen the humour of common things and simple folk, few have felt their poetry and pathos and expressed both with an equally fine restraint. The architect in him may have accounted for the proportion and perfectly finished details of the setting; to those who read him as he should be read there comes a series of pictures that would seem to render superfluous the service of an illustrator. With his pen he gives the sketch, the etching, whatever is best suited to the occasion, words are his pigment. In some of his tragedies he seems to be thinking aloud as he moves his men and women to their appointed end, careless or unconscious of censure as he was of 'the dust of praise that is blown everywhere.'

It was not necessary to know Hardy in order to hold his genius in reverence, but to know him was to win the added pleasure of finding a rare gift allied to a personality in which modesty predominated. He was just a part of his own work, his own message to the years he lived through. I think he bore no ill-will towards those foolish critics who checked his utterance, whatever the shortcomings of others he was tolerant. Cruelty in any form

he abhorred, he was a staunch supporter of the movement for the humane slaughter of animals, and when asked to become President of the Wessex Pig Society agreed on the one condition that, so far as the Society could secure it, all pigs were killed by stunning. If the 'President of the Immortals' could condone cruelty, there was no sanction for Hardy in this condonation. I would venture to suggest that Love and a 'pity for unpitied human things' give the keynote to his life and work, that even the sardonic humour has its roots in an abiding sympathy.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

Art. 8.—THE TIDE OF ENGLISH EDUCATION.

The English Tradition of Education. By Cyril Norwood, D.Litt., Headmaster of Harrow School. Murray, 1929.

THIS noble book, rich in the high ideals and the practical experience of one of the foremost protagonists in the field of English education to-day, comes at an opportune moment in the life of the nation. Education, as a part of public policy, has been steadily widening its scope ever since it was first admitted to be to any degree a national concern, and in the last twelve years, from 1917 onwards, more has been said, written, and thought about it than in any previous period of English history. It is in the air; it is for all to notice, whether they are mere observers or participants, whether they are hostile, friendly, or indifferent. Much is written, and more perhaps is said, which comes from sources that are either from temperament or from habit opposed to the ultimate ideals of the true educationist, more still comes from those who have never given to that which they discuss either real study or unprejudiced consideration. But this is true of all parts of public policy. Every citizen, who reads a newspaper and has a right to record a vote, is, however intermittently, a politician: every subject to which the eyes of Governments extend—and in our over-civilised world to-day there are very few that escape—is free of necessity to public, and private, discussion and controversy. Education neither can, nor should, be an exception; since it touches all, as administrator, teacher, parent, or pupil, it is in reality the most universal of public subjects, and public attention focussed upon it, from whatever angle, is to be welcomed. And, in spite of the undeniable fact that, though it is a subject which has deserved, and gained, the study of many of the great minds of the world, it is still regarded as one upon which any one without study need have no hesitation in expressing the most decided opinions, nevertheless it is also happily true that it is to-day receiving a great amount of earnest thought not confined to those whose lives are engaged in it but spread abroad also among the homes of the nation at large.

There is no better index to real public interest than a

reputable daily newspaper. It is not possible to find, for instance, in the columns of 'The Times' of a hundred years ago any record whatever of educational importance : if an educational extract be desired, all that the most diligent searcher will find will be a small advertisement announcing that Mr Squeers, or his like, will be available at such and such a place on a certain day to collect his fresh victims ; to-day, it is rare indeed to open those columns, or those of any journal, without finding a report of an educational address, meeting, or event. We are perpetually in one form or another discussing and thinking about—the two are not necessarily the same—the extension, or at any rate the improvement, of our national system of education. At the moment attention is specially directed to the decision of the Government to raise the school-leaving age to fifteen, and to do it by a date, April 1931, which presents most formidable difficulties to the administrator. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss that decision except only to say that, whether we agree with it or not—and as one of the signatories to the Consultative Committee's report on the 'Education of the Adolescent,' called 'the Hadow report' to the exclusion of other important reports by Committees of which Sir Henry Hadow was Chairman, I am inevitably in agreement—every one of all political parties and shades of opinion will agree with the recent pronouncement of the President of the Board of Education that the one thing to be avoided, in extending the quantity of national education, was the lessening of the quality. The problem, how to do the first in the time prescribed without doing the second, is obviously one of the greatest difficulty. To increase the size of classes is to take a definitely retrograde step in education ; to add to the number of pupils attending school by nearly half a million without increasing the size of classes is to impose an unendurable strain upon accommodation which is already often inadequate : to increase the number of classes is to require the service of a larger number of teachers—15,000 more is one estimate ; and teachers cannot be produced by the mere process of enrolment. It will be necessary to return to this last consideration, since the status and training of teachers have a fundamental importance in national education which is only now slowly coming to recognition.

The problem of this raising of the school age is that which is to the forefront, and a very important problem it is, but it is in the main an administrative and a political problem, and my purpose is wider than its discussion. It is, from the wider aspect, rather one of those periodic movements which we associate naturally with growth than, as matters of public controversy so often seem to be, an isolated advance hurried forward by the enthusiasm or the exigencies of one of the great political parties. No one who has followed the trend of thought of to-day can seriously doubt that, no matter what party were in power, this alteration of age would have come about at no very distant date: as in many other matters, the difference between the parties is in its essence one of pace rather than of principle, and in any survey it is the direction in which movement is taking place that is the really important consideration. The attitude of the nation towards its greatest asset, its children, has undergone so great a transformation since the youth of our grandfathers, that it is a factor in the world to-day outweighing in importance even the vast scientific and material changes with which we are now all familiar, and this transformation is still steadily proceeding. We look back upon the conditions preceding the work of Lord Shaftesbury with almost incredulous indignation; we ask ourselves how it was possible that we tolerated the cruelties and waste inseparable from child-labour; we are beginning, quite irrespective of party, to put other questions of a kindred character to ourselves to-day. Not once on an exceptional occasion but again and again I have heard men who had received the advantages of a public school and university education wonder aloud what they would have been like, in character as well as in mental attainments, if their education, so far as schooling were concerned, had been brought to a conclusion at the beginning of the most impressionable and formulative period of their lives.

It is singular to look back, as one must when contemplating such a subject as the English tradition of education, and consider how very recent, as time is judged in the life of the English nation, it is since any meaning, even a partial one, could really be attached to national education. We think—we are bound to think—of the great and splendid traditions of our public schools:

if we think also of other old foundations it is to contemplate the falling away from the enthusiasms of the Renaissance into the dreary sloughs of the eighteenth century, which extinguished so much and left their dire marks even upon the great schools that survived. We may think with genuine pride upon the emergence of these, their slow but steady upward trend in the last hundred years and feel a national gratitude to such pioneers towards the light as some of the great headmasters of our great public schools. Dr Norwood pays a glowing tribute to the work of Thring, but justly reminds us not only that he was not alone but that, if he had been alone, a solitary explorer in an unreceptive age, he could have accomplished little. But the public schools, great as they are and tremendous as their influence has been and is, are not, save in a general sense, national education : they lie on one side of the system that came into being in 1872 and has since been subject to such expansion. Since that expansion is still in progress and is by no means ended, one of the most interesting of all the general problems of English education is the relation of the public schools to the national system. It is a problem that many in the famous old foundations ignore : no one concerned with education can have failed to come across masters in these to whom the particular foundation in which they serve is everything, literally everything, that counts in the educational world, to whom the private school below as feeder and the University above as receiver alone exist besides. These are men whose devotion to their school would be deserving of all praise were it not so exclusive ; and others again can be found whose devotion is more exclusive still and rarely travels beyond the boundary of their house. But times change, and the number of such diminish : if the educationist comes across minds so narrowed, he also meets, and in increasing numbers, public school masters who recognise that, as servants of a great heritage, they have a weighty responsibility in the world of to-day, who are willing and eager to give of their experience to those serving younger, throbbing institutions, and—over and above that, valuable as it is—have the candour and the courage to appreciate that in giving they are also learning.

It has been a charge, made sometimes with mere

vehement ignorance and sometimes with reasoned conviction, that the great public schools embodied a tradition which was a disservice to the ideals of democracy to which the world is increasingly committed, that their whole purpose, or at any rate their whole bent, was to send forth from their doors young men trained in the spirit of leadership, inoculated with the doctrine that they were by inheritance and selection rulers of men. It might be urged that, so far from being a charge against which a defence was necessary, it was in reality a claim, upon the successful maintenance of which the public schools should receive congratulation. And in times past, before the passing onward of the opinion of the world, it can hardly be denied that this could be urged with truth. But to-day, whether we deplore or welcome it, the opinion of the world has passed onward : the whole fabric of our national organisation is altered ; we are in the age of machinery, which is the age of opportunity ; we are even travelling, and with incalculable and almost incredible rapidity, beyond the age of machinery into one of science that is remaking the world as we knew it twenty years ago into something that is materially different from anything that has ever gone before. In this age does the same hold good ? If we consider the matter solely from the point of view of the interests of the nation as a whole and leave out all personal and lesser considerations, would the public schools best serve their generation if they sought still to maintain that claim or admit that charge ? Dr Norwood does not shrink from probing this vital question. It is given only to a few, even in our widespread Empire, to become in any literal sense rulers of men ; but it is given to many to succeed to positions of trust and responsibility, both over the peoples of an inferior civilisation and in this country. The old idea of domination, of rulership, is giving place to a higher conception. In a recent lecture on the contributions to law made by the British people to the world, Mr G. R. Y. Radcliffe pointed out that we had introduced to mankind the idea of trusteeship : it is true in a far wider sense than the strictly legal.

Before our public schools to-day lies what all vigorous men and institutions most desire, the most magnificent of opportunities. Without a breach of their tradition, with only that modification of it which is a

necessity of organic growth, they have before them the leadership in a truer, more splendid way than they ever had of old. And, though inevitably there are exceptions, it is one of the best features of our age that they are coming steadily to a real recognition of that fact. They are sending out their sons—not fully yet, but more and more—imbued with that sense in which alone lies the salvation of our heavily burdened civilisation, the sense of service, where in a massed community each member has something to contribute according to that which he has received.

As recently as the beginning of August a German teacher of some standing remarked to me that this country had at any rate made one notable contribution to the language and thought of the world; there was nothing, he averred, in any other country to correspond with what was involved in the English word 'gentleman.' That was a princely tribute from a foreigner, and especially from one with whose nation we had been so terribly at war; and an Englishman would wish—though he might well in modesty hesitate—to think it true. But at any rate, without putting forward any extravagant claim, an Englishman may be excused for believing that his country has given, and is now in abundance giving, one great conception of life to civilisation, without which indeed it is difficult to see how civilisation can successfully develop, and that is this sense of service as a natural, and indeed an inevitable, corollary of organised existence. A slight, but to my thinking a very significant, proof of this has been afforded me even as I am in the midst of writing this article. An old and intimate friend of mine, a citizen of the United States, whom I had not seen for a long time, was questioning me as to my various activities since we had last been together—catching up with time, as old friends most desire to do. I gave him briefly a summary, to which he listened in a silence that did not seem altogether one of commendation; at the conclusion he remarked doubtfully, 'H'm; it seems to me that you are spending a good deal of time over eleemosynary work.' Somehow it had never crossed my mind, nor do I imagine that it has the mind of any Englishman, that work of an educational or social character, even though unpaid, could possibly be thought to be eleemosynary.

Allowing even for a difference in the sense of words, as we must with our American cousins, to us there is nothing in such work which smacks in the least degree of charity. Unpaid work is a part of English life : there are singularly few Englishmen, who from their circumstances have anything, however slight, to contribute to the national well-being, who do not make that contribution as a matter of course. This is no new feature : the age-long history of our Justices of the Peace alone is enough to establish that. It is one of the oldest, as it is also one of the best, features of our national structure. But as the forces of democracy spread, as the lines of class distinction tend gradually and inevitably to become less pronounced, and as in the huddle and hubbub of our massed communities each individual life becomes increasingly a part of its neighbours, so is it more—and not less—essential that the sense of service should be widened. And in this the public schools are now playing their part.

It has indeed been brought home of late years to many who previously regarded themselves or their institutions as standing alone that isolation is dangerous and ignorance is not strength. Not even yet has an adequate realisation taken place, but the way is prepared and the process begun. It is difficult inevitably for those to whom the name of a great old public school has been a household word and whose lives lie outside the direct paths of our national system to appreciate the influences at work or to estimate at all adequately the importance, for example, of a great block of council buildings in which are being moulded the lives of as many boys and girls as are to be found in a great public school. Numbers alone are of course no criterion of value ; but from these are issuing year after year the main bulk of the citizens of the nation, and already in their short life they have profoundly altered our social structure ; already they have on their records men and women who have since leaving them distinguished themselves in every walk of life. The wonder is not that in the limited time they have in which to superimpose their influence and in the many conflicting circumstances these national schools do not do more, but that they are able to do so much. Their task grows easier as the road lengthens. It is to be noted that we are now in the third generation. The first was the generation of

1870, when the work was in the main a work of pioneering, with the handicap of ignorance and prejudice on the part of parents of the era of unenlightenment that went before : next came the generation of 1902, the children of parents who had themselves received a little, a very little, learning, and so were more favourable, or at any rate less hostile, to the hours lost to wage-earning by their children for the purpose of attending school. And now we have the third, the generation of 1918, with children in our schools whose parents gained at school enough appreciation of the advantages of education to be anxious, and indeed insistent, that their children should have more. It is, of course, possible only to speak in wide generality : parents can still be found, many of them, who either, dog-in-the-manger like, resent their successors having a better equipment than they were given, or are selfishly blind to any advantage but the immediate. In wide generality, however, what I have stated above is true, and there is not a teacher either in our elementary or our secondary or our central schools who does not gratefully recognise it. The parents now—in the main—are on the side of the teachers, and every good teacher strives his utmost to increase among the parents of his pupils the new knowledge and appreciation of what he is doing.

Our national schools have won, often with much perseverance, to the place rightfully theirs. It is a common-place—though, like many common-places, insufficiently realised—that the tone, the cleanliness, the whole atmosphere of a street in slum-land will reveal the proximity of a school. Apart even altogether from the medical benefits, the care now given to eyes, ears, teeth, and throats of the nation's children, it is little short of wonderful to realise the results achieved by our schools operating often in the squalidest localities and with children of the deeply impoverished. That the results are to some degree evanescent is not to the discredit of the teachers but is due to the age at which the process of teaching is, for the great majority of pupils, brought to an end. No longer is it a case of 'unwillingly to school' ; to almost all school is a happy place, to many happier than home. The above must be read, of course, with special reference to our elementary schools, and with regard to these it is necessary to note a certain want of

logic. It is generally conceded, amongst those, at any rate, who have studied education, that it is easier to teach adults than boys and boys than little children ; and yet though, if this be conceded, it must also logically be admitted that the task of the elementary school master is one of greater difficulty than that either of the secondary school master, whether public or national, or of the university professor, status and popular esteem vary inversely with the difficulties. And there is a further illogicality in this, that it is the elementary school master (and of course mistress) and not the public school master or university professor who has undergone a training in the technique of his profession. I have often wondered, watching an elementary school at work, what sort of control over the pupils or what success in teaching, if then and there set to the task, a public school master would achieve : that the result would be flattering either to his knowledge or experience there is grave reason to doubt. Much of late years has been written concerning the training of teachers : there are those who take refuge in an emphatic affirmation that the true teacher is born, not made, and this, so far as it goes, is undeniable ; but it does not go very far. True teachers are rare, far rarer than the need for those who know how to teach. Doubtless, an Edward Bowen would not have been a greater teacher if he had in early manhood been obliged to take a course of training in teaching ; but, doubtless also, many and many a man would learn the technique of his profession before, and not several years after, he had engaged in it, if he took such a course. The verdict of successive Governments, responsible to the parents of the children who are compelled by law to attend school, is unanimous ; it is only in the voluntary schools where a man may teach without possessing qualifications of any kind whatever. It is an anomaly, but it is to a great extent true, that the more expensive the education, the less trained is the teacher. Few public school boys, for instance, are fortunate enough to pass through their years at school without spending a term or two at least as the material upon which an untrained, inexperienced master practises the first exercise of his life's profession.

Is the last word, however, one that can in these circumstances accurately be used ? Can there be a profession

without a recognised qualification? We are beginning now to be familiar with the words 'the teaching profession,' and it is well to pause and inquire what meaning is, or should be, attached to them. It must be admitted that, in our present stage of educational progress, they represent an ideal rather than a fact. There is not yet a teaching profession as there is, for example, a legal or a medical profession. But it is in sight. In the last seventeen years considerable steps have been taken towards it, and this summer a further, and very notable, advance has been made. In the year 1912 as the result of constant pressure from teachers, and in no small measure emanating from the disinterested wisdom of McClure, a register of teachers was established by Order in Council under an Act of Parliament—a register, be it noted, in one column. For the first time in the history of education, teachers as such, whether in the University, the public school, or the elementary school, were viewed as one, members all alike of an educational fraternity. In the Teachers' Registration Council, the body set up to frame the conditions deemed necessary by the teachers themselves to admit a teacher to the register and to keep that register when made, all classes of teachers met together: university, secondary, specialist, and elementary formed four equal groups to constitute the Council. There and there alone they met, and continue to meet, to exchange their differing experience and to record their common judgment. In spite of the war, which diverted all national thought, the register grew and became a definite fact in our educational life. But, in our characteristic English way, having established a register, we showed a singular reluctance to use it. The Board of Education in effect said to teachers, 'register if it pleases you; establish your own standard of efficiency; but do not require us to take any notice of you.' It is a remarkable testimony to the idealism and public spirit of teachers that, in spite of this discouraging and even supercilious attitude, they still continued to register. They desired, many, many thousands of them, to elevate their work into what its value to the nation gives it every right to have, the status and dignity of a profession. So matters remained until May of this year, when by His Majesty's gracious permission, the Royal Society of

Teachers came into being, with as its members all those whose training and experience had gained them registration. It should be recorded that one of the last official acts of Lord Eustace Percy, as President of the Board of Education, was to lend his support to the application. In the hubbub of the General Election the creation of this Royal Society of Teachers attracted but little public attention ; and yet it was an event in the educational life of the nation that cannot fail to have a profound importance. Without the support of the Board of Education it naturally could not have come to pass : that that support was cordially given marks the entry upon a new stage in the relations between the teachers and the nation whose children they teach. That is of even greater significance than the enhanced status which is automatically attached to membership of a formally recognised society.

We are within sight of the day when in addition to its higher value—that intangible asset of unified action in pursuit of a common ideal—registration, membership, that is, of the Royal Society of Teachers, will mark a man out for preferential treatment and more responsible position. It means now that the member has satisfied those engaged similarly to himself in the work of national education that he possesses the needful qualifications of training and experience ; from that it is but a logical step—only we as a nation are so slow to proceed logically in our public affairs—to treat him as possessing these and to take advantage of that possession, and yet the Board of Education and local education authorities have laid upon them both, in their respective spheres, the official responsibility for seeing that the children who have no option but to go to school shall at any rate be properly taught when there, and how can they be that more surely than at the hands of qualified teachers ? This logic is now sinking gradually into the general consciousness as it has long, under the shrewd guidance of Dr Salter Davies, sunk into that of Kent ; and with the recent most encouraging change in the attitude of the Board of Education towards the registration movement we may, without undue confidence, expect to approach the day when we shall look back with surprise upon an age which turned an indifferent eye towards it, and furthermore, in the region of voluntary schools, took no steps

to prevent any charlatan from advertising himself as a teacher of children.

The creation of a unified profession has suffered in the past, even as education itself has, from the internal jealousies of sections. We have still far to travel before their force is spent, but at any rate they are now recognised widely for what they are, hindering and cramping influences to be wrestled with and overthrown. The tide is setting strongly now in the direction of real progress. It is at last generally accepted that to continue elementary education to 14+ has meant in many cases a great waste of time and opportunity for the best of the older pupils: the Hadow report, already referred to, has given a notable impetus to the new conception that there should be a progression onwards at 11+ to something wider than the old elementary instruction. In effect, the old division, hard and fast and corresponding to little except convenience, between elementary and secondary education is breaking down, and more and more education is seen to be not so many steps rigidly defined, but rather a process in which, though there must be stages, there is yet no first nor last. Of the innumerable definitions of education that have been attempted down the ages I confess to an attachment for the following, which the author said had taken him, short as it is, over forty years of experience to write: 'Education is the systematic endeavour of intelligent people to enable others to make the best of themselves. Every process to this end has two elements, the creation of freedom and the provision of guidance.' There has been far too little realisation of education as a process continuing in some form or other through life: there has been far too much claiming of superiority one section over another. That has been due in the main to human snobbery, the elevation of the class of education for which fees are paid over that which is free, and to the belief that a man who toils with his pen, even if he be no more than an animated ledger, is of greater weight in the social scale than one who labours with his hands, even if he be a skilled son of mechanical science. The black coat has indeed looked askance at the open throat. But, though that is not in the past, the trend of the modern world is all against it: science and mechanics of every kind decline to be looked down

upon longer, and one of the results is the emergence of the central school. We are in an age of rapid transition: one can but note the set of the tide, and that is unquestionably breaking down, slowly but irresistibly, many of the barriers erected or endured by our predecessors.

We hear much more to-day than ever before of the need for close co-ordination between education and industry; and that there should be practical realisation by teachers that the products of the schools will pass from them into workshops and factories and by leaders of industry that their future employees will come to them from the schools is greatly to be welcomed; but there is still much sorry nonsense talked, and though neither side can successfully plead innocence, on balance the leaders of industry are apt to lay too great a stress upon the desirability for training in our schools for particular work in the future, and to regard the schools not as the gardens of character but as the forcing houses of specialised efficiency. In a sense this attitude is a tribute to the power and influence of our national system; it is a recognition that it is in the schools that the foundations of the nation's prosperity are laid; it errs only in supposing that it is the business of the schools to equip for industry rather than for life—which, it is necessary to emphasise, includes leisure. The recognition of the power of education is something new in the world, and that is not surprising, since it is only in the last few decades that it has become sufficiently widespread to create this power. The first country to realise the existence of this and to direct it was Germany, and, as all students of the teaching of many of the foremost educational minds in Germany in the years before the war are well aware, the whole energy of a highly organised state system was as a current turned on in one direction. That example is before mankind, and that it was an example of energy devoted to nationally selfish and destructive ends is no argument against its rightful employment now. On the contrary, it suggests that a State which is itself inspired by nobler, that is, by moral ends, or ends which are as universal as rational life, broad and deep as humanity, could lead its citizens to adopt these ends as their dominant motives. The *method* which Germany employed proved successful to a

supreme degree. It did reach the national character, and thereby go far to determine the national destiny.'*

Except by those whose business it is to study the tide of education, and they are for the most part of necessity so immersed in the innumerable details of its administration and practice that they have little leisure for a general estimation, much is taken for granted as part of the normal changes and chances of the world that is directly attributable to this new universality. We forget that most striking phenomenon of modern life, the rise of the new Universities, the full effect of which is hardly yet beginning to make itself felt, and we are apt also to belittle the growth of schools and colleges for women. But these two manifestations are both of supreme importance to the future. It is often said that we are entering to-day upon a new world, and by that is usually meant a world of aeroplanes and wireless, bringing the confines of the British Commonwealth close together and making possible strange political dreams. In that meaning truth may doubtless dwell, but there is another in which the world is indeed new. We are entering also upon an age of vast political experiment of a kind that this earth has never undergone before, the age when upon the shoulders not of the selected few but of the unselected millions responsibility for the government of great nations is laid. The idea of democracy is not in itself new, though hitherto it has never been but very imperfectly realised—nor could it have been more than that without a swift awakening in disaster. The idea of an educated democracy is new, and the addition of the qualifying word makes the idea in its fullness feasible. The concluding words of Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address have been quoted with uncritical approval ever since their original utterance; it was given to Mr Bernard Shaw first to turn them into ridicule by advancing as an alternative the ideal of 'dentistry of the people, by the people, for the people.' Dentistry needs training and skill: can any now maintain that government is a gift that has no need of either? We are faced with the fact that government in the world of to-day, in England at all events, is in the hands of the millions, and it is to educa-

* Sir Henry Jones: 'The Principles of Citizenship,' 1919.

tion that we must turn for the outcome of the venture. We may well avoid despondency, just as we should distrust optimism, in our consideration of the tide that has set so steadily.

There is much that we may criticise in our schools and more perhaps in the system in which they are embedded, but we may feel with confidence that there is a quality in the English tradition which will be equal even to the great opportunities now opening out before it, and we have in the teachers of this country, when all shortcomings are recognised and all criticisms are expended, a body of men and women who bring to their work, often isolated and often monotonous, a genuine sense of its real value to the nation. Upon them rests the future of democratic government; in some countries that has already tottered and in more than one it has been, even if temporarily, overthrown. But in England there is a heritage of interchange and of service: to-day in England the public schools are learning from the national schools, and the national schools are borrowing from the public schools; and the Universities are strengthening their roots in every great centre of population. And finally education, not in its details but in its ideals, is no longer the rallying cry of any one party but is the strength of each. In all human affairs tides ebb and flow, but in education this at least is a reflection in which we may take both comfort and pride, it is to this country now that foreign observers are coming to endeavour to discover the secret we appear successfully to enjoy and bear it back with them to their own lands.

GORELL.

Art. 9.—RABINDRANATH TAGORE AND HIS ORIGINS.

1. *Chaitanya to Vivekananda*. Madras : Natesan, 1928.
2. *One Hundred Poems of Kabir*. Macmillan, 1915.
3. *Letters to a Friend*. By R. Tagore. Allen and Unwin, 1928.
4. *My Reminiscences*. By R. Tagore. Macmillan, 1917.
5. *Gitanjali*. By R. Tagore. Macmillan, 1913.
6. *Sādhanā*. By R. Tagore. Macmillan, 1913. *em.*

In his Autobiography, Lord Haldane acknowledged that all through his life he had been influenced by 'the belief that the more experience is spiritual the more it is real.' He added to that confession of faith some remarkable words on Indian thought and vision : 'It has often struck me that we of the Western world have contracted our outlook by failure to take in the full significance of the development of reflection on ultimate things in India. . . . For it is the soul of that [Indian] people that is the key to their outlook.' It is only by accepting this conclusion that an attempt can be made to estimate Rabindranath Tagore's position to-day as a living adherent of an ancient system ; as poet, teacher, and reformer ; or in his relation to Eastern mystics in other ages and lands.

In a recent paper on Meditation, Mr C. F. Andrews quoted a saying of Rabindranath Tagore, as having a special bearing on his subject : 'When all is said and done about the need of uniformity in religious matters, yet, in the long run, as life advances, we have each of us to find the best way of approach to the Father of our spirits. There is a true sense in which each man has his own idiosyncrasy in religion, just as there are also universal beliefs.' Tagore himself exemplifies in a striking way the dual current which produces a strongly individual faith and practice along with the boundless spiritual sympathy which made Tahir, the wandering saint of Persia, express his worship in the words :

'Whatsoe'er our creed, Thou art our Faith.'

Mr Andrews, from his long and intimate knowledge of the poet, has suggested that there is a direct affinity between Rabindranath Tagore and the earlier Indian saints and mystics ; particularly with those of Bengal.

(It is, indeed, possible to trace clearly his likeness to those half-legendary characters of the fifteenth century through tenderness of heart, devotion to the divine Reality, and through the consciousness, attained by each, of underlying harmony in creation and unity with the Eternal. In all there is the same poise between 'two movements—of attachment and detachment, of particularity and abstraction, of sense and of spirit, of time and of eternity, of places and of ubiquity,' according to von Hügel's analysis of the highest religious development.)

To prove the kinship among these Indian thinkers, so widely separated by time and circumstance, it is only necessary to compare the teaching of Rabindranath Tagore with the sayings of Chaitanya (1485–1533), the Bengali apostle of Vaishnavism, and his disciples; or with the words of Kabir, the weaver mystic of Northern India, whose poems, full of vision and fervour, are known to English readers through the translation made by Tagore and Miss Evelyn Underhill in collaboration. Chaitanya's chief doctrine was that of *Bhakti*, or faith resulting in love; this introduced a new element to Hinduism, for it is lacking in the Vedanta and other ancient scriptures. To him, as to Kabir, God was revealed not only as the centre of Beauty, Power, and Life, but as all-pervading Love, calling forth abiding trust and desire, which, in their turn, are merged in love. 'That love,' says Chaitanya,

'is the ultimate fruit, the source of every bliss. The man in whose heart this emotion springs up is marked by the many qualities mentioned in the *Shastras*. No earthly affliction can disturb his mind. . . . He never fears attack by enjoyment, material success or the objects of sensual gratification. Even the noblest *bhaktha* considers himself as lowly, and firmly believes that Krishna will take pity on him. He is ever expectant, ever passionately longing. . . . When love is turned to Krishna, man is freed from bondage to the world. The fruit of love is . . . the enjoyment of the beatitude of loving.'

Hindu theology, before Chaitanya, held that in the *knowledge of God* lay the only way of deliverance and purification, deriving this principle from the Vedanta. 'The ritual of a later date introduced endless and unmeaning ceremonies and rites, ablutions and fastings, all of

which are said to have the efficacy of procuring endless felicity.' But Chaitanya's evangel recognised that the method of knowledge, and acts of religious legality, did not meet the need of men in an age which had lost innocency and virtue. He taught that only by dependence on God and by self-renunciation could the character of the ideal Vaishnava, as he describes it, be formed.

'He is compassionate, spiteless, essentially true, saintly, innocent, charitable, gently pure, humble, a universal benefactor, tranquil, . . . equable, a victor over the six passions (*shadguna*), temperate in diet, self-controlled, honouring others and yet not proud himself, grave, tender, friendly, learned, skilful and silent' (p. 30).

Chaitanya's band of disciples included men of noble birth and scholars together with the poor and obscure; even a member of the 'untouchable' class, Haridas, was admitted to the circle and honoured for his holiness. As a missionary and reformer, Chaitanya did not acknowledge caste distinctions within the Hindu religion, but associated with all, and gave himself to their service. Though the Western mind may dismiss Chaitanya, as Barth did, for 'a poor enthusiastic visionary,' the influence of his life and teaching led many of his followers to claim not only miraculous powers, but divinity, for him. But his own Godward attitude was that of the ancient Indian prayer which has been rendered in English thus :

'Dear Lord, no peer in misery have I :
No peer hast Thou in grace :
This binds us twain : can'st Thou deny
To turn to me Thy face ?'

Naturally, we find less dogma, and more creative imagination, in the poems of Kabir than in the discourses of Chaitanya. Here one vivid image follows another, and his words are inspired by a profound sense of divine Immanence in the world. Kabir belonged to the same period as Chaitanya, and he, too, was a reformer of the faith, though by no means a 'militant theologian.' His ardent and catholic spirit cannot be better indicated than in a poem which may be taken as the expression of his own mystical tenets ; a ray from his own illumination.

'He is the true Saint, who can reveal the form of the formless
to the vision of these eyes :

Who teacheth the simple way of attaining Him, that is
other than rites and ceremonies :

Who requireth thee not to close the doors, to hold the
breath, and renounce the world :

Who maketh thee perceive the supreme Spirit wherever
the mind resteth :

Who teacheth thee to be still amidst all thine activities :

Who, ever immersed in bliss, having no fear, keepeth the
spirit of union thro'out all enjoyment . . . *cm*

Kabir was in close touch with the visible world and
with humanity. His poems gleam with irony and humour,
while they are marked by the wisdom and certitude of a
prophet. He called himself 'the slave of the spirit of
the Quest,' and asks :

'To whom shall I go to learn about my Beloved ? Kabir
says : As you never may find the forest if you ignore the tree,
so He may never be found in abstractions.'

The interval of four centuries between those eager,
devout prototypes and Rabindranath Tagore is but a
short span in spiritual history. Of every mystic it seems
true that, as Tagore wrote of an old friend of his childhood,
'He was of an age with each and every one of us.' And
Tagore, poet, seer, humanist, patriot, and educationalist,
has found Truth in the inner sanctuary of his life—where,
as Kabir declares, it can alone be learned :

'In thy home is the Truth. Go where thou wilt, to Benares
or to Mathura ;

If thy soul is a stranger to thee, the whole world is un-
homely.'

Tagore has gained world-wide fame and lost popular
favour in the course of his career ; and still he holds on
his way, 'seeing everything with the sight which comes
from within,' and steadfastly refusing the overtures of
unbalanced Nationalism, because he is convinced that
'the world is waiting for a country that loves God and
not herself.'

Rabindranath Tagore was born at Calcutta in the
'sixties, the seventh son of a scholarly, high-minded, and
deeply religious Bengali. His 'Reminiscences,' though
far from being a formal autobiography, give a strange

picture of his childhood passed under the control of servants and caged within walls. He was of no account in the big household until his father took him on a journey, lasting some months, to Armitsar and the Himalayas. At an early age he had shown his innate sensitiveness to beauty of sound, to rhythm and music, writing verse from the time he was eight years old. A new world opened to him on those first travels, as he gazed at the forests, the terraced hill-sides covered with spring flowers, and the snowy peaks by starlight. His father's companionship, too, developed the boy's whole nature, giving him both sympathy and a new sense of his own responsibility.

'As he allowed me to wander about the mountains at my will, so in the quest for truth he left me free to select my path. He was not deterred by the danger of my making mistakes, he was not alarmed at the prospect of my encountering sorrow. He held up a standard, not a disciplinary rod.'

It was an entirely different principle from that which had directed the servants' tyrannous rule and his teachers' methods of education; and it is on this principle that the younger Tagore has founded his own school at Shantiniketan, near Bolpur.

When the young traveller returned to Calcutta, it was to a new order of life; for he was now admitted to the zenana, which seemed to him not a place of restriction, but 'the abode of all freedom,' in the society of his mother and of the young sisters-in-law who were brought in turn as brides to the family dwelling; of these, the latest comer especially shared and fostered his taste for poetry and reading of all kinds. As children, he and his brothers had learned English with pain and reluctance; and when he was seventeen he accompanied his second brother on a first visit to England, with the idea of his studying Law and returning as a barrister—a plan which was afterwards abandoned. Already he was a contributor to the 'Bharati,' a journal edited by his eldest brother, for which he had written a long poem, and, according to his mature judgment, 'much of youthful folly to be ashamed of . . . for its atrocious impudence, its extravagant excesses and its high-sounding artificiality.' Looking back, it appeared to him that 'this period of his

life, from the age of fifteen or sixteen to twenty-two or twenty-three, was one of utter disorderliness'—in the intellectual sense. Of this time he also says :

'It strikes me that we had gained more of stimulation than of nourishment out of English literature. Our literary gods then were Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron; and the quality in their work which stirred us most was strength of passion. In the social life of Englishmen passionate outbursts are kept severely in check, for which very reason, perhaps, they so dominate their literature. . . . In this wise did the excitement of the pursuit of English literature come to sway the heart of the youth of our time . . . and yet our case was so different from that of Europe. There the excitability and impatience of bondage was a reflection from its history into its literature. . . . The roaring of the storm was heard because a storm was really raging. The breeze therefrom that ruffled our little world sounded in reality but little above a murmur . . . so that our attempts to imitate the blast of a hurricane led us easily into exaggeration—a tendency which still persists and may not prove easy of cure' (pp. 181, 183).

That passage is characteristic of Tagore's way of considering literature and life from a standpoint of rare detachment; with remarkably impartial views of his own work, or that of his countrymen; with ever-growing realisation of his 'kinship with the world.' His 'Reminiscences,' though written in his fiftieth year, are concerned only with the experiences of his early manhood, when his powers were still nascent, and his true destiny was no more than a nebulous gleam before his eyes. After his return to India, he 'attained a place as the youngest of the literary men of the time'; and some of his contemporaries chose to call him by the name of 'the Bengal Shelley.' His poems, songs, and plays followed in quick succession, but the poet himself still hesitated on the brink of life and human activities.

'My mind refused to respond to the cheap intoxication of the political movements of those days, devoid, as they seemed, of all strength of national consciousness, with their complete ignorance of the country, their supreme indifference to real service of the motherland' (p. 269).

Tagore's earliest poems were, he declares, such as naturally belonged to this borderland period, to a 'base-

less, substanceless world of imagination, where even the most intense joys and sorrows seemed like the joys and sorrows of dreamland. There being nothing real to weigh them against, the trivial did duty for the great.' At the same time, he and his brothers made an intensely vital group in their Calcutta home, writing, singing, and acting; discussing and testing everything. His poetic inspiration, during those years, was drawn almost entirely from 'the adorned loveliness' of Nature as he perceived it in his own land, and interpreted in his own sensuous, yet highly symbolic, way. It was by deep sorrows, by the slow, secret penetration of the Spirit, that Tagore's life expanded and rose 'into the light of affirmation.' Thenceforth Beauty takes a new significance for him, and he speaks with a voice which inevitably recalls that of Kabir, or of the Sûfî poet, Jami, who had reached vision by the same road :

out ' . . . That heart which seems to love
The fair ones of this world, loves Him alone.
. . . If steadfastly
Thou canst regard, thou wilt at length perceive
He is the mirror also—He alike
The Treasure and the Casket. . . . '*)

Tagore is equally assured that the worship of God 'does not impoverish the world,' but fulfils the deepest yearning of man.

'Deliverance is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight.

'Thou ever pourest for me the fresh draught of thy wine of various colours and fragrance, filling this earthen vessel to the brim.

'The delights of sight and hearing and touch will bear thy delight.

'Yes, all my illusions will burn into illumination of joy, and all my desires ripen into fruits of love.' †

Mr W. B. Yeats quotes, in his Introduction to 'Gitanjali,' the words of a Bengali who explained Tagore's unique position in India as due to the continuity of his experience, the completeness of his thought. 'We have

* E. Granville Browne's translation.

† 'Gitanjali,' No. 73.

other poets, but none that are his equal; we call this the epoch of Rabindranath. . . . He is the first among our saints who has not refused to live, but has spoken out of Life itself, and that is why we give him our love.' Mr. Yeats adds that the reverence for Tagore, expressed by his countryman, 'sounded strange in our world, where we hide great and little things under the same veil of obvious comedy and half-serious depreciation.' But the Celtic reader of these poems found, even in translations, 'a world he had dreamed of all his life long . . . where poetry and religion are the same thing.' Not poetry only of exotic appeal; nor religion only of mystical exaltation. Here is Tagore's prayer for his country:

'Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by
narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards per-
fection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into
the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening
thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country
awake.'*)

Tagore's 'idiosyncrasy in religion' is undoubtedly contemplative; but during many years an urgent, vitalising force has issued from the central stillness of his soul, reaching men of other nations and faiths. Perhaps the best summary of his system of thought is to be found in his 'Sādhana,' a small book based on the teaching of the Upanishads, and drawing freely from the sacred texts as the authority for his own message—originally given in the form of discourses to his students at Bolpur. His main theme is Realisation, and his opening chapter on 'The Relation of the Individual to the Universe' makes a suggestive comparison between the original birthplaces of civilisations in East and West. From ancient Greece downwards, he says, modern civilisations were cradled within city walls, 'in bricks and mortar,' which have left a deep mark on mankind,

* 'Gitanjali,' No. 35.

inducing the habits of division, separation, and 'a strong suspicion of whatever is beyond the barriers we have built.' Therefore Western man aims at 'subduing nature,' as an alien force, and turns 'his mental vision upon his own life and works,' being thus disassociated from the Universe of which he is a part.

But in India, the first Aryan invaders found a land of forests, which they soon learned to use for shelter, sustenance, and shrine. Surrounded by 'the living growth of nature,' the forest dweller's aim was 'not to acquire but to realise, to enlarge his consciousness. . . . He felt that truth is all-comprehensive, that there is no such thing as absolute isolation in existence. . . .' Even with the coming of agriculture and cities, Tagore asserts that India 'ever looked back with adoration upon the early ideal of strenuous self-realisation, and the dignity of the simple life of the forest hermitage, and drew its best inspiration from the wisdom stored there.' To that primal nurture, he traces human recognition of 'the harmony that exists between the individual and the universal'; and claims that this quickened faculty in Eastern peoples is, in its turn, the source of all they have to offer to the spiritual evolution of mankind. Realisation—of the soul's union with all life, and with God—is considered here in relation to Love, Action, Beauty, and the Infinite. Like Dhan Gopal Mukerji, Tagore would plead: 'Let us find Him. Religion is realisation and not belief. . . . Everything you see is trying to utter that which you *cannot see*.' The true significance of human progress, for him, lies here:

'All our poetry, philosophy, science, art, and religion are serving to extend the scope of our consciousness towards higher and larger spheres. . . . We have, however, to pay a price for this attainment of the freedom of consciousness. What is the price? It is to give one's self away. . . . The Upanishad says, *Thou shalt gain by giving away*. . . . This discipline we have to go through to prepare ourselves for our social duties—for sharing the burdens of our fellow-beings. . . . And thus to expand gradually the consciousness of one's unity with all is the striving of humanity.' *

When Tagore passes on to the definition of union with God, he speaks not only as the scholar-theologian with

* 'Sādhana,' 18, 19, 20.

peculiar and trained knowledge, but with the clear confidence and simplicity of Brother Lawrence or Mother Julian; as one who discovers the supreme Spirit to be equally his King and his unfailing Friend. Again the Upanishad supplies him with promise and petition:

'Those who realise him through the immediate perception of the heart attain immortality. . . . The deepest and the most earnest prayer that has ever risen from the human heart has been uttered in our ancient tongue: O thou self-revealing one, reveal thyself in me. . . . For this self of ours has to attain its ultimate meaning, which is the soul, not through the compulsion of God's power but through love, and thus become united with God in freedom.' *Tagore*.

Tagore's political views are not accretions, but essential parts of his ethical creed. They cannot be better understood than by studying the man himself in his 'Letters to a Friend' addressed to Mr C. F. Andrews during the years 1913-22. For he writes as one for whom the 'wall of partition' has been broken down; whose outlook is no longer limited by the bounds of his own race or nation; with intense love for his motherland, but determined to 'seek his compatriots all over the world,' because the India he loves 'is an Idea and not a geographical expression.' The throes through which his country has passed, the wrongs she has suffered, have not failed to stir him to the depths; but it is always towards peace and the 'creative ideal' that he sets his face. Writing from Paris in 1920, during an outbreak of furious excitement over the question of Non-co-operation, Tagore explains his own position:

'Let Mahatma Gandhi be the true leader in this; let him send his call for positive service, ask for homage in sacrifice, which has its end in love and Creation. I shall be willing to sit at his feet and do his bidding if he commands me to co-operate with my countrymen in service and love. I refuse to waste my manhood in lighting fires of anger and spreading it from house to house.'

In this attitude Tagore is the follower of Swami Vivekananda (1862-1902), 'the patriot saint,' who believed that India's mission is to spiritualise the world, and that only by one method can this be achieved.

* 'Sādhana,' 37, 42.

'It simply consists in re-asserting the national life. . . . The national ideals of India are *renunciation* and *service*. Intensify her in those channels, and the rest will take care of itself. The banner of the spiritual cannot be raised too high in this country. In it alone is salvation.'

When Tagore founded his school for boys, and when he travelled over the world to proclaim his message of international fellowship, his aim was exactly that to which Vivekananda devoted his life: the 'harmonisation' of East and West, and 'the bringing into existence of that higher Aryan type, which will be the result of the interaction of Eastern and Western ideals.' Or, to quote Tagore's own words, 'Our history is waiting for the dynasty of the Spirit. The human succeeded the brutal; and now comes the turn of the Divine.'

The greater number of these Letters, and all the later ones, were written during a long tour made by Tagore in Europe and America, between May 1920 and July 1921. This collection is so full of the poet's wisdom, of the deepest questionings of a noble mind, that it is difficult to choose from its store. The Great War was a time of darkness and agony to his sensitive spirit, but even then he could discern the farther issues at stake, and he wrote in 1915:

'The gravest danger is when Europe deceives herself into thinking that she is helping the cause of humanity by helping herself . . . and on our side I must equally acknowledge this truth, that weakness is heinous because it is a menace to the strong and the surest cause of downfall for others than those who own it. We are doing England the greatest disservice possible by making it easy for her to despise us and yet to rule; to feel very little sympathy for us and yet to judge us.'

Tagore emerged from the shadows still able to say: 'My own abiding faith is in life and light and freedom. And my prayer is: "Lead me from the unreal to truth."' His main purpose in undertaking this journey was to gain the support of the West for the scheme which now possessed his heart—the gradual extension of his Asram (religious retreat) at Santiniketan as "a home of brotherhood and peace . . . without distinction of caste or race or creed.' His desires for India, as for all mankind, were ever becoming more comprehensive.

'Let me state clearly that I have no distrust of any culture because of its foreign character. On the contrary, I believe that the shock of such forces is necessary for the vitality of our intellectual nature. . . . What I object to is the artificial arrangement by which this foreign education tends to occupy all the space of our national mind and thus kills, or hampers, the great opportunity for the creation of a new thought-power by a new combination of truths.' *

With all his far-reaching interests and sympathies, Tagore can never forget that his first and final vocation is that of a poet. In the great cities of Europe and America, surrounded by 'strenuousness . . . the open foe of attainment,' his heart cried out for solitude, for respite from that which he ruefully called 'pushing the wheelbarrows of propaganda from continent to continent'; for freedom to fulfil his dearest task—'to ply the ferry-boat that keeps open the traffic between this shore and the shore of Paradise.' That image well describes the consecration of Tagore's life and work. He looks back with serene recognition of the Presence which has filled his past :

'Thou didst not turn in contempt from my childish play among dust, and the steps that I heard in my playroom are the same that are echoing from star to star.'

He faces the end of his pilgrimage with 'empty hands and expectant heart' :

'And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well.'

MURIEL KENT.

* Extracts from lectures given in America, and quoted in 'Letters to a Friend.'

Art. 10.—'TRAFFIQUES AND DISCOVERIES.'

1. *The Principal Navigators, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation Made by Sea or Overland to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth at any Time Within the Compass of these 1600 Years.* By Richard Hakluyt. New Edition. In Eight Vols. Dent, 1927.
2. *The Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of Foreign Voyagers With Other Matters relating thereto contained in the 'Navigations.'* New Edition. By Richard Hakluyt. Dent, 1928.
3. *Francis Mortoft : His Book, Being his Travels through France and Italy, 1658-1659.* Edited by Malcolm Letts. The Hakluyt Society, 1925.
4. *The Papers of Thomas Bowrey, 1669-1713.* Edited by Lt-Col Sir Richard Carnac Temple, Bt. The Hakluyt Society, 1927.
5. *Travels of Fray Sebastien Manrique, 1629-1643.* With Introduction and Notes by Lt-Col C. Eckford Luard, C.I.E. Assisted by Father H. Hosten, S.J. In Two Vols. The Hakluyt Society, 1927.
6. *A Relation of a Voyage to Guinea.* By Robert Harcourt. 1613. Edited by Sir C. Alexander Harris, K.C.M.G. The Hakluyt Society, 1928.
7. *Spanish Documents concerning English Voyages to the Caribbean, 1527-1568.* Selected from the Archives of the Indies at Seville by I. A. Wright. The Hakluyt Society, 1929.

It was the fortunate inspiration of a happy hour which first led Master Richard Hakluyt, Preacher, and sometime Student of Christ Church in Oxford, to gather and print the reports and chronicles of the great seamen and seamanship of his own times and of the times that went before them. Not only do his 'Voyages' comprise an outstanding English epic, but his volumes fitly represent and verbally illustrate, generally in worthy and often in noble language, the adventurous spirit and triumphant achievements that supremely marked the Elizabethans, and were the expression, in act and fact, of the soaring lyrical ardour voiced by Spenser and Shakespeare and the many other English poets then singing. It is a stirring

record—of which the above-mentioned new and workable edition is welcome—of human strength and weakness, heroism, failure, victory, mutinies, death; the actors being 'merchant-adventurers,' honest traders, buccaneers, seadogs, pirates, Queen's-men, call them what you will; but beyond all that, Hakluyt tells of English courage and of simple English greatness.

The work is an epic honouring the race. Yet, at the same time, because fair play, particularly in history, is a jewel, it is well to have something told of the Spanish side of things—His Majesty of Spain being the arch-enemy of the Elizabethan rovers and historians—and, therefore, such a volume as Miss Irene Wright's 'Spanish Documents concerning English Voyages to the Caribbean,' recently produced by the invaluable Hakluyt Society, to whose work a tribute has already been paid in these pages,* comes as an excellent corrective and counterblast. It gives, for instance, the Spanish account of the battle at San Juan de Ulua in which Captain John Hawkins, 'English corsair,' as 'the most illustrious Don Martin Enriquez, viceroy and governor, captain-general of New Spain,' and much else, tersely called him, suffered and inflicted damage on his enemies, over the quality of which those deponents elaborately differed. Recognising that Richard Hakluyt's accounts of things, naturally, even necessarily, were sometimes partial, we still can accept his work as one to read very proudly and to read often. The limitation of the story to 'within the compass of these 1600 years,' means that it closed while Queen Elizabeth still wore her legendary robes and well before her odious successor, James, through his meanness of heart and mind, invited the reaction which eventually brought to an end the divinity, if not the glamour, of Kingship.

The adoration of Elizabeth by her people, and more especially by the seamen and poets, was extreme, extravagant, yet entirely sincere, and, despite her manifest numerous faults, it outlasted her lifetime. And it was right. That adoration must have been right for the reason that it persisted; and, so far as the years of her greatness were concerned, has not seriously faded, even in such narrowly critical times as these when biography, often grown impudently personal, appears to study with

* 'Quarterly Review,' No. 468, July 1921.

a sniggering delight and meticulous exactness the foibles, eccentricities, and less excusable weaknesses of a personality, rather than its usefulness and greatness. With all her faults the Queen had tact and gave proof enough that she appreciated the work of her seamen, honouring them in the simple ways that best might please them. When, in 1576, Martin Frobisher was drifting down the Thames and passing Greenwich on his first voyage in search of the North-west Passage, she appeared at the palace window and bade the sailors farewell, shaking her hand; and when, two years afterwards, having returned with some prosperity from his second expedition, he was preparing for a third, to 'Meta Incognita' in the same impassable region, as before, of frozen and dangerous seas, she welcomed him and his captains at Court with 'great encouragement and gracious countenance,' and bestowed on Frobisher a golden chain. It is not difficult to imagine the effect of such royal kindness in nerving simple-hearted men to dare hazards in the hope of securing the approval of so dear and appreciative a mistress. Worthily Gloriana had her eager votaries and champions. Elizabeth was precisely the queen required by the England that she ruled.

Further, in the opportunities they gave to adventurous men her times were unique. It is needless to expatiate here on the extraordinary character of the Elizabethan age with its dazzling chances of winning glory, its sure confidence and irrepressible uplift. The world then, to adapt Pistol's comically extravagant phrase, was every man's oyster and had added to itself new continents, which called with insistence to the restless and the ambitious, and were thronged, as already was evident, with natural riches surpassing the greediest dreams of avarice and available almost for the mere fetching and picking-up. Fantasy outraced discovery, rapid as that was when once the race had begun; so that anything was possible, especially the impossible. Ideal communities, blessed with carefully ordered peoples, half angels, half robots, were visioned or invented to occupy the regions of golden mist that stretched somewhere beyond the vague area of ocean into which the continent of Atlantis, glimpsed by Plato, had sunk. Poets and philosophers competed at the pastime, building

social might-be's with the mortar and masonry of fond hopes and moonshine. More's Utopia was the best of those models of ingenuity and illusion; while their frequency was proved in the garrulousness of honest old Gonzalo in 'The Tempest'; and the folly to which the tendency fell was brought home finally in the ironic absurdities of Lilliput and Laputa. At any rate, those visionings in that historic dawn were indications of boundless expectations. The new world—what might it not contain? It was a land of more than superb promise; and so extravagantly rich that Pizarro, it was said and believed, lacking iron, shod his mules and horses with silver and gold; while, ever and increasingly, as a fatal glittering phantom, shone the promise of 'that great and golden city which the Spanish call El Dorado.' Never was that fabulous town, though identified eventually by Raleigh with Manoa, to be discovered; but some who had travelled, heard, and seen to solider purpose, got nearer to the truth on which the false dream was based. Certain of the natives of Guiana, 'having prepared golde made into fine powder, blow it thorow hollow canes upon their naked bodies, untill they be all shining from the foot to the head'; and that practice, possibly a detail of superstitious worship, was the true origin of the vision of El Dorado.

The quest of that sort of treasure, the fruits of mines and piracy, which lured men westward, was, however, an after-development. The earlier navigators and voyagers of whom Hakluyt and history tell were practical men, genuine 'merchant-adventurers,' whose primal function and purpose it was to carry their goods overseas and there to sell them. They bore with them the authority of ambassadors, signed and sealed, and were permitted to try and negotiate commercial treaties with such magnificent oriental potentates as the Sophy, or Shah, the Grand Signor of Turkey, and the Great Khan, as well as with Ivan the Terrible, the Emperor of Russia, whose possessions in Muscovy, at that early stage, particularly attracted the more enterprising seekers of mercantile wealth. That going-forth was no mere happy-go-lucky chance movement; for the monarchs, from Edward the Fourth onward, took a direct and active interest in the development of the foreign trade of the

nation, and all manner of homilies as to ways, means, and good behaviour were addressed by statesmen as well as by simple merchants and shipowners to the commercial pioneers and their captains. If mistakes were made it was not for want of good or astute advice, from the high ideal of 'Serve God, keepe good watch and stand always upon your garde,' and 'See that you serve God, abolish swearing and gambling, be careful of fire and candles,' to the common-sense injunction to 'take with you paper and ynke and keepe a continuall journall or remembrance day by day.' How to behave before princes, and how best to treat with natives, whether these were the slow Laplanders and Esquimaux of the frozen North or the 'Moors' of Asia and America, was set down with thoroughness and careful detail. 'Our chief desire,' said Hakluyt in his Dedicatory Letter to Sir Robert Cecil, was frankly 'to find out ample vent of our wollen cloth, the naturall commodity of this our Realme,' and therefore with cargoes of oils, wax, tallow, flax, hemp, and 'kersies and other wares,' merchants went to the north, south, and east and brought home in exchange skins and furs, wines, silks, jewels, and other of the wondrous produce wrought by nature and by patient hands. Though never, it seems, was business the sole purpose of those voyages. Trade followed the flag, but the flag went to many places where trade could not profitably have gone, for the passion for discovery, then more than at any other time, was in men's blood and they dared infinite adventures and dangers through the desire of probing the mystery of what happened to lie beyond. The point is put with all the imagination of common sense in a Discourse written by Master George Best, who travelled with Frobisher in his three attempts to reach Cathay by the North-west. He considers the advantages and the disadvantages.

'How dangerous it is to attempt new Discoveries, either for the length of the voyage, or the ignorance of the language, the want of Interpreters, new and unaccustomed Elements and ayres, strange and unsavoury meates, danger of theeves and robbers, fierceness of wilde beastes and fishes, hugenessse of woods, dangerousnesse of Seas, dread of tempestes, feare of hidden rockes, steepnesse of mountaines, darkenesse of sudden falling fogges, continuall paines taking without any rest, and infinite others.

'How pleasant and profitable it is to attempt new Discoveries, either for the sundry sights and shapes of strange beastes and fishes, the wonderfull workes of nature, the different maners and fashions of divers nations, the sundry sortes of government, the sight of strange trees, fruite, fowles, and beastes, the infinite treasure of Pearle, Golde and Silver, the newes of newe found landes, the sundry positions of the Sphere, and many others' [v, 171].

So it was that those searchers of the world visited many far and strange places. As an example of their wide travellings we can follow the record as set down by Anthony Jenkinson. During the twenty-six years which ended with his return from Russia in 1572, he had 'thoroughly journeyed' through Flanders and the Low Countries, Germany, Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal to the Levant; he had gone through Greece, Turkey, Syria, and the Holy Land; he had been in divers places of Africa and had sailed 'farre Northward within the Mare glaciale, where we had continuall day and sight of the Sunne ten weekes together,' and had visited Norway, Lapland, Samogitia, and other very strange places on the way; he had travelled 'through all the ample dominions of the Emperour of Russia and Moscovia'; he had sailed over the Caspian Sea and journeyed forty days beyond it 'towards the Oriental India and Cathaia, through divers deserts and wildernesses, and passed through five kingdomes of the Tartars, and all the land of Turkeman and Zagatay, and so to the great city of Boghar in Bactria, not without great perils and dangers sundry times.' After that he again crossed the Caspian to Armenia and Persia, visiting the 'Shaw Tamasso, unto whom I delivered letters from the Queenes majestie,' and so, eventually homeward. 'And thus being weary and growing old,' the stalwart concludes, 'I am content to take my rest in mine owne house, chiefly comforting my selfe, in that my service hath been honourably accepted and rewarded of her majestie and the rest by whom I have bene employed' [II, 158].

Those men of far journeyings not only saw the world but they saw it well. They had the confidence of their time and the honourable pride of prosperous citizens, and they sat as equals with princes; while it seems to have

been the practice of the Russian Emperor Ivan to have shown his liking for some of his visitors by sending cooked dinners to them at their lodgings. It, anyhow, is evident that those Englishmen recognised their responsibilities and bore themselves with a decent regard for the good name abroad of their own country. Their notes of buildings and places seen were sometimes quaint but generally accurate, and on the whole were put down with a fullness, industry, and care that prove they were interested in everything. Naturally, being shrewd in affairs, they were not so credulous as the seamen who sailed after them and for whom such a marvel as the Sea Serpent was reserved; but they carried with them plenty of good faith, and not being so conscious of the possession of omniscience as may be some of their descendants who, having gained smatterings of natural science are, therefore, aware of the smallness of the world, they did not hide the expression of their wonder. The realities they encountered were more remarkable than the miraculous to which they were introduced. It is true that they went out of their way to visit the hill near Arnacho to see the cross which, until an earthquake occurred, had hung in the air; but manifestly they preferred the sounder things, whose bases rested in Mother Earth. 'This crosse hangeth now by both endes in the wall, that you may swing it up and downe, in token that it did once hang in the air. This was told mee by my fellow pilgrimes,' said John Locke, 'for I sawe it not.' Earlier in his account, also, Master Locke had shown himself prudent over other travellers' tales.

The descriptions of historic places, written by those old observers, must have made enthralling reading for their correspondents to most of whom at that time the world was a vast sealed book; and here were revelations, realities indeed. There is a careful account of Constantinople, that other Rome, with its famous walls, and Saint Sophia still showing the arrow stuck in the roof which Mohammed had shot when first he took the city. And Cairo in the month of August,

'when by meanes of the great raine in Ethiopia the river Nilus overfloweth and watereth all the countrey, and then they open the mouth of a great ditch, which extendeth into the river, and passeth through the midst of the citie, and

entring there are innumerable barkes rowing too and fro laden with gallant girles and beautifull dames, which with singing, eating, drinking and feasting, take their solace. The women of this countrey are most beautifull, and goe in rich attire bedecked with gold, pretious stones and jewels of great value, but chiefly perfumed with odours, and are very libidinous, and the men likewise, but foule and hard favoured' [III, 172].

Naturally the 'certaine notable monuments without the citie of Cairo' caught their keen interest, especially the Pyramids.

'Out of one of these are dayly digged the bodies of auncient men, not rotten but all whole, the cause whereof is the qualitie of the Egyptian soile, which will not consume the flesh of man, but rather dry and harden the same, and so alwayes conserveth it. And these dead bodies are the Mummie which the Phisitians and Apothecaries doe against our willes make us to swallow' [III, 173].

John Evesham, a later traveller, in 1586 was able to enter one of the pyramids, judged to be 'twise the height of Paules steeple,' through a hole where the wall was broken; and by torchlight saw a costly tomb 'made for King Pharao in his lifetime, but he was not buried there, being drowned in the red sea.' In the company of such pilgrims as Evesham and Locke, who were observant and very interested in the shrines and people they saw, we visit the mightiest potentates of the East then living, and have glimpses of scenes and wonders wide-spread. India, naturally, with its teeming populations and the idols and mysteries of its worship, impressed their imagination deeply. They watched the many elaborate ceremonies which over the centuries have made the Ganges the most sacred of rivers and frankly did not understand the ritual of the Hindus or sympathise with their social and religious practices. The Brahmins they disliked. 'A kind of crafty people worse than the Jews.' Child-marriage and suttee are sufficiently described by them, and the ways of a fakir whose only clothing was his uncut hair and beard. He was spoken to, but would not answer. Being pledged to silence others answered for him. 'Hee would not speake to the King.' Ralph Fitch also had testimony to deliver of the fraudulent in religion.

'Here in Patenau I saw a dissembling prophet which sate upon a horse in the market place, and made as though he slept, and many of the people came and touched his feete with their hands, and then kissed their hands. They tooke him for a great man, but sure he was a lasie lubber. I left him there sleeping. The people of these countries be much given to such prating and dissembling hypocrites' [III, 295].

The want of true religion in Asia, as it seemed to them, frequently distressed those earnest observers. As one of them said, there were only three religions in the world, Jew, Christian, and Turk; and 'these three religions have too many precepts to keep them all well.' They were sure that other forms of faith, especially those that were so ornate and complicate of ceremony and ritual as to be past their comprehension, were the darkneses of cruel ignorance, and they saw the East as a spiritual wilderness with millions of souls ruined by, and abandoned to, the prince of evil. Some old Buddhist women emerged from a chapel with the beads of their rosaries in their hands—'for in this point also the devill counterfaiteth Christianitie.' There was no comfort for our fellow-countrymen then travelling in any such similarities. The gorgeous East, with all its magnificence, to them in their religiousness was lost.

They penetrated to Japan and saw 'the second principal Magistrate there,' the Vo, honoured as a god. 'This gentleman never toucheth the ground with his foote without forfaiting of his office.' They found their way by caravan to Mecca, a city of many pleasant gardens, but judged the women of the place, though 'courteous, jocund and lovely, fair, with alluring eyes,' to be 'naughty packs.' They had seen the Procession of the Carpet, which still is an annual event of Islam, and watched the unending streams of pilgrims kiss the Black Stone of the Kaaba, which had fallen from Heaven and been built into the wall of the house of Abraham. It once was 'as white as the whitest snow, and by reason it hath bene so oft kissed by sinners, it is therewith become blacke.' The details given, as confirmed by later and recent visitors to the holy city, seem to have been curiously accurate.

We are told by eye-witnesses of the cave-dwellers in the Canaries who still are a colony there; of the Peak of

Teneriffe, 'a great high pike like a sugar-loaf'; of the fair of Novgorod; of Pompey's pillar, a mighty thing of grey marble; of the house of Joseph, 'still standing in Cayre'; of Tyre being eaten into by the sea; of the men in the country north of Japan, clothed in beasts' skins, rough bodied, with huge beards and monstrous moustaches, 'the which they hold up with little forkes as they drinke'; of the Tower of Nimrod or Babel, 'ruinated on every side, and with the falling of it there is made a great mountaine.' It is, however, necessary that we should leave those old, honourable, and friendly merchant-adventurers and pass to the later volumes of Hakluyt, in which we come to the fighting men and their boldness, the sea-rovers, the explorers and pioneers, who were a glory to England but an abominable plague to the King of Spain, whose beard they were industriously singeing in Europe and in America, and whose galleons and treasure-ships they seized, plundered, and burnt to their hearts' content and their great profit, and all in the name of true religion and to the honour of their Virgin Queen's most excellent majesty. It began in the ways of trade, although more powerful than the hope of obtaining useful commodities with jewels, pearls, and gold-dust, was the urge to discovery then so insistent in men's hearts. It was that which originally had sent Christopher Columbus westward and eventually had driven those who had slighted his and all such projects and intentions as 'a fantasticall imagination and a drowsie dreame' to back with vessels and supplies, to their own enormous subsequent profit, the men who had the courage and hardihood to make the venture. It was not long, however, before the pure desire of Englishmen to trade, if ever it had quite been that, deteriorated or improved to something more; as it was found that not only were the Spanish in supreme possession of the Western world, but that they claimed the whole of the natural wealth there, with the entire monopoly of the trade, and supported the claim by their own special laws and regulations and a bull of the Pope. As Miss Wright points out:

'Immediately following upon Columbus' discovery of America, Pope Alexander VI in his bull *Inter Cœtera*, 1493, acting "by the authority of Almighty God," gave to Ferdinand and Isabella and to their heirs and successors to the crowns of

Castile and Leon, that portion of the New World within which lie the Caribbean, its coasts and islands; and he strictly forbade "all persons of no matter what rank, estate, degree, order or condition," to dare without their special permit "to go for the sake of trade or any other reason whatsoever to the said islands and countries after they had been discovered." Upon this grant of dominion Spain established her threefold monopoly—political, religious, and commercial—of the Western World. . . . Clearly, the mere presence of the English in Santo Domingo city was a violation of Castile's political monopoly, and because they violated it by being there the burghers of the place talked of hanging them.*

Was it to be expected that the hardy and hungry sea-rovers of Elizabeth's days would take such a decision as that lying down? Of course not. It roused their anger as well as their pride, especially as in the national humour at that moment any command of a Pope was something to flout. So the word went round about good plunder and colossal gains, and further ships were fitted out and sent joyously overseas; until the Spanish in possession were vexed and harassed to exasperation, robbed, and whipped, and starved; and the English marauders grew hourly more successful and mischievously daring. It came ere long to bitter complaints about them and their very profitable misconduct, being outpoured by the colonial officers of Spain to the authorities in Seville and Madrid, begging them to do much more to protect their wealth and servants in the West Indies and the two Americas. The Governor of S. Juan de Puerto Rico reported that he had caused a great fort to be built there because 'commonly before, the Englishmen would come and beard us to the haven's mouth'; and Juan de Porva Canavates, writing, in 1590, from Havana to his employer at home, in describing the precautions taken to defend the place—with three fortresses and a thousand soldiers—was compelled to protest, 'Yet for all this, the audacious Englishmen being without all shame are not afraid to come and dare us at our own doors.' Much like the rum-runners against Prohibition, except that in the old times the game and its players were picturesque, while the hazards were infinitely greater. Failure then meant long and dreadful imprisonment or slavery in the galleys,

* 'Spanish Documents,' p. 3.

with, as often as not, death by tortures and burning at the hands of the Holy Inquisition.

A mighty business; and with all the occasional, inevitable piracies, malingerings, desertions, and mutinies which occurred to blot the record, it is a story heartening and proud to read. Not the least important of it is, however, that which generally has remained unwritten. The sea-vessel of those days, whether great or small, was a thing of beauty; and with her ensigns and swelling sails, tapering masts and cordage, carved and painted prow and stern, and carronade of guns—to remind of the more serious purposes—must have been an inspiration to landsmen and better even than that to seamen who throughout the ages have found in their familiar ships some expression of their ideals in womanhood, religion, and poetry. But the life within those rounded wooden hulks must often have been difficult, horrible, to endure; for they were small, low-beamed, stuffy, overcrowded. When Frobisher sailed north he took with him three vessels—his 'Admirall' or flagship, the 'Ayde,' of only two hundred tons burden, and two small barks, the 'Gabriel' and the 'Michael' of about thirty tons each. On the 'Ayde' were '100 men of all sorts, whereof 30 or moe were Gentlemen or Souldiers, the rest sufficient and tall Sailers.' The wonder grows, how could that large company have been housed and drilled in so very small a vessel, especially as supplies and ammunition enough for a voyage of months had also to be carried?

Necessarily, they were close-packed in windy or airless quarters, which during the frequent rough weather and afterwards must have stunk, and on long voyages in hot regions have swarmed with lice and other unspeakable pests. Hakluyt's correspondents give indication enough of the innumerable bad experiences suffered by the seamen. The food was coarse; often it went bad. One shipman asserted that his meat, having putrefied in the tropics, recovered and was again sound and good on his passing through the temperate regions; but we need not believe that. Often, owing to calms or contrary winds, the provisions and the supply of water were exhausted, and the sailors were reduced to such extremities that a catch of fish was a godsend. Some bread made of maize given by South American natives to men in need was

described as 'very sweete and pleasant unto us, for we had not eaten any in a long time before: and what is it that hunger doth not make to have a savory and a delicate taste?' The supply of drinking water was invariably uncertain; often it decayed and, through periods of calm or perverse winds, gave out. One inventive master declared that he found a means by which his drinking-water always remained sweet; but he did not remember to pass on the recipe; and from the vivid account—too long to quote in full—of their privations given by 'the excellent Mathematician and Enginier master' Edward Wright, who sailed to the Azores with the Earl of Cumberland in 1589, his shipmates, like many others, had to deal desperately over that necessity. This was and is, of course, a common circumstance of the seas—'Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink'—but it is well to be reminded of that added extreme hardship to the life of the Elizabethan sailors journeying towards the Unknown in their little ships.

The crew were looking forward to their arrival at home by Christmas, and some even hoped to be at Whitehall by the Queen's Day; but the wind blowing from 'the worst part of the heavens for us from which the winde could blow,' prevented them fetching any port in England, and meanwhile the ration of drink, 'scant ynough before, was yet more scanted,' because of its scarcity. The allowance was reduced; and then, although both Ireland and England were comparatively near, they had to drink vinegar, 'for other drink we had none.'

'With this hard fare (for by reason of our great want of drinke, wee durst eate but very little) wee continued for the space of a fournight or thereabouts: Saving that now and then wee feasted for it in the meane time: And that was when there fell any haile or raine: the haile-stones wee gathered up and did eate them more pleasantly than if they had bene the sweetest Comfits in the world; The raine-drops were so carefully saved, that so neere as wee coulede, not one was lost in all our shippe' [IV, 373].

They caught the rain in sheets and clouts, and watched for its tricklings even at the scupper-holes. 'Some licked with their tongues (like dogges) the boards under feete.' He that got a can of water by those means, says this narrator, was spoken of, sued to, and envied as a rich

man. It is good to know that, in the midst of that scarcity and misery, the poor Spanish prisoners on board were served with the same allowances as the rest.

Sails and tackle, through rough wear and exposure—and possibly some cheating of the ship-chandlers, as fortunes were made in such ways even then—frequently decayed and broke. Anchors were abandoned because the chains and ropes gave. Hulls grew foul and leaky; more than once we read of the sudden, unexpected disappearance of ships. 'This evening we saw a great sea breake over our admirall, the Penelope, and their light strooke out: and after that we never saw them any more.' It was, it will be remembered, much the same with the heroic, obstinate end of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. His lights went out; he simply vanished. To add to the perils of those voyages, crews were decimated with scurvy, and sometimes the survivors were so weak that they could barely man and work the vessel; while to add to the hardships came the hurricane storms of the tropical ocean, tossing about the little vessels like cockle-shells on waves as huge as mountains. And, as a contrast of equal desperate severity, there were the dangers endured in the frozen seas when the snow lay a foot deep on the hatches and, through the pressure of the ice, ships were forced out of the water and only kept from being crushed to extinction by the almost superhuman endeavours of those on board. It is easy to remember the heroism of such as Drake, Raleigh, Frobisher, Grenville—and right it is that such men should be remembered always—but Hakluyt also brings out the dutiful unselfish courage of the men. It does the heart good to read of the 'painefull Mariners and poore Miners (unacquainted with such extremities)' who patiently and without complaining 'to the everlasting renowne of our nation' for days and nights, with poles, pikes, and timber, preserved their ship from being crushed by the ice, as it is to be reminded of the self-sacrifice of Edward Headley, a soldier, who when he found that the small pinnace was overloaded in which he and others were floating after they had been wrecked, offered to be cast overboard to help the chances of the rest.

Unquestionably, the seamen of Elizabeth endured hardships more than enough, and yet their spirit was

generally resilient and unbreakable. They enjoyed the fighting and cared little for the odds against them. Grenville and the 'Revenge,' with the 'one against fifty-three,' is, doubtless, the outstanding instance of courage reckless against overwhelming numbers, and finely is that story told by Raleigh in these pages, making Tennyson's ballad, based upon it, through comparison prose; but it was not by any means a solitary instance. A sail? An enemy? Two? Five? Then have at them! Such was the spirit of those sailors, from the General, as the head of the fleet was termed, to the smallest boy who helped with the ropes and powder. Take, for example, the following ordinary event, which is the better to quote because it does honour, also, to a captured French trumpeter:

'The 23 we had sight of a shippe in the weather of us, which was a Frenchman of 90 tunne, who came with us as stoutly and as desperately as might be, and comming neare us perceived that we had bene upon a long voyage, and judging us to be weake, as in deed we were, came neerer us, and thought to have layed us abroad, and there stept up some of his men in armour, and commanded us to strike saile: whereupon we sent them some of our stuffe, crossebarres, and chaineshot, and arrowes, so thicke, that it made the upper worke of their shippe flie about their eares, and we spoiled him with all his men, and toare his shippe miserably with our great ordinance, and then he began to fall a sterne of us, and to packe on his sailes, and get away: and we seeing that, gave him foure or five good pieces more for his farewell; and thus we were rid of this French man, who did us no harme at all. We had aboard us a French man a Trumpetter, who being sicke, and lying in his bed, tooke his trumpet notwithstanding, and sounded till he could sound no more, and so died' [iv, 111].

There is temptation to linger over the great doings of the famous sea-captains as detailed by Hakluyt, but want of space precludes; and after all these are old, oft-told tales, very well known and lovingly remembered, and repetition is needless. But few books of history, even though written by experienced authors, describe as vividly and expressively as these writers do the facts and spirit of the naval actions of the Elizabethans. As is only to be expected, for nearly every one of Hakluyt's

contributors was an eye-witness and participator in those events, and because he could fight and enjoy the remembrance of it he could write of it well. The accounts of the destruction of the Armada ; of the wonderful end of the 'Revenge,' already alluded to ; of the quixotic failure of Humphrey Gilbert ; of the happy-go-lucky but ever practical venturesomeness of Francis Drake, and of many other great leaders, with their dashing achievements, make admirable reading and, being of the very first authority, are the foundations of the later and often less accurate versions. But again, it must be remembered, as the masters were so were the men ; and the glowing honours rightly enjoyed by the former reflect brightly also the fidelity, courage, and cheerfulness of their followers. Of course, not all proved worthy. Drake was not the only one troubled by a Doughty ; it being humanly impossible, or nearly so, for any company, however exalted in hopes and name, not to have its black sheep, weaklings, and backbiters. Those seamen, however, in the vast majority had a great faith—in England and the majesty of their Queen, in the skill and prowess of their commanders, and in Almighty God.

In God they believed utterly. Their religion was real, and was proved by their conduct under adversity. They had an implicit absolute trust in the strength, wisdom, beneficence, and, not least, the inscrutableness of Providence, who was ever a help to them in time of trouble. When the 'Tobie' of London ran ashore on the coast of Barbary and her company could see nothing but immediate death before them, they began instinctively—'with dolefull tune and heavy hearts,' it is true, but that was only natural—to sing the twelfth Psalm ; and when almost by miracle they were saved, 'at our first comming on shore we all fell downe on our knees, praying the Lord most humbly for his mercifull goodness.' The same sincere and grateful spirit is shown in the wonderful story, which every one should read—it is too long to be quoted—of the lonely fight of the 'Content,' after she was abandoned by her two consorts, with a fleet of great and powerful 'armadas' and galleys of Spain. It was a desperate action, but throughout its vicissitudes, the sailors trusted openly in Providence and prayed, hoped, and persisted, seeing in all the good that came to them,

as in the ill that He did not prevent, God's perfect and ever considerate protection. When for the second time they had successfully avoided a galley which endeavoured to ram them, they went instantly to prayer and sang the first part of the twenty-fifth Psalm. 'Hereupon we (eftsoones commending our estate into the hands of God) armed ourselves, and resolved (for the honour of God, her Majestie and our countrey) to fight it out till the last man.'

It was natural that sailors and wanderers of such simplicity and splendid faith, who saw in every incident of their lives, insignificant or serious, the positive intervention of God, should easily believe impossible things and grotesquely misinterpret the wonders encountered in the new, strange world they had entered. Credulity has often been the cradle of new progress; so how could those untutored, credulous children help believing often in the incredulous? The world was vaster to them than it can be to us. Whales often were bulkier than the ships that crossed the ocean, and the old folk-tales of sailors anchoring to a whale or building a fire on its back under the belief that it was an island must, at least, have been accepted by an Elizabethan as possibly true. The tropical seas with the mountainous waves and awful storms which flung the little vessels here and there like feathers blown by Titan lips, impressive still to us, were terrible to them. Whirlwinds and whirlpools of colossal force and bigness were the more horrible because they were so closely dangerous and could easily have swamped the vessels, as doubtless sometimes they did. Sharks were seen by them for the first time, and the sea-unicorn, the sword-fish. Monsters haunted those waters and we are told of men in a pinnace chased by a huge fish; but 'God be thanked, rowing as hard as we could, we escaped.' The Sea Serpent made possibly its first appearance then.

'So upon Saturday in the afternoon the 31 of August, we changed our course, and returned backe for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along betweene us and towards the land which we now forsooke a very lion to our seeming, in shape, hair and colour, not swimming after the manner of a beast by mooving of his feete, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body (excepting the legs) in sight, neither yet diving under, and

again rising above the water, as the maner is of Whales, Dolphins, Tunise, Porposes, and all other fish : but confidently shewing himselfe above water without hiding : Notwithstanding, we presented our selves in open view and gesture to amase him, as all creatures will be commonly at a sudden gaze and sight of men. Thus he passed along turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ougly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eies, and to bidde us a farewell (comming right against the Hinde) he sent forth a horrible voyce, roaring or bellowing as doeth a lion, which spectacle wee all beheld so farre as we were able to discerne the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing, as this doubtlesse was, to see a lion in the Ocean sea, or fish in shape of a lion. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the Generall himselfe, I forbear to deliver : But he tooke it for Bonum Omen, rejoycing that he was to warre against such an enemie, if it were the devill' [vi, 32].

They were horrified by the alligator and refer repeatedly to the ferocity and dimensions of the enormous beast—' 23 foote by the rule, headed like a hogge, in body like a serpent, full of scales as broad as a sawcer : his tail long and full of knots as bigge as a fawcon shotte : he hath foure legs, his feete have long nailes like unto a dragon. . . . This monster will cary away and devoure both man and horse.' Nor was that all, as another witness testifies. The crocodile's 'nature is ever when hee would have his prey, to cry and sobbe like a Christian body, to provoke them to come to him, and then hee snatcheth at them, and thereupon came this proverbe that is applied unto women when they weepe.' Such a monster easily led to 'a serpent with three heads and foure feet' seen by a French captain, and to soles above a yard in length, and the unicorn of which in Florida there are many. When this creature went to the river it put its horn into the water before drinking. There was also the dragon, probably a great snake, which fought with elephants.

Such are instances of the strange creatures that must have haunted with fear the sleep of those ancient mariners as they did the forests and rivers of the tropics. With human kind it was very similar. Credulity made monsters and bred impossibilities. There was the old woman, whom the sailors took to be a witch. So they pulled off her buskins to see if she were cloven-footed or

not. And the Indians 'very mightie men of body of ten or eleven foot high'; and those with 'faces like dogs faces, or else their faces are dogs faces indeed'; and the Amazons, warrior women of South America, in whose existence there even the great Walter Raleigh was inclined mistakenly to take as true. It is curious to observe that actually he believed with Othello in the Anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. But it is important enough to quote, for Sir Walter was one of the most enlightened men of his brilliant time.

'A nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders; which though it may be thought a meere fable, yet for mine owne part I am resolved it is true, because every childe in the provinces of Arromaia and Canuri affirme the same: they are called Ewaipanoma: they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breasts, and that a long traine of haire groweth backward betweene their shoulders' [VII, 328].

It is, however, imperative to stop, but so fascinating those wandering adventurous Englishmen have proved and so marked, mighty, courageous, and far-reaching were their achievements that it is difficult to break the spell and lose their living companionship. Hakluyt tells of true facts more stirring and curious than novelists invent; and we advise readers who enjoy good stories and true history to go to him and make him their frequent companion.

But they should do more than that. Established in 1846, the Hakluyt Society exists with the object of printing rare and valuable Voyages, Travels, Naval Expeditions and other geographical records which supplement, helpfully and attractively, the chronicles of the original 'Voyages.' The latest volumes published by the Society are examples of the wide scope and generous interest of their undertakings. Miss Wright's 'Spanish Documents' we have referred to. In 'Francis Mortoft: His Book,' we read the journal of a young Englishman who, two hundred and seventy years ago, enjoyed the Grand Tour. He passed through France and Northern Italy, 'doing' Rome with eagerness and noting down many strange, true things which Time in his thoroughness has obliterated.

'The Papers of Thomas Bowrey,' which describe in their first part a six weeks' tour of Holland and Flanders in 1698, and in their second part the story of the 'Mary Galley,' from her launching, in 1704, to her capture by French Privateers in 1707, and the complications resulting therefrom, have the additional interest of their discovery, sixteen years ago, in a very curious old chest. As with Mortoft's book, so with this, the views gained and given of the countries visited are quaint and revealing, and the whole book is one to read and return to through many comfortable hours. With the two fine volumes of the 'Travels of Sebastien Manrique,' we pass to the distant fields of Asia, and have experience of the last work, patient, far-reaching, and thorough, of Colonel C. Eckford Luard, whom all who knew him will remember in honour. The accounts it gives of golden princes, lovely damsels, eunuchs, missionaries, and others in the 'Kingdoms of Arracan' and farther east, during the fore-half of the seventeenth century, are full of colour and light, and make fascinating reading. It is a pity that we cannot, on this occasion, do anything like real justice to its enormous interest and appeal. Finally, in this gallop through five admirable books, we have the 'Voyage to Guiana' of Robert Harcourt, who was, by only thirteen years, too late for acceptance in Hakluyt's own volumes. His visit to the region in South America which proved fatal to Sir Walter Raleigh, was in the nature of an anti-climax, for the glamour of Guiana then had largely vanished; but, nevertheless, his 'Relation' is a valuable supplement to the much that had gone before. These works are parts of a series which has proved of inestimable value to students of pioneer exploration and travel. Every public school, every college, every well-furnished public or private library should, through enrolment with the Hakluyt Society, secure its works as they are issued year by year. They have an immediate and a permanent call.

G. W. MARTIN.

Art. 11.—KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

'OUT of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.' These words, inscribed on the gravestone of Katherine Mansfield, at Fontainebleau, seem, when one first thinks about the matter, quite unsuitable. She was a woman of extraordinary and amazing genius, a child in the freshness and sharpness of her sensations, a mature thinker who could not be turned back from the pursuit of truth, a literary artist unsurpassed in her special field by any one of her generation. 'Safety,' for her, one might suppose, would be a life long enough, with health and freedom enough, to enable her to send forth the children of her imagination, or it might mean that inward peace which is attained by those who find—well, let us say God.

Of danger in her case there was plenty, if there is danger in extreme love of life, in an adventurous spirit, in bereavement and loneliness, in disease and pain, in occasional contact with empty-headed worldlings, on the one hand, and with rootless, fluctuating, bohemians on the other, in loss of belief in a God who cares and a soul that survives death. 'Danger' in all these forms confronted her, overwhelmed her, one might think, and certainly killed her at the age of thirty-four. How, then, can she be said to have plucked the flower, 'safety'? Keats was

'content to die,

Rich in the simple worship of a day,'

and he had good reason to be; the day has become immortality. Katherine Mansfield's day has dawned, is bright, and will not be brief. Besides all her unfinished work, there are enough of her completed pieces to establish her fame as one of the great story-writers of the world. But she cared little for fame, or kept the thought of it down; so it would please her better to know, what is truly the case, that she wrote both more honestly and more delicately than any other English story-teller of her time, and opened, or at least widened, a new way of representing life through the medium of prose fiction. If this achievement be the flower, she plucked it *manibus plenis*.

Unity of life, union with life, peace in God's will, she sought this flower too; but did she find it? Few

of earth's great ones have found it, few of the complex and subtle-minded, who honestly test theory by experience, comparing one hard fact with another, and deeply reflecting. Perhaps such peace or faith is what Milton darkly alluded to in 'Comus' as that 'bright golden flower, but not in this soil.' Wordsworth caught glimpses of it, and in the glorious decade when he wrote his best poetry he constructed out of such flashing revelations a new religion, which some people consider very dangerous and others have found peculiarly helpful in an age when man's place in the universe has seemed to shift to a point less near the centre than it was once believed to hold. Dorothy Wordsworth wore the flower in her bosom. No doubt thousands of less celebrated people, who, living for others, forget themselves, and millions of children and unreflecting childlike adults who take without question what life offers, enjoy the peace that comes from perfect adaptation. It is the object of all religion. Katherine Mansfield knew its value. She yearned to possess it. In her very denials of God as the idea of God had been presented to her, she was recording her desire for God as her heart suggested him: 'one wants to praise some one or give thanks to some one' for the wonder and beauty of the world. 'Whenever I'm praised I always want to fall on my knees and ask God to make me a better girl. It just takes me that way.' 'My philosophy,' she says, 'is the defeat of the personal.' 'There is no God or Heaven or help of any kind but love,' she declares in one of her letters to her husband, in November 1919; and in August 1921, she writes to a woman friend: 'It seems to me there is a great change come over the world since people like *us* believed in God: God is now gone for all of us. Yet we must believe, and not only that, we must carry our weakness and our sin and our devilishness to somebody. I don't mean in a bad, abasing way. But we must feel that we are *known*, that our hearts are known as God knew us. Therefore love to-day between "lovers" has to be not only human but divine.' A frail substitute, one feels, and apparently she felt so too, for in a few days she wrote to the same correspondent: 'I wish there was a God. I am longing to praise him, thank him.'

But, it might be suggested, here were two entirely

separate purposes, her desire to succeed in her art, and her desire for union with the All. They were not separate. In her efforts to see things as they are, and reproduce them by her art, she came to perceive with overpowering vividness what she termed 'the loveliness of the world and the corruption of the world.' A distinct sense of these extremes, their reality, their terrifying oppositeness, is the chief element in all religious experience. And, conversely, those who are possessed by religion are driven to express if they can, in their own medium, that loveliness and to seek some explanation for that corruption. The more lovely the beauty the more unbearably sad is its incessant and inevitable decay, as Keats well knew when he sang of

'Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu.'

Perhaps the cause of the peculiarly intense unhappiness which Katherine Mansfield and many other artists have suffered is that they are too exclusively aware of beauty, which soon falls 'into the portion of weeds and outworn faces,' and are comparatively inattentive to other elements of life. A botanist, for example, may reasonably be expected to find consolation for the fading of a rose through his interest in those facts of a rose's life which are independent of its colour and perfume. As compared with many other poetical mourners for fallen roses, Katherine Mansfield was sustained by an intense interest, childlike and scientific at the same time, in things as they are, in the laws that make them what they are, in whatsoever determines health and soundness of life. She was therefore no mere aesthete, and assuredly no sentimentalist.

The best of her stories have been published in the volumes entitled 'The Garden Party,' 'Bliss,' and 'The Dove's Nest,' which contain more than fifty pieces, about two-thirds of them complete short sketches and tales, the others being brilliant fragments of unfinished works. Her Journal, though she did not wish it to appear in its present form but only to serve perhaps as a source for a projected book of reflections, was, nevertheless, published after her death. It was written almost entirely during and after 1916, when she was depressed by the war and the death of her young soldier brother and was herself

stricken with consumption. It contains intimate and painful passages which should not have been displayed to the public. There was, however, ample reason for publishing her Letters, which fill two not very large volumes, for they were intended to be read by other eyes than her own in the first place, and are for the most part wholesome and of wide appeal.

This is not the occasion for an account of her life, but the truth, freedom, freshness, charm, and exquisite finish of her stories and the alternating gaiety and quiet depth of her letters will be best appreciated, will indeed be regarded as amazing, by one who knows how she was hampered by hardships of many kinds. She must have had uncommon vitality originally, but by 1915 ill-health had begun to drive her from place to place seeking different climates, physicians, treatments, and residences that promised economy and rest, and following the old siren voices that lure the sick. Travel between England and the South of France was attended by much discomfort and peril; yet after a dirty, cold, slow, heartbreaking journey, and war-time troubles about passports and permits, she would arrive in some attractive place, fall in love with it, and before the illusion faded, write a story radiant with sunshine and a handful of letters blithe as morning flowers: It was, however, a sunshine lent, not given; her nature was too deep for her to forget 'the corruption of the world'—in Wordsworth's phrase

'woods decaying, never to be decayed'—

and especially the war, which was an instance of very rapid waste and decay. 'The novel just can't leave the war out,' she exclaims indignantly in a letter of November 1919. 'There *must* have been a change of heart. It is really fearful to see the "settling down" of human beings. I feel in the *profoundest* sense that nothing can ever be the same—that, as artists, we are traitors if we feel otherwise.'

The scenes of nearly all her stories are New Zealand, or London, or the Riviera. The life led by English travellers in the South of France and in Paris is too detached and unnatural to provide always the sense of correspondence between environment and human action that Katherine Mansfield wished to evoke; nor was

London congenial to one who was so often homesick for the country. The New Zealand stories are the best. And their superiority is due to another cause also; they are memories of her childhood. In her life, so full of geographical change and spiritual adventure, the real background, the vivid, insistent, ever-present scene, was that of her childhood home in the far-away land of her birth. The liveliest figures in her mind, figures so definite, so bright, so true that it is not enough to call them creatures of imagination, were members of her old family circle. They appear in five stories which may be recommended to any one who wishes to make her acquaintance as directly as possible: 'Prelude,' 'At the Bay,' 'The Garden Party,' 'The Voyage,' 'The Doll's House.' Realism in art has never been more completely achieved than in these pieces. The people in them are alive, spontaneous, self-impelled. The reader forgets that this is fiction. He observes, as if with his own eyes, what is going on. He fancies that he too is a child with these delightful children. Everything they do, and why they do it, and how they feel, and particularly their joy in mere sensation, he not only understands but shares. It is all quite natural. They simply could not be otherwise, he knows. The actual medium of words and sentences is so clear, so simple, so free, that he is unconscious of it. He does not think about the style, for there is here perfection of style. An individual style is often a mark of literary genius. The style is a principal attraction in Stevenson, for example, and in Kipling, and even in Hardy, who appears, however, to be concerned more exclusively than they with character and incident. But Katherine Mansfield is beyond even these great story-tellers in that her medium is invisible. We forget we are reading, and think we are looking on at that family life, in a strange, antipodal, yet somehow very English environment, those childish pleasures, those sudden revealing sorrows and sins, those flashes of noble impulse, the warmth and tenderness of domestic love. The reader will scarcely be tempted to say, '*Et ego in Arcadia*,' for it is actuality, not dreamland, but may well say, 'I have been in New Zealand.'

These five pictures have been drawn with a freer hand than Katherine Mansfield's other great successes, which are more studied, more definitely outlined, namely, 'The

Daughters of the Late Colonel' (with an unfinished sketch of the same characters entitled 'Father and the Girls'), 'The Man without a Temperament,' 'Miss Brill,' 'Ma Parker,' 'The Fly,' 'The Canary,' and the beginning of a novel or long story 'The Dove's Nest.' Katherine Mansfield is never false, and therefore one can only feel surprised that in 'Bliss' and 'Je ne parle pas français,' two stories otherwise admirably true, she should seem to use that all too easy form of literary allurements, the exhibiting of selfish and base forms of sexual passion. In several of her letters she professes, with manifest sincerity, to dislike fiction which deals with this depressing and stale material.

In reading our great poets I am always on the look-out for instances of direct and original observation, such as Milton's 'huddling brook' and Wordsworth's hare which, 'running races in her mirth,'

'Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.'

They are not nearly as numerous as one might expect. None of the poets surpasses Katherine Mansfield in the childlike, and therefore poetic freshness and keenness of her perceptions and her frank report. She is in this respect equal to Dickens or her great idol, Tchekhov. Her eye is quicker, if less patient, than Hardy's; she sees and tells and passes merrily on without stopping to elaborate. In 'At the Bay,' for example, a flock of sheep comes pattering by, and 'Behind them an old sheep-dog, his soaking paws covered with sand, ran along with his nose to the ground, but carelessly, as if thinking of something else.' His soaking paws covered with sand—we see him! 'Then pushing, nudging, hurrying, the sheep rounded the bend.' 'Pushing,' 'hurrying,' Oh yes, many a poet has said that; but 'nudging,' I fancy was never so used before, and it is *the* word. In 'The Daughters of the Late Colonel,' Kate the housemaid snatches away the plates of those old tabbies her mistresses, and slaps down a 'white, terrified blancmange.' 'Terrified' strikes the exact chord of mingled pity and humour. When the washerwoman's children are snubbed and driven out of the yard where they have been gazing at the doll's house, the younger girl says softly, 'I seen the little lamp,' and in its setting this sentence is as

pathetic as the justly admired line in Wordsworth's 'Michael,'

'And never lifted up a single stone.'

These are only four examples out of hundreds that I might have chosen to illustrate the penetrating honesty of Katherine Mansfield's art. Her stories are very simple in outline. 'To be simple enough, as one would be simple before God'! she cries in her Journal. And if it be simple to see things as a child sees them, clean-cut, vivid, occupying the whole open, impressionable mind, then she was simple even in the delicate individual strokes with which she filled in the scenes and figures. She rose to a region far above conventional romance, above sentimentality and sophistication, and above conventional realism, with its analytical psychology, and above artistic experimentation, with its self-consciousness, and above the exploitation of temporary interests. Just to see clearly and report truly was her purpose, and withal to free her blithe heart.

She was, in fact, moving towards the creation of a new literary form, the story without plot. Perhaps it is unfair to say 'creation,' for she was not the first to make such an attempt. But she stepped forward more bravely than any one else, and advanced farther. Her best stories have no plots, and some of them no climaxes. It is only now and then that nature orders our lives along lines that resemble the plots of literary fiction. Nature's ways are interesting and surprising and edifying enough as it is. Art cannot do better than to follow her. Some people are beginning to see this, and though when they are tired or sick they amuse themselves with detective stories and stories of complicated intrigue, when they are well they turn to fiction which depicts life as it is, with all its inconclusive issues and undramatic vicissitudes. Dramatic climaxes are rare in life. Character, quality, goodness, badness, colour, feature, movement, are the *differentia* in life, and so they are and must be in mature literary art. Imaginary, romantic landscape-painting, with a snow-clad peak and a gloomy lake in every picture, is out of date, and there are abundant signs that stories without 'endings' are preferred by many of the most discriminating readers. At all events it is for such

readers that Katherine Mansfield wrote. In almost every instance the impulse that drove her to begin a story was purely natural, like a child's interest in some new face or strange gesture. Then came the desire to reproduce. If her stories resemble the simple little tales that Tolstoi wrote for the Russian peasants after his conversion, the likeness does not include a predetermined moral in her case. When one has read that terrible scene, for example, of the man dropping blots of ink upon the struggling insect, in 'The Fly,' something vastly bigger than pity for the victim begins to swell and cry out in one's heart. She teaches not by fable but by direct presentation of experience. She teaches as if unconsciously, like nature. She teaches by causing us to love persons and things. She makes us laugh with the joy of discovering love, the delightfulness of recognition and sympathy.

Little girls up to the age of eight or nine are surely the sweetest and most winsome creatures in the world. Imagine such a little girl, bright and curious, clear-sighted and honest, and keeping all her laughing, childish ways, but also enriched with the experience of a grown woman who has read and travelled and conversed with interesting people, and suffered deeply; give her also a genius for the use of language; and you have Katherine Mansfield. Genius, and also consummate craft. In a letter of January 1921, she says: 'It's a very queer thing how *craft* comes into writing. I mean down to details. Par example, in "Miss Brill" I chose not only the length of every sentence, but even the sound of every sentence. I chose the rise and fall of every paragraph to fit her, and to fit her on that day at that very moment. After I'd written it I read it aloud—numbers of times—just as one would *play over* a musical composition, trying to get it nearer and nearer to the expression of Miss Brill, until it fitted her.'

A natural, alert, and lively mind is revealed in her letters. They are brilliant, gay, and at the same time touchingly intimate and tender. They show her as a bewitching creature, possessing most potent magic, yet appealing and lovable and making one long to help her. As a letter writer she is to be placed with Coleridge and Lamb. She is even more natural, unrestrained, and intimate than they. Fresh, joyous thoughts were

constantly sparkling on the surface of her mind, no matter how sad (but never gloomy) were the depths. Many of her exclamations, little notes of joy from a singing heart, remind us of Dorothy Wordsworth. Like Dorothy too, she perceives beauty and significance in little, unconsidered things. What they see at the actual moment, and what they recall by reminiscence, is alive for each of them; all experience is to them thrilling and memorable and near, as it is to a child. Their honesty is startling; they use sharp-edged words and avoid terms blunted by convention. This is not to say that they do not think by metaphors. For Katherine Mansfield the grasshoppers do not 'chirp,' they 'ring their tiny tambourines.' But I like her quite as much for saying, 'The craving for a new hat is fearful in the Spring.'

She, of course, despises the jargon of cheap present-day fiction, those bastard forms of lazy English and stupid French, such as *tiède*, *vague*, *intriguing*, *troubling*, or for a change *troublant*, 'words which have never really been born and seen the light,' as she says. 'I have too great an appetite for the real thing to be put off with pretty little kickshaws, and I am offended intellectually that "ces gens" think they can so take me in. It's the result of Shakespeare, I think. The English language is damned difficult, but it's also damned rich, and so clear and bright that you can search out the darkest places with it.' 'A little Shakespeare makes one's nose too fine for such a rank smell as Jack London.' Again, in a letter to her husband, she exclaims: 'I can't stand anything false. Everything must ring like Elizabethan English, and like those gentlemen I always seem to be mentioning, "The Poets." There is a light upon them, especially upon the Elizabethans and our "special" set—Keats, W. W., Coleridge, Shelley, De Quincey & Co.' 'I feel I have rather a corner in Coleridge and his circle.' And again, she says the one thing she asks of people is that they shall have roots. 'The others fade at the going down of the sun. . . . Well, well! The heap of dead ones we have thrown over. But ah, the ones that remain! All the English poets. I see Wordsworth, par example, so *honest* and *living* and *pure*.' . . . 'I understand Wordsworth and his sister and Coleridge. They're fixed, they're true, they're calm.' 'There are

times when Milton seems the only food to me. He is a most blessed man.'

She is penetrating enough to see that Dickens, in spite of his occasional sentimentality and clap-trap, is very real. She finds his novels 'adorable,' and asks triumphantly, 'Doesn't Charley D. make our little men smaller than ever—and such *pencil sharpeners*?' She sends from France for one novel of Dickens after another, declaring, 'I am not reading Dickens *idly*.' But on another occasion she leaves out even Charley D. and says that only Dostoevsky, Tchekhov, and Tolstoi and Hardy are really alive. But this is just her impulsiveness. She is not afraid of inconsistency, and presently writes to her husband, 'I have a huge capacity for seeing "funny" people, you know, and Dickens does fill it at all times quite amazingly.' Among the funny people she saw herself and her husband, funny and dear, and she goes on as follows: 'As I write to you I am always wanting to fly off down little side paths and to stop suddenly and to lean down and peer at all kinds of odd things. My Grown Up Self sees us like two little children who have been turned out into the garden. There we are hand in hand, while my G. U. S. looks on through the window. And she sees us stop and touch the gummy bark of the trees, or lean over a flower and try to blow it open by breathing very close, or pick up a pebble and give it a rub, and then hold it up to the sun to see if there is any gold in it.' To be on the Riviera in war-time, separated from her playmate, was a great trial. 'I write to you thus,' she declares, 'and tell you all because you *must* share it. For the present you are the King in the Counting-House counting out his money, and I am the Queen in the parlour eating bread and honey. . . . Oh, I could weep like a child because there are so many flowers and my lap is so small and all must be carried home.'

Enforced separation from the man she loved was not her only grief. I have deliberately kept back till now the note of misery that runs through her Journal and Letters; for the other note, of thankful gaiety, is rare and precious in literature and more characteristic of Katherine Mansfield. But the composition would be incomplete and its harmonies unheard unless we took into account

her laughing triumphs over extreme wretchedness and her dauntless facing of death. It is painful even to think of her bodily afflictions and mental torture, and the *Journal* is very depressing towards the end. But in the letters we have a wonderful support from her own high spirits and hopefulness. Near the end, when really she had no chance of recovery, she grasped at a last straw by entering an institute for moral recuperation at Fontainebleau. Here, according to the testimony of her husband, Mr John Middleton Murry, she found peace at last. But she always liked new places at first, and always wearied of them soon, and very likely the usual reaction would have come this time also. Death came instead. She had been at Fontainebleau a little more than two months, when she had a fatal hæmorrhage, on Jan. 9, 1923.

The flower, safety, was more than the short peace she found there. It was, as I intimated at the beginning, two flowers on one stalk. One of them was artistic achievement. This she plucked and enjoyed. The other flower, union with life, she strenuously strove to reach, and it is difficult for me, and must be difficult for any mortal, to decide whether she succeeded. I believe no one can rise quite high enough to grasp it, to live in complete obedience to nature, to what is best in us, to God. Her phrase, 'The defeat of the personal,' expresses the essence of what is required. There are no perfect men or women, but now and then comes one who, feeling most joyously 'the loveliness of the world' and most poignantly 'the corruption of the world,' strives more successfully than others to make the loveliness known and drive out the corruption. To do this is to be saved. And Katherine Mansfield did it. What she wrote about her mother is true of her also: 'She *lived* every moment of life more fully and completely than any one I've ever known, and her gaiety wasn't any less real for being *high courage*.'

GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

Art. 12.—LORD LLOYD AND EGYPT.

THE resignation by Lord Lloyd of the post of High Commissioner of Egypt and the Sudan is a calamity. No one who has read the letters which passed between him and Mr Henderson on July 23 last can doubt for one moment that the resignation was tantamount to a dismissal. That a great and distinguished public servant with a fine record of conspicuous service to the Empire should be treated with such scandalous disregard of the courtesies is deplorable. That the dismissal should have taken the form of a public difference over an undisclosed policy was singularly unfortunate, and the manner of it was good neither for Egypt nor the Empire. It does not help matters that Lord Lloyd is not the first distinguished servant of a British Government who has been compelled to resign at a critical moment. It is not the first time in our history that Governments have ignored the advice of the man on the spot in matters of foreign affairs with which they were imperfectly acquainted, and that disaster and bloodshed were the result.

The Nationalist party in Egypt, always with a flair for selecting the weak spot, since the appointment of Lord Lloyd as High Commissioner, has transferred its activities to London. It was aware that with a strong man at the Residency in Cairo, Egypt as a field of active operations was ruled out. Its secret service was well organised, and centuries of practice have made Egyptians adepts in political intrigue. They knew that so long as Lord Lloyd was supported by the British Cabinet, Egypt would continue to be reasonably well governed, and that Europeans and Egyptians would be able to proceed on their lawful occasions without hindrance. Things had begun to settle down, politics there were quiet. The activities of the Press were diverted into normal channels and a healthier atmosphere prevailed. The Prime Minister, Mahmood Pasha, and his government had elaborated many schemes for the welfare of Egypt. The people were beginning to realise that they were more likely to benefit from them than from the futilities of Wafd politics. It was then felt by the Nationalist leaders that a blow must be struck and quickly, in order

to restore their waning influence over the people. For some time it had been rumoured, both in Cairo and London, that some members of the permanent staff of the Foreign Office were hostile to Lord Lloyd. This was regarded as important. The elections in England were followed by the Nationalists with breathless interest, and on the advent of the Labour Government a telegraphic bombardment by Egyptians was opened on the British Press, thousands of pounds being spent with the sole object of getting Egypt into the limelight. At the same time London was invaded with Egyptian visitors, whose ostensible purpose was to welcome King Fuad on his visit there, but whose real object it was to secure the downfall of Lord Lloyd, who stood for firmness in defence of British interests and the pledged word of Britain for the protection of foreign interests in Egypt, and the maintenance of peace and order. Egyptian students called at the Egyptian Legation to present a petition to King Fuad. In order to make their petition more impressive they arrived in thirty-two taxi-cabs. With their usual disregard of truth, their petition talked of a relentless dictatorship which had caused them to live under a reign of terror for a whole year. It may be noted that they themselves had been living in England during that year, while Egypt had not been so peaceful, prosperous, and well governed for many years as it was then.

Mr Henderson had scarcely taken his seat at the Foreign Office before he acquired a deep, if peculiar, knowledge of the Egyptian Question. A witty Frenchman once said, '*Le poste donne les qualités.*' One is almost tempted to ascribe this as the reason for the Foreign Secretary's almost miraculous assumption of knowledge of a most intricate and difficult question. It is only fair to give Mr Henderson's version of his reasons for dismissing Lord Lloyd.

'Within a few days of my going to the Foreign Office, a communication was received from Lord Lloyd. I read that communication, and was very much struck by the language and what I believed the spirit which underlay it. I at once asked for papers to be handed to me going back during the greater part of the time that Lord Lloyd had been High Commissioner, and I must say I could not but be impressed with the very wide divergence of view that was manifested

in those papers between the position taken up by my predecessor in office and Lord Lloyd. . . . I am under the necessity of taking from some of the papers the position as I have seen it over the last three or four years. I think I can say there were four or five occasions when the differences of opinion between my predecessors—and, I suppose, to some extent his Government—and the High Commissioner were most marked, and I am going to ask the House to permit me to read several instances where this divergence of view has been most marked.'

He did so, instancing the question of whether or not His Majesty's Government should oppose the resumption of office by Zaghlul.

'My predecessor was strongly in favour of non-intervention. Lord Lloyd, on the contrary, wished to prevent Zaghlul from becoming Prime Minister. After a lengthy telegraphic dispute, Lord Lloyd's view was accepted by the Cabinet. In the winter of 1926-27 the question of the British officials in the Egyptian service generally and the State railways in particular came to a head. Lord Lloyd wished to reverse the policy of the preceding years, and to insist rigidly on the retention of a large proportion of British officials, and in the case of some departments an actual increase in their number. My predecessor held that such a reversal of policy was unjustifiable in itself and calculated to defeat its own object by generating ill-feeling. A very lengthy exchange of telegrams resulted in Lord Lloyd being over-ruled.

'In the summer of 1927 there occurred what came to be locally known as the Army crisis. Lord Lloyd considered that the Egyptian Army was a grave threat to our position in Egypt. My predecessor did not believe in the seriousness of the danger, and was convinced that if a clash were inevitable our own attitude should be constructive and not merely negative. A protracted exchange of very long telegrams took place, and continued for some weeks. Finally, the issue went to the Cabinet, who decided mainly in favour of Lord Lloyd. Battleships were dispatched to Egyptian waters, but no conclusive solution was reached. In the spring of 1928 a further crisis occurred in the introduction of the Assemblies Bill. Lord Lloyd held that, unless the Bill were withdrawn, it would be necessary to dismiss Nahas Pasha's Government. My predecessor informed Lord Lloyd that His Majesty's Government did not desire to tear up the Egyptian Constitution. Nahas Pasha postponed the Bill. His Majesty's Government had obviously secured their object.

Lord Lloyd, however, still wished to proceed to extreme measures, but was over-ruled and the episode closed.'

Mr Henderson then went on to say, 'that his predecessor, on May 28, two days before the General Election, issued to Lord Lloyd a statement containing a complete resettlement of the principles upon which his Government had decided to conduct the relations between this country and Egypt.' Sir Austen Chamberlain must have felt very certain of his own return to the Foreign Office before issuing such a statement, or else he wished to make sure that Lord Lloyd would be no longer High Commissioner in Egypt should he at any future time become Foreign Secretary. The statement was evidently issued without the knowledge of the Cabinet, and, to say the least, the former Foreign Secretary's action was peculiar. In the House of Lords, Lord Reading raised the personal side of the question and spoke with generosity of the services rendered by Lord Lloyd as Governor of Bombay. He said they were not always agreed in their discussions, although in the end they arrived, of course, at conclusions satisfactory to both.

The incident of Lord Lloyd's dismissal has been described as deplorable. It is more than deplorable, it is damnable. We have a far-reaching Empire and our representatives in it have a reputation second to none for ability to give, as has hitherto been their duty, such counsel as their experience dictates to the home Government. What is going to be the position of Lord Lloyd's successor under such circumstances? How will he be regarded by the Egyptians? Will he not be looked upon as a dummy and a nonentity? Mr Henderson has placed him in an unenviable position. He will wear the raiment of the British representative, but in the eyes of the Egyptians will possess neither power nor authority. And the summary dismissal of Lord Lloyd entails more serious consequences than his mere removal from Egypt would indicate. It means that the results of such an action vibrate through every part of our Empire, and through every bazaar in the Near and Middle East, where Lord Lloyd stood for 'izzet' (honour) and the upholding of the British name.

For the better appreciation of the brilliant services which Lord Lloyd rendered, not only to Great Britain

in Egypt but also to the Egyptians, a summary of events in that country prior to his appointment as High Commissioner will be useful. On March 3, 1919, a Delegation, of which Zaghlul Pasha was the Chairman, presented a petition to the Sultan—now King Fuad—which was generally interpreted as an attempt to intimidate His Highness and deter him from appointing a new Government. This proceeding was felt to be a challenge to the authority of government, and Zaghlul in consequence, with three of his most prominent adherents, amongst whom was Mahmood Pasha, the present Prime Minister of Egypt, was deported to Malta. For a day or two nothing happened, and then without warning the storm burst, and Egypt, from Alexandria to Aswan, was in revolution. Railway and telegraphic communication between Cairo and the Delta, as well as with Upper Egypt, was broken. Upper Egypt and the foreigners living there were completely cut off. They were besieged at Assiut, Beni-Suef, and Minia, where their situation for some days was critical, and they were lucky to escape massacre. At Deirut, in the Assiut-Minia train, two British officers, with five other ranks, and an English Inspector of Government prisons, were murdered under circumstances of revolting savagery. The people in their fanaticism drank the blood of the victims and cut pieces of flesh from their bodies as trophies and souvenirs. It is to be noted, especially by those who advocate the removal of British troops from Cairo and Alexandria, that fifty Egyptian soldiers were on the train, and though it was not proved that they took part in the massacre, they made no attempt to protect the unarmed British from the fury of the mob. The country, even after the suppression of the first revolutionary movement, continued to seethe with unrest. Then began a series of most cowardly murders of inoffensive Englishmen, whose only preoccupation was their work. I will enumerate some of them. The first to be murdered was Mr Hatton, a locomotive superintendent of the State railways. His murder was followed by that of Mr Aldred Brown, Controller-General of the Central Administration of the Ministry of Education, who was shot in one of the principal streets of Cairo in broad daylight. On the same day, Mr Charles Peach, of the Railway Administra-

tion, was shot and so severely wounded that he had to retire from the service. Mackintosh Bey, of the same Administration, was shot at, but he carried a revolver and was able to put his assailants to flight. Then followed the murders of Major Cave of the police, and Dr Robson, a Professor of the School of Law. And there were others.

In May 1921, there were fanatical, anti-Christian, and anti-European riots at Alexandria, in which fourteen Europeans were killed and sixty-nine wounded. It must be noted that this riot almost culminated in a landing from French and Italian warships—always a probable contingency should the Egyptians ever be put in the position of responsibility for the protection of foreigners. It must also be noted that on this occasion the Egyptian police were worse than useless. In 1924, the men of the Sudanese regiments were incited to mutiny by officers of Egyptian regiments stationed in Khartoum. The result was very nearly another Indian mutiny on a small scale, and a general massacre of Europeans would have taken place had not the Egyptian officers let the misguided Sudanese down. On November 1924, Sir Lee Stack, Governor-General of the Sudan, was murdered in one of the principal streets in Cairo, and at the same time both his A.D.C. and his chauffeur were wounded. Government during all these years was in a state of chaos, and the murder was attempted, in spite of all their precautions, of several of the Egyptian Premiers and Ministers. These are only a few instances of the violent disorder which existed in Egypt prior to the appointment of Lord Lloyd in the autumn of 1925. They are sufficient to indicate that the task of the new High Commissioner would be one requiring a strong man willing to face risks.

No man was ever better equipped by mentality and training for the occupancy of that most difficult post. He had studied the East for years to some purpose, and gained an insight into the minds of its peoples. He had, in addition, a business and diplomatic training, and was no stranger in the House of Commons. With his advent as High Commissioner, a new light began to shine in Egypt, a star of hope. The result of his appointment at once was encouraging. No one who was in Egypt

during the five years prior to his advent can help being struck by the different conditions which followed on Lloyd's acceptance of the High Commissionership. Disorder, agitation, and unrest at once were on the wane, and during his later period were non-existent. My long years in Egypt have given me some insight into its problems, and I should be lacking in just appreciation if I withheld my entire approbation of all that he did whilst he was at the British Residency. He knew Egypt and its problems. He knew the personalities and the people, and he kept his finger throughout on the web of the thousand and one intrigues which daily were being woven. As a statesman, as a man of business, as a diplomatist he was never caught napping or found wanting.

Before turning to the political side of Lord Lloyd's career in Egypt reference must be made to his great work on the social and charitable sides. He found the British community listless, divided, and indifferent. He infused in it a spirit of enthusiasm and cohesion, and awoke it to a sense of its responsibilities. He left it a united body, a state to which it had long been alien. He found that the Churches of all the religious communities had a cathedral except the Church of England. At once he set to work to collect the funds necessary for the endowment of a See. He procured for the cathedral from the Egyptian Government the finest site in Cairo on the river-front next to the Museum, and when he left Egypt only 15,000*l.* was lacking of the funds necessary for its building. That done he turned his attention to the educational needs of the British community which he found were totally inadequate. He discovered there was a large British element in Egypt who could not afford to have their children educated at home, and who, therefore, were obliged to send them to foreign institutions; and he was able, after enormous personal efforts, to solve that problem, and others of a similar complexity and difficulty.

When he came to Egypt the Empire Day movement was scarcely known there. He immediately started the celebration in Cairo, Port Said, and Suez, and each year in Cairo no less than five or six thousand were entertained on Empire Day, and even more in Alexandria, while both Suez and Port Said had crowded and enthusi-

astic receptions. He attended and spoke at all of these, visiting two towns in every year. The movement was wholesome and invigorating to the whole British Colony. The Maltese, Cypriots, Indians, and others were made to feel that the English Colony in Egypt had become merged in a large and united British Colony of which they were parts.

His activities for the promotion of British trade were ceaseless and untiring. He never neglected an opportunity for doing all that he could for its furtherance. He had sympathy with the Labour problem in Great Britain. I remember his saying on one occasion: 'If any of you are thinking of buying a motor car this year, I implore you to buy one of British make. Perhaps you may not realise that by doing so you will keep a British working man and his family for a whole year.' That was the sort of man Lloyd was, a great Englishman and a great son of the British Empire, who had been tried, well tried, and not found wanting.

His arrival in Egypt, in the autumn of 1925, was greeted with relief and expressions of deep satisfaction by the British and foreign communities there. They had had enough of disorder, murder, and agitation, and their welcome was cordial. This satisfaction was shared by all the people of Egypt, except for those whose interest lay in the continuance of disorder. Ziwer Pasha was Prime Minister with a Cabinet, but without a Parliament, and control was popularly supposed to be exercised largely by Hassan Nashat Pasha, a young official at the Palace, whose popularity was in inverse ratio to his presumed influence in the government of the country. The Government was proposing to make fundamental alterations in the electoral law. On the advice of Lord Lloyd they were abandoned, and Nashat Pasha was removed from the Palace to be subsequently appointed Egyptian Minister at Madrid. These changes at once relieved the tension, and were due to Lord Lloyd's initiative and foresight. His next act was the settlement of the Italian-Egypt boundary, a thorny and difficult question, outstanding for several years. In the first three months of his tenure of office he settled it to the satisfaction of both the Italian and Egyptian Governments. It was no mean achievement.

The elections were held in May 1926, and resulted in the Zaghlulists securing 204 seats in the Chamber of Deputies out of a total of 215. Ziwer Pasha then resigned the Premiership. Prior to the elections Zaghlul Pasha had let it be hinted that a change had come over his ideas, and that he would be found more amenable. When, as was foreseen, the Wafdists gained the majority in the new Chamber, Lord Lloyd, desiring to avoid formulating the objections of the British Government to Zaghlul as Prime Minister, supported the formation of a Cabinet which, if partly composed of members of the Wafd, would have in the more important posts men whose personality would afford the guarantee which Great Britain required. When, however, Zaghlul Pasha, who had apparently acquiesced, suddenly announced his determination to form a Cabinet himself, the foreign interests, with whose protection the High Commissioner was charged, became alarmed. Lord Lloyd accordingly invited Zaghlul Pasha to the Residency for an informal talk, no doubt with the hope that he might persuade him to acquiesce in the formation of a Cabinet under some one like Adly Pasha. Zaghlul, however, was not to be moved from his determination to form the Cabinet. The motives, which, no doubt, inspired Lord Lloyd's action at this crisis, were admirably recapitulated by the 'Times.' The more active members of the Wafd were behind the gang which, between September 1919 and November 1924, had carried out the long series of murders of British officials and soldiers, and the murders of two of the leading members of the Egyptian Liberal Party. Most of these outrages were committed immediately after violent declarations by leaders of the Wafd, and neither Zaghlul Pasha, nor its committee, nor its Press, showed any sincere disapproval of them. Moreover, Zaghlul had nominated to lucrative posts Egyptians who had served sentences of imprisonment for political crimes.

The Wafd Party had come into power in 1924 with Zaghlul as Prime Minister. During his nine months of office he had completely demoralised the country and the administration had become chaotic and corrupt. He had persistently encouraged anti-British discussions in the House; he had allowed prominent members of the

Wafd to direct from the Parliament building propaganda that resulted in the outbreak in the Sudan in August 1924; and he had pursued a policy of partisan persecution of Egyptian officials which gradually made it impossible for these officials to do their duty.

After his return from delivering his ultimatum to Mr MacDonald in the autumn of 1924, Zaghlul Pasha found that his position had been weakened by the Palace, and he had sought to restore his waning fortunes by sounding the revolutionary note. In this connection it may be instructive to analyse the events that led up to the murder of the Governor-General of the Sudan. Zaghlul Pasha not only incited the masses to violence, but also publicly denounced the presence of British officers in the Egyptian Army. He introduced men like Ahmed Maher and Mahmood-al-Nokrashy (who subsequently stood their trial for the murder of Sir Lee Stack, but were acquitted by the majority vote of the two native judges; the late Judge Kershaw, President of the Court, dissenting). Demonstrations were revived, student bands reappeared, attacks were organised on private persons and property, and popular feeling was gradually worked up until it culminated in the revolutionary manifestations outside Abdin Palace, where the mob shouted, 'Saad or revolution,' while he was within dictating his will to the King. Three days later came the murder of Sir Lee Stack.

This sequence of events showed the extent to which the Wafdists were implicated in that outrage and the disorders that preceded it, and so guiltily conscious were they of the close connection of the Wafd with the criminal organisation directing the outrages that Zaghlul's nominees at the head of the Ministry of the Interior deliberately burked the opening stages of the inquiry into the assassination of Sir Lee Stack. Nor could it be a matter of surprise that the British Government, in its ultimatum of Nov. 22, 1924, declared that Egypt as then governed had aroused 'the contempt of civilised peoples.' Can it be wondered at, after this survey of Zaghlul Pasha's activities, that the British Cabinet supported Lord Lloyd against Sir Austen Chamberlain's policy of non-intervention, in the matter of Zaghlul's Premiership, which would have entailed a recurrence of unrest, agitation, and misgovernment, and been a direct

encouragement to any murder campaign which might have been instituted? In the opinion of those conversant with the conditions in Egypt, Lord Lloyd handled the situation with the courage and ability of a great statesman.

In the winter of 1926-27 the question of British officials in the Egyptian service generally and the State railways in particular came to a head. Lord Lloyd, very properly, wished to insist on the retention of a large proportion of British officials, and, in the case of some departments, advocated an increase in their number. Great Britain, under the Declaration of 1922, was responsible for the protection of foreign interests, and this task in the natural course of events devolved upon the High Commissioner, and gave him an incontestable right of supervision in every Department of State. There is not one of them in which foreign interests are not involved. The Ministry of Finance is brought into close touch with the interests of foreign companies and business men who are established in Egypt and require equitable and workmanlike decisions in matters which they submit to the Government. No one without experience of the Finance Ministry's methods under Egyptian control can form any idea of the obstruction and inefficiency of which this Ministry is capable when left to its own devices. European landowners and land companies depend upon the Public Works for their water supply at proper seasons. It must not be forgotten that a vast amount of foreign capital has been sunk in Egypt, without which waste land of a vast area would never have been reclaimed for the ultimate benefit of Egypt and the Egyptians. The Survey Department must be kept at a high state of efficiency to protect Europeans from having portions of their land filched from them by neighbouring Egyptian owners. Egypt, it must be noted, has no natural boundaries so far as the ownership of land is concerned. Boundaries can be maintained only by a careful and honest cadastral survey. The Customs, too, must be properly administered, as nearly all the export and import trade of the country is, and always has been, in European hands. The Egyptian temperamentally is not a business man, and no one would call him a master of method. The Courts must, at least, administer justice in crimes committed against Europeans, and the Stack

murder trial and other cases have shown that this is not always done. It is also a matter of first necessity that the Police in Cairo, Alexandria, Suez, and Port Said should be under the control of British officers.

Can any unbiassed person, with even a superficial knowledge of Egypt, say that Lord Lloyd was not right in his contention for the retaining of British officials? It was difficult enough in any case for him to carry out his duties with regard to the protection of foreigners; but to deprive him of the means of doing so was a policy so short-sighted as to be almost criminal. In this case the British Cabinet apparently did not support Lord Lloyd, who, however, loyally acquiesced in their decision, in spite of the additional work and responsibility it involved. He had no weapons to fight with. He had not received the support of the British Cabinet, and the Egyptians had virtually purchased the right to get rid of all British officials by virtue of the compensation given to them. It was clear to Lord Lloyd that their disappearance would mean a most serious diminution of British interests in Egypt, with the added risk that, as soon as the Egyptians realised their inability to carry on without foreign help, they would probably seek French or Italian aid rather than British, partly because Latin officials can be obtained more cheaply, and partly because of their desire to rid themselves of our particular influence and make our task of getting them to respect the Declaration of 1922 more difficult. To obviate this he entered into long negotiations with Adly Pasha, then Prime Minister; and in spite of an overwhelming Wafd majority, in spite of the Parliament, and, in spite of Zaghlul's overwhelming influence, succeeded in getting the Egyptian Government voluntarily to renew the contract of some seventy-five per cent. of the then existing British officials. This diplomatic success was of enormous importance and steadied up our position in Egypt in a very large measure.

At the end of May 1927 occurred one of those seasonal crises which are so marked a feature of Egyptian politics. This time Army administration provided the cause. A Committee of the Egyptian Parliament had recommended the suppression of credits for the Sirdar. Until the murder of Sir Lee Stack in 1924 the Egyptian Army was under the command and recognised control of a British

Sirdar. No one was appointed to succeed Sir Lee Stack. The execution of his functions fell upon his assistant, Huddleston Pasha, and was later delegated to the Inspector-General, Spinks Pasha, who became Acting Sirdar. The new position of Spinks Pasha was never formally recognised by the Egyptian Government, and his powers and authority were steadily undermined by successive Egyptian Ministers of War. The effect of these acts was a gradual diminution of British control over the Egyptian Army, and the reinstatement to important positions of officers who, on critical occasions, had taken a political part in opposition to Great Britain. It also led to an increase in the numbers and equipment of the Army. The most serious feature in these changes was the gradual subjection of the Egyptian Army to uncertain political influences, and the tendency which became increasingly apparent, to use it as a political machine. The affair was admirably stage-managed by the Egyptians. Lord Lloyd had recently paid a visit to Minia in response to an invitation from the local notables. This visit was made the pretext of an attack upon him in the Chamber, where the speeches were scurrilous and studied in their insolence, while Zaghlul sat silent in the President's Chair, making no attempt to curb the disgraceful immoderation of language. It was a deliberate attempt to vilify Great Britain in the eyes of the fellaheen, and to inflame public opinion in the hope of securing its support for resistance to any steps she might take to enforce her point of view. The Egyptian politician in his ignorance thought that as she was much occupied with affairs at home, in China, and in other remote quarters of the globe, the moment was favourable to flout her. The foreign communities took a grave view of the situation, and were ready to support any action tending to put an end to activities which they recognised as likely not only to endanger British interests, but also to affect their own position seriously if allowed to continue. The simultaneous dispatch of a British Note to Cairo and of warships to Alexandria, on May 30, checked the schemes of the Egyptian Parliament for eliminating what remained of British control in their Army, and for turning it into a political machine for use against foreign interests. The Egyptian Press, always extremist,

vigorously urged the Cabinet to reject the British demands, on the ground that Great Britain had no right to interfere. The Chamber, however, began to waver, not in favour of the acceptance of the Note, but towards compromise. British and foreign circles considered that insistence upon the unconditional acceptance of the Note and the immediate adoption of British requirements was the only policy possible, and their opinion was unanimously against any form of compromise, for which the time was past. After the usual talk that it was inadmissible that any one was trying to disturb relations, as their energies were directed towards a good understanding between the two countries, and that foreigners who lived in Egypt in peace must have been astonished at the dispatch of warships, a favourable reply was ultimately sent to the Note. Sarwat Pasha said in the Chamber on June 16 that the incident was due to a regrettable misunderstanding—though it is difficult to reconcile the Egyptian Minister's statement with what took place in the Chamber and with the virulent campaign in the Press—and he then paid a public tribute to the pains taken by Lord Lloyd to arrive at an amicable settlement, and the real desire he had displayed to maintain the best possible relations between the two countries. The settlement had a good Press, and there was a widespread acknowledgment of the sympathetic manner in which Lord Lloyd, though assuring British interests, did his utmost to soothe Egyptian susceptibilities. His statesmanship was approved and applauded both by the British and foreign communities. It would appear from Mr Henderson's statement in the House of Commons, however, that Sir Austen Chamberlain did not share Lord Lloyd's view that the Egyptian Army was a grave threat to our position in Egypt, and this in spite of the fact that, in 1924, it was used by Egyptian politicians to stir up a far more serious mutiny in the Sudan than was ever publicly realised, and that the Army was becoming more and more a political instrument in the hands of the Wafd. There is no shadow of doubt that the Cabinet in not carrying out Lord Lloyd's suggestions to their fullest extent paved the way for further trouble, through an inadequate appreciation of Egyptian mentality.

In November 1927, after much discussion, a Draft

Treaty was finally agreed to and signed by Sarwat Pasha and the British Foreign Secretary; but it was not assented to by the Dominion Governments. In which they showed more sense than the Foreign Secretary, who appeared to think that Sarwat Pasha, a statesman, but with an infinitesimally small following, would be able to secure the adherence to it of the Egyptian people. This was well known by probably every one outside the Foreign Office, and after much fruitless negotiation and interchanges of dispatches and telegrams, the Treaty was finally rejected by Sarwat Pasha's Government on March 4, 1928. The rejection of the Treaty was received by the British and foreign communities in Egypt with relief. Such of its provisions as had leaked out had filled them with consternation. They felt they were being handed over, bound hand and foot, to the caprices of Egyptian politicians; that their interests had been betrayed, and that their fortunes, even their lives, were on the verge of the abyss. They knew the psychology of the Egyptians, as the British Foreign Office apparently did not. They knew that the Egyptians would never be bound by any promise made or would perform any engagements entered into except under compulsion. Whatever might be its defects they preferred the *status quo* to any treaty which was likely to be respected by only one of the parties.

The next cause of friction between the two Governments was the proposed Egyptian law regulating Public Meetings and Demonstrations in the spring of 1928. This law had already been passed by the Chamber, and was on the agenda of the Senate for April 30. There was no doubt whatever that it would be passed, and it was not easy to see how King Fuad could refuse his assent to a measure which had been accepted by both Houses of Parliament. The features of the Bill were Gilbertian, but none the less extremely dangerous. They put an absolute check on the authority of the police to maintain order, and the British Government considered that they presented a real threat to foreign lives and property in Egypt when interpreted in the light of the general conditions obtaining there. The Bill was intended to enhance the influence of the Wafd at the expense of any Government which was not Wafdist. It was

designed to be used as a weapon by that Party to facilitate outbreaks of mob violence when occasion suited, and was calculated to encourage the disorderly elements of the population to inflict damage on foreigners. It was a most unwise measure, judged even from the purely Egyptian standpoint, particularly since the law actually in force had neither inflicted injustice on individuals nor restricted public liberties. This law had received the imprimatur of Zaghlul Pasha in the Senate when a Bill abrogating it had passed the Chamber of Deputies and was thrown out in consequence of his opposition.

On March 30, the Egyptian Government sent to the Residency its Reply to the British Government's Note on the subject of public security presented to Sarwat Pasha, while still Prime Minister, on March 4. The Reply objected to the interference in the internal affairs of Egypt, which it considered the British Note to imply, as it would make it impossible for the Legislature to control the Executive. It claimed that British relations with Egypt should be on the same diplomatic basis as those of other countries, and gave assurances that it was the intention of the Egyptian Government and Parliament to maintain public security and protect foreign interests. (A knowledge of Egyptian methods in this direction makes it a little difficult to follow the argument.)

While the Reply did not expressly repudiate the Declaration of February 1922, it clearly implied an intention to disregard the basis of the régime in Egypt. It was everywhere regarded as the most serious challenge to the British Government since 1919. Lord Lloyd's Reply to that of the Egyptian Government was firm and to the point. It stated that the British Government could not accept the Egyptian Prime Minister's (Nahas Pasha) Note as a correct exposition of the relations existing between Great Britain and Egypt and their respective obligations. That in view of the responsibility incurred by His Majesty's Government to other Powers and of the vital importance to the British Empire of British interests in Egypt, Great Britain had reserved by the Declaration of February 1922 to their absolute discretion: (a) The security of the communications of the British Empire in Egypt; (b) the defence of Egypt against all foreign aggression or interference, direct or

indirect ; (c) the protection of foreign interests in Egypt, and the protection of minorities ; (d) the Sudan, until such time as these matters should have been settled by agreements between the British and Egyptian Governments. His Majesty's Government sought, and they believed they had found, such a settlement by the Treaty negotiated with the late Prime Minister of Egypt (Sarwat Pasha). The Egyptian Government having refused that Treaty the *status quo ante* continued. The reserved points remained reserved to the absolute discretion of His Majesty's Government, the Egyptian Government exercising its independent authority subject to satisfying His Majesty's Government on these matters.

Both the text and tone of the British Government's Reply met the approval of British and foreign circles, particularly the latter, which were pleased with its unusual clarity and firmness. There was great speculation as to what the Cabinet would do. It was evident that the Wafd could not afford to meet the rejoinder in silence as that would be equivalent to acceptance of the British standpoint and would undermine its prestige, which its answer to the British rejoinder had enhanced. On the other hand, any further reply would undoubtedly provoke action which, it was known, the Cabinet did not want. Nahas Pasha took a middle course in his statement of the Wafd's standpoint which contrasted with his own declarations, both within and without the Chamber, and the Cabinet's reply was conciliatory.

On April 30, after a secret session of both Houses of Parliament, it was agreed that the Public Assemblies Bill should be withdrawn for that session. In the Chamber of Deputies the proceedings were heated and the Cabinet had difficulty in persuading the Chamber to adopt its point of view, as there was considerable opposition from a number of its supporters who wished to take an attitude of open defiance to Great Britain. Finally, Nahas Pasha won over the Chambers by pointing out the disastrous consequences that a course of defiance would entail.

The chief objections to the Bill were : (a) That it made no mention of the powers which the Constitution expressly reserves to the authorities ; (b) that it forbade the police to interfere with authorised meetings until

'grave disorders' took place, thus depriving them of their power of preventive intervention; (c) that it did not authorise the authorities to prescribe the routes which public demonstrations must follow; and (d) that it imposed far more severe penalties on police officers who infringed its provisions than upon the organisers of meetings or processions which resulted in 'grave disorders.' On May 2, a few hours before the time limit, the Egyptian Government intimated through Lord Lloyd their qualified acceptance of the British ultimatum. They agreed to postpone, but not to withdraw the Bill.

Any one who is familiar with Egyptian mentality knows that once the Egyptian is convinced that business is meant, he gives way. It is only when he is encouraged to think there is weakness somewhere that he becomes obstreperous and difficult. The firmness displayed in the handling of the Army crisis gave peace in the Army and made the Egyptian officers more friendly than they had ever been before with their British colleagues. It had, moreover, an even more important effect, for had we allowed the Wafd's attack on our position at that time to succeed they would have been encouraged to attack all down the line. It is certain that had the incident of the Assemblies law been carried through to its logical conclusion it would have been the last serious trouble we should have had in Egypt. For this the Foreign Office was entirely to blame. They showed weakness when they should have showed strength, and by their acts the Egyptians judged them. There is no doubt that it was their want of firmness in the conversations with Egyptians in London which created all the difficulties in Egypt, and gave encouragement to the Wafd in its persistent efforts to defy the authority of Britain. Had Lord Lloyd not been hampered in his efforts to restore British prestige, it is certain that two or three experiences would have convinced the Egyptians that we meant what we said, and would have brought us rapidly back to a situation in which our authority would have been accepted without fuss or crises, and that all attempts to whittle away our position under the reserved points would have ceased.

Lord Lloyd recognised in dealing with the Egyptians that they were not like other people. In most countries

the only way to gain the goodwill and friendliness of the people is by a policy of reasonable concession. Lord Lloyd proved that you could not get order and friendliness from the Egyptians by concession, but that you could get them by courtesy, firmness, and the upholding of British interests; and that it was the only way to arrive at such a result. If a policy of concession was going to bring us amity and peace, we ought to have had them long before he went to Egypt as High Commissioner. We had given the Egyptians everything except the shirts from our backs; and what was the outcome? Bloodshed, murder, and hatred. Lord Lloyd tried the opposite policy, and there was not one murder during his four years of office. Schoolboys were not allowed to strike, and British interests were stoutly defended. The result of this policy was order, peace, and friendliness. Is Mr Henderson going to revert to that earlier policy with its inevitable consequences of unrest, agitation, and murder?

It is certain that when King Fuad suspended the Constitution for three years, on July 19, 1928, the whole country was sick of the parliamentary antics of the Wafd. It was a drastic measure, but it was received by the Egyptian people with calm; there was no disturbance of public order, and it only elicited a feeble protest from the Nationalists. Accusations have been made against Lord Lloyd that he wished from the first to break the Constitution and abolish parliamentary life in Egypt. These accusations are belied by the facts. When he went to Egypt the period of murder and riot was scarcely over. There was no Parliament and the Palace Government in power was supported by no one in the country of any importance and was dominated by Nashat Pasha, whose methods were bringing the Government daily into greater disrepute. In the interim, between Lord Allenby's departure and Lord Lloyd's arrival, the King had considered himself strong enough to get on without the Liberals (Sarwat and Sidky) and had evicted them from the Cabinet. Suspicious of them and their hypocritical policy towards England as Lord Lloyd subsequently became, it was none the less true that they represented the brains in the Cabinet. The Liberals ejected from power gravitated immediately to Zaghlul,

and the Wafd which had been disgraced by the murder of Sir Lee Stack began to recover power and influence.

It was clear to Lord Lloyd at the beginning of 1926 in the light of His Majesty's Government's policy that the Constitution could not remain in permanent abeyance on account merely of the Wafd's extravagances and disorders. When order, therefore, had been restored he placed no impediment in the way of the resumption of Parliamentary life. He wished, however, that it should have a full and fair trial, and rightly considered that such would be impossible under an extremist like Zaghlul. He, therefore, supported the idea of a Cabinet under the presidency of more moderate statesmen of the calibre of Adly and Sarwat, whom Zaghlul pledged himself to support. He recognised that this was the only method of loyally interpreting H.M. Government's policy in the most liberal sense. He had to be severe and firm as regards law and order, and realised, as every one else must realise, that nascent parliamentary institutions in Egypt had no possible hope of succeeding in an atmosphere of disorder. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader of the use the Egyptian Parliament made of their freedom. Instead of being used as an instrument for the betterment of Egypt, the whole of its energies were devoted to undermining and attacking our position there, and especially the reserved points, which were assailed one after the other. It requires the credulity of the Foreign Office to believe in the imposition of Western democratic methods upon an Eastern and illiterate people.

It must be borne in mind in reviewing Lord Lloyd's field of activities that he was not only High Commissioner in Egypt, but was also High Commissioner of the Sudan, a vast country extending from Wadi Halfa to beyond the Equator. During his term of office he had visited the whole of its enormous area with the exception of Darfur, which had been reserved for next winter. He had travelled in it more extensively and more thoroughly than any of his predecessors had done. Even Sir Reginald Wingate, owing to the slower methods of travel in his time, probably did not cover so much ground. He inaugurated the opening of the Sennar Dam—begun before he took office—in the winter of 1926. At the beginning of his term of High Commissioner, the Sudan

Defence Force was in its infancy. He took it in hand, and it has now settled down, thanks to his efforts, into a steady, loyal, and important unit, which attracts the services of the best type of British officers. He also inaugurated and completed the new railway from Sennar to Kassala, which provides a duplicate system for traffic between Khartoum and Port Sudan.

On May 9 of this year the final act of the Anglo-Egyptian negotiations respecting the distribution of the Nile Waters was reached, and an agreement on this thorny and intricate question was arrived at through the diplomacy of Lord Lloyd in a way which satisfied all the interests concerned. This was a veritable triumph for the High Commissioner, and removed one of the supreme difficulties of Egyptian politics. The matter had dragged on for years. The Egyptians, to whom water is as their life-blood, were suspicious and distrustful, and it was no easy matter to convince them that Great Britain had their interests at heart. That, however, Lord Lloyd achieved, and for his services received the thanks of both the Egyptian and the British Governments. He also settled the heightening of the Aswan Dam and the building of the Gebel Aulia Dam, and secured the official acceptance of the Nile Commission's report.

Egypt had been quiet and prosperous for a long period. There was no unrest and disorder in the country. It looked as though, so long as Lord Lloyd occupied the High Commissionership, such a happy state of affairs would continue. It was not to be. On July 23 his dismissal came as a bolt from the blue. Few people probably have any conception of the magnitude of his work for the Empire. During his tenure of office in Egypt we got our way without a shot being fired, or the smallest riot occurring. That we did so—through determination coupled with courtesy—is a magnificent testimony to him and his methods. He and his work in Egypt will be remembered, and History surely will write of him as of one of the greatest of our Proconsuls, great in counsel and mighty in work for the safety, integrity, and honour of the country he administered and of the British Empire.

J. E. MARSHALL.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

The Tsarina—San Michele—The Primitive Church—Shakespeare, Blake, and Charlotte Brontë—An old Diary—London Rediscoveries—Pan-Europe—County Histories—Old Zululand—Mr Noel Buxton's Travels—'The White Mutiny'—American Whaling—British Women—Trade Depression—Peter the Great—Finale.

AFTER Baroness Sophie Buxhoeveden's book on the Empress Alexandra (noticed in this Review earlier in the year) to turn to Princess Catherine Radziwill's '*Intimate Life of the Last Tsarina*' (Cassell) almost makes a reader rub his eyes and ask whether the two can be about the same person. In place of the Baroness's picture of a charming, gracious, deeply conscientious, high-minded, though alas, often mistaken, woman, we are shown a 'cold, haughty German,' lacking in charm or consideration for those under her; an Empress full of the rights and privileges of her position but strangely neglectful of its duties and responsibilities; a woman with a bad complexion and red arms, useless as a conversationalist but with an exaggerated idea of her own importance. Both she and the Tsar, we are told, 'suffered from heartlessness born of the profound egotism which was perhaps one of the strongest links between them.' The unfortunate Tsar is condemned as vindictive, unreliable, untruthful, and universally mistrusted. The Empress, we are told, had a craving for flattery, and her despotic, autocratic temper when, in the Tsar's absence at the front during the war, she tried to assume control of politics and govern Russia, was little short of disastrous. At least the Princess admits her genuine love of Russia, though shown in wrong ways, and a wonderful dignity and nobility in her last sufferings. These are facts which cannot be denied. This book claims to be an impartial judgment and not an indictment, but an enemy could hardly have produced anything more cruel to one no longer here to answer. The Princess, if by any chance she had cause of offence against the Empress during her life, now has her revenge. It is an interesting book, but it makes sad reading.

In the course of his volume, '*The Story of San*

Michele' (Murray), Dr Axel Munthe utters many significant phrases ; but none more luminously significant, more characteristic or true, than this, 'You cannot be a good doctor without pity.' That is 'l'homme même.' Through all his books, as through the manifold activities of his valuable life, the note of pity, of loving sympathy for the less-fortunate, the unhappy, the weak, has been confidently sounded, together with the challenge or denunciation, frank, ironic, of charlatanry and selfishness through all its phases. In a quaint fashion, half-musing, partly in imagination, and often through the very direct assertions of stark fact, Dr Munthe discloses his own private life with many of its reactions upon others. He has touched tragedy often, and, with the heart and mind of an artist, he brings out the truth of its ultimate beauty or pain. Sometimes, as with the story of John and his mother, we feel that more than the truth is there—it has artful coincidence, it has details which seem to have been purposely caused—but so sincere is this author that we are prepared to believe that such aspects of artifice after all were true. Dr Munthe has wit, insight, humour, sympathy, a passion to help all living things, and 'the greatest of these,' which is the love that outdoes charity. His book, with its knowledge of life and power of expressing it, is one to treasure and re-read ; for attractive and moving in itself it is the expression of the mind and heart of a great man. Dr Munthe tells us that he is blind ; that his eyes through his passion for the sunshine no longer can see. Sad, but not so sad ; for his heart has richness of vision.

Canon B. H. Streeter has already given cause for gratitude and plentiful food for thought to liberal Churchmen through his earlier writings ; and even if its manifold conjectures are not generally acceptable, he should increase the debt of scholars through this, his latest volume on 'The Primitive Church' (Macmillan), because it makes fresh suggestions and courageously faces the possibilities. At the same time it must be recognised that the freshness with which he discloses the very uncertain bases—shifting sands and shadows—on which the vast organisation of the Church was set will seriously disquiet those who are determined to take their religion as perfect and absolute from the beginning.

Even the commemoration as martyrs of all the apostles, except John, in the revised Calendar of the Church, rests ultimately on the authority of the apocryphal Acts; and that is but a small, casual incident of the universal edifice that has been raised. But although the greater part of Canon Streeter's case is built on intelligent conjecture—'scientific guesses,' as he says, in Huxley's phrase—it is a call for thinking; and through the reverberations and rejoinders still to come should eventually be found to have extended Christian knowledge. His main purpose is excellent: to show, as he does successfully, that the Primitive Church was not of a single type but was a complex, often a confusion, of many kinds, pretty well as expressive of divers schools of faith and thought as we know to-day; and it is notable that he pays a belated tribute to the helpful, though indirect, but formerly loathed effects of the Gnostics. As he points out, the Primitive Church had no New Testament, no thought-out theology, no stereotyped traditions, and the evolution even of such developments of Christianity as there be, were the results of individual persistence and hard fighting. It is, however, notable and encouraging to realise, as is plainly discovered, that the strength of the early Church as the main court against the heretics was moral. It had the gospel of love, while they had 'no care for love, none for the widow, none for the orphan, none for the afflicted.'

The tribute paid by French scholars of standing to our literature is already considerable, and is continuing and promising to increase. A delightful little book of '**William Shakespeare**,' published by Les Editions Riedier of Paris, and one of a series of '*Maitres des Literatures*,' has reached us. It gives a fanciful impression of the Master, and clearly is based on a close, imaginative, and loving study of his works. The author, M. Constantin-Weyer, makes bold assumptions, often without authority yet generally pleasing; identifying Falstaff with John Shakespeare, and, actually, Ann Hathaway with Juliet, a process of idealisation which nobody before has ventured, as, indeed, was not to be expected in view of Mistress Shakespeare's eight years' seniority to her husband, and the almost childish years of Romeo's 'unlettered girl.' He assumes that the Latin lesson

with Dr Caius in the 'Merry Wives' was autobiographical, and asserts a number of things which stimulate thoughts of amusing possibilities. But, of course, such a hazardous venture, however jolly it be, can hardly avoid pitfalls, and he comes croppers; as of Elizabeth dying with 'Calais' inscribed on her heart, and the discovery of the identity of Lear's witty heroic Fool with Caliban, a truly-amazing muddle of character. Despite such howlers, the book will bring pleasure to those who know and love Shakespeare well, for its mistakes are easily detected and discounted. 'Poupée Déchire-Draps' is a delightful translation of 'Doll Tearsheet.'

The only true approach to any understanding of the mysteries of the wisdom of Blake is to be found through his linked words and pictures; for the poet in him needed the engraver and painter that he was fully to express his genius and philosophy; and such reproductions in coloured facsimile, as this version of 'The Book of Urizen' (Dent), are, therefore, of essential value to followers of Blake. While this new book, with all its loving care and completeness, does not make quite the same strong appeal as its predecessor 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell,' it is yet a thing of delight to ponder and linger over: for it is true Blake, the illimitable visionary, and the closer that we can approach him the better it is. Mrs Plowman in her helpful note to this edition, which the generosity of Lord Dimsdale has made possible, confesses the difficulties of the work owing to the vastness of Blake's conceptions, the magnitude of his themes, and their presentation in symbolic dress. He might, also, have added, as no true Blakeite need deny, that his imperfections, his frequent cloudiness of thought and expression, are inescapable obstacles to the elucidation of the mysteries in his writings which never will be made plain; for not even Blake himself, if he could revisit these glimpses, would be able to do it. Dreams are ungraspable, irrecoverable things.

The Brontës are always with us; and when it is not they, it is the Brownings. It is, therefore, natural that books about Charlotte should pour from the presses; for she was the longest enduring and most notable of those poor doomed brilliant girls, and provides too easy a toy or target for the inquisitive to play with. Miss

Rosamond Langbridge's study of 'Charlotte Brontë' (Heinemann) is not helpful. She pits herself with energy of words against Mrs Gaskell's 'whitewashed image,' but is not able really to displace it; for, after all, Mrs Gaskell knew personally Charlotte, her friends and times, and although inevitably a biography published more than seventy years ago must nowadays show defects, especially over the realities, her work still has an authority which only a better book can undo or out-do. Miss Langbridge, with some violence, details the obvious—that Charlotte's personality was suppressed; that her father was an odious old man, with his tyrannies, darkness of spirit, and self-satisfaction; that she was overwhelmingly in love with Héger. When Miss Langbridge leaves the trodden track of common opinion and knowledge she goes easily wrong, as over Charlotte's relations with her husband, for the reason that, in her search for the erratic and sympathetic, she has misread her subject. To talk of Charlotte's 'spinsterish complacency' and 'female callousness' and vanity in that case is absurd. Arthur Nicholls was a stupid man, his intelligence was not fully quickened; whereas Charlotte was lightning in thought and inspiration, emotionally alive in all her faculties, so truly and terribly alive that her existence, except for its rare exultant moments, was a torture to her. Their marriage was a linking of flame and clay. The book, insufficient as it is, would have been better without the last chapter, in which Miss Langbridge's many generalisations, through wrong premises, go often astray. Her dragged-in paragraph about Caroline Lamb is grotesque; for if any woman was frankly herself it was that woman.

Diaries are classed as subjective or objective according to whether their chief interest lies in showing the mentality and character of the writer or in shedding light on the events of the day. 'The Diary of the Rev. William Jones, 1777-1821' (Brentano's), is certainly of interest objectively, but its special appeal lies in the diarist himself. Like so many of his fellow-countrymen, he was religiously emotional; he indulged in orgies of self-abasement and self-castigation; calls himself a 'monster of iniquity,' an example of every awful vice. Hell was ever shadowing his path and Satan on the look-out to

destroy him, even causing his horse to fall under him, though guardian angels kindly arranged that the fall should be in a soft place ! Apart from this emotionalism, the Rev. William showed a keen and human interest in his own and his neighbours' affairs. He candidly admits the struggle for mastery in his own house and the triumph of his dear but all too efficient and perfect wife. For some time he was tutor to the sons of the Attorney-General of Jamaica, and the evil lives of many slave owners and the miseries of the slaves give him opportunities of moralising. After his return home he was for nearly forty years curate and then vicar of Brompton, and his diary is of value in showing the life of a country parson of the day. He is never loth to point a moral, as in the case of his fellow clergy dining with and grovelling before a bishop. Not one of them, he says, but would be willing to exchange his probable thirty or thirty-five years of life for the fifteen or twenty which could presumably be counted on in those glorious episcopal conditions—and yet, as it happened, the right reverend gentleman was dead of apoplexy within the week. 'In the midst of life we are in death,' but all the same the Rev. William found life by no means intolerable.

The 'London Rediscoveries' (Lane) of Mr W. G. Bell are the more attractive because of the gossiping manner in which they are written. He seems to take the reader familiarly by the button-hole—no, that won't do, for the button-holder is always a bore, and Mr Bell never is that—he seems to put the reader into a welcome armchair and then to keep him amused, and sometimes a little thrilled, with his anecdotes of circumstances which even those who know well London and its history have overlooked or forgotten. The thrills come from the grues ; in the course of this volume a very large number of coffins are opened and their contents displayed. Mr Bell reminds us more effectually than do many tombstones of the triumphs of dismal and dusty death ; for we have pages—stimulating pages—on the unfulfilled funeral wish of Edward II ; we are shown the skeleton, of Henry VIII—to what base uses, Horatio !—lying near the body of Charles I, and the decked-out masked skeleton exhibited in a glass case, of Jeremy Bentham ; with plenty

more of a like gruesomeness. But though impressive, that is not the main note of the book, which is very readable, and packed with curious stuff, bringing out the truth that even those of us who think we know do not know a tithe of the history of the ways we are habitually treading. It is unfair to Walt Whitman, who had his greatness, to assert that his writings read like physical jerks transmitted into penmanship; and Lord Ernle will be amused to find himself in these pages referred to as the Rev. R. E. Prothero.

It is fully six years since Mr Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi's volume, containing his assertion of the ideal and necessity of a new cohesion of states, '**Pan-Europe**' (Knopf), was first issued, and three years since this latest edition, which has just reached us, was published; but it still is *à-propos*, though in some measure out-of-date; for the recent discussion at Geneva, powerfully supported by M. Briand, of the gradual establishment of a United States of Europe, in which national individualities and institutions shall be preserved, but there will be unity instead of discord, co-operation in place of opposition, has brought the great question prominently into the region of practical politics. It was natural, after chaos, that visionaries should see new combinations of mutually sympathetic states; but the possibility of crowded and war-scarred Europe deciding to be one, even as Asia may be said to be one, was a bold dream indeed. Mr Coudenhove-Kalergi, in the darkest hours of post-War dissension, had his dream of the world divided, and combined, into five great federal empires, or, as it is better called, borrowing from ourselves, five great commonwealths of nations—Pan-Europe, which is a large slice of Europe, excluding Britain and Russia and such parts of Africa as are not British; Pan-America, which is the whole of the two Western continents excluding Canada and the Guianas; East Asia, which is Japan and China, but not India; the Russian Federal Empire including Tibet; and the British Federal Empire, which remains as it is to-day. In this dream-constitution of states there is ample room for doubt and disputation; but there it is. '**Pan-Europe**' is a thoughtful contribution to one of the greatest problems the world must face to-morrow.

County history and literature are sources of legitimate
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pride for local inhabitants and of real interest for outsiders, and, therefore, any books dealing with them, whether *in multo* like the volumes of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments, *in medio* like the ever attractive 'Highways and Byways' series, published by Messrs Macmillan, or *in parvo* as in the new series of county anthologies just started by Messrs Elkin Mathews and Marrot, should be heartily welcomed. Of this new series three volumes have appeared: 'Yorkshire,' by G. F. Wilson, 'Derbyshire,' by G. F. Moulton, and 'Lanarkshire,' by Hugh Quigley—attractive little books, of convenient size for the pocket, containing extracts in prose and in verse and, even though of necessity rather scrappy, still giving something of interest in every page. Yorkshire and Lanarkshire are alike in showing the greatest contrast between the wind-swept uplands and wilds and the teeming streets of the industrial cities. The smoke of Glasgow and blast furnaces of the black country receive their share of notice as well as the moors of Upper Clydesdale and the Yorkshire Wolds. We look forward to welcoming further volumes of this excellent series.

Not every literary 'labour of love' becomes a workable book; but here is one which assuredly has justified the creative enjoyment of its writer. 'Olden Times in Zululand and Natal' (Longmans) is a mine of rich and varied information on the early racial and political history of the Eastern-Nguni Clans of South Africa, especially of the régime of the terrible Shaka and the origins of the famous Zulu race which, under Cetshwayo, just fifty years ago, was gallantly braving the red-coats of the British Empire. The author, the Rev. A. T. Bryant, who, during forty-five years' experience of the blacks of South Africa, won their friendship and confidence, has a happy pen, though its ways are marred with a tendency for making frequent and unnecessary quotations from the poets; a propensity which might usefully have been dispensed with in view of the fact that it was necessary, as he mildly complains, for another person to blue pencil his too numerous pages. The book, while seriously scientific, is often playfully human; and while we have a full record—as full, that is, as opportunities have offered, for Mr Bryant rightly protests

against the former indifference shown to the gathering and preservation of evidence—of the massacres and politic tribal alliances, and the rest of it, which were the rough-and-ready from which the Zulu people and their history were evolved, he sees the human side of their greatness, and can tell incidentally of, say, Mr Tick-Covered Buttocks and the 'King's Dirt': the former being the literal translation of a native nickname and the latter the menial whose duty it was to endure unresistingly as Shaka's spittoon. A terrible fellow that Shaka, in every way worthy of enthronement in an Epic. For many years he shadowed the South African sun. A greater than Napoleon in ebony.

Mr Noel Buxton has spent his leisure well by becoming better acquainted with the picturesque wilder parts of this exciting world; and in his well-written but not very ambitious book, 'Travels and Reflections' (Allen and Unwin), he takes us with him to Japan, Northern Africa, Persia, and repeatedly to the Balkans; where, on behalf of the Armenians and in opposition to the old persecuting unspeakable Turk, he and his family have done much good work. Except for his painful experiences among the wounded Bulgarians during the warfare of 1912—and he brings out vividly the horrors of suffering which are the other side of the so-called glories of war—his experiences were generally bright and amusing; for although he had a good share of the harsher vicissitudes of travel among wilderness and mountains, he was able to assuage the hardships with humour. As a Japanese newspaper remarked after he and a friend had ascended Fuji in the snowy season when the spirits of the mountain were supposed to be unfavourable to climbing, they evidently were British, 'for the reason that the people of that nation like to do that which is distasteful to them, and glory in their vigour.'

The ease with which agitations can be forgotten, though at the time of their occurrence they seemed earth-shaking, is exemplified in Sir Alexander Cardew's account of 'The White Mutiny' (Constable), which happened a hundred and twenty years ago in India, in the days of John Company. The Indian Army, as distinct from the Forces of the Crown, was in a condition of almost hopeless unrest, owing to privileges rightly

withdrawn and abuses wrongly suffered. Rewards had been cut down, promotion was slow ; at any time a King's officer of inferior rank could supersede a Company officer ; while the representatives of Government were stupid and tactless, and it took twelve months to communicate with London and to get an answer back. Things went rapidly from dangerous to worse. The Company's regiments were in revolt ; they talked of fighting against a tyrannical Government in defence of their rights ; seditious toasts were drunk at mess ; the angry agitation spread until the 'moral intoxication pervaded all ranks, from the Colonel to the Ensign.' In three stations there was mutiny, in one of them blood, generally of innocent Sepoys, was shed. Firmness and some measure of fair play, with concessions, adroitly administered by Sir George Barlow, the Governor-General, who had partly caused the trouble, at last brought peace—and then all was slowly forgotten. Feuds and hatreds, conspiracies, mutiny, which for months held the English community in India in anxiety and fear, came to an end, and were buried effectually under the dust which covers many centuries and much history. A curious story simply told, which has its irony.

The very successful re-publication of 'Moby Dick' has naturally aroused a new interest in the hunting of whales—that greatest of sports, the battling with Leviathan—and produced a battalion of books, good, bad, and indifferent, on the subject of whales and whalers. The latest contribution to this study and library is one of the best, 'The American Whaleman' (Longmans) by Professor Elmo Paul Hohman of Illinois, who racily details the history of the rise and fall of the industry and is able deftly to combine the romance of it with the statistics. Of course, there truly was not a great deal of romance about it, although the fictionists and the ballad-makers have done their best and their worst.

'Off the mighty monster started ;
Pain and anguish gave him cause ;
Suddenly he backwards darted,
Seized the boat between his jaws ;
Into smithereens he cracked it :
Or, as witnesses declare,
Who beheld the thing transacted,
Bits no bigger than a chair !'

sang a bard of the time ; but as we see even from that extract of doggerel, the reality was more and greater than the romance. Whalemen at their work approached very close to death, and at the best of times, as Herman Melville showed, lived hard, desperate, lonely lives. This volume covers the ground—and the waters—completely ; while the circumstances that its interest is almost, not entirely, concerned with American whaling does not detract from its appeal, for after the slow beginning, in which the English led, its greatest development was necessarily in the United States.

Of course it is natural, now that Woman has completely won her rights in Britain, and soon must do so in the rest of the supposedly civilised world, that she should proclaim her triumph with drums and trumpets. In 'British Women in the Twentieth Century' (Laurie), Mrs Elsie M. Lang brings together much of the record of women's infinite successes in the professional spheres ; and although she plays with the drums and the trumpets she does not make of it an abominable riot over the quiescent body of man. Of course, he gets the worst of it. Eve is not going to let Adam have quite all his rights now that she has won her rights, that we can see ; and there is more than the mother's pride over the fact—surely not universally an example—of her daughter's ability to outwalk some boy companions in a holiday ramble. It looks like the beginning of the evolution of a new superiority complex. With all Mrs Lang's proper pride in the fine achievements of the women of this century, she does not overlook the sometimes silliness and the weaknesses and worse that mar an ideal. Well, it is a proud story attractively told. Let us hope that with all this loud assertion of woman's rights and its accepted implications of equality, man will adhere zealously to his absolute privilege of being everywhere, even in railway carriages where they don't say Thank you, gladly chivalrous.

There can be no question of the honesty of purpose or the clearness in expression of Mr F. E. Holsinger's thrusting, confident volume on 'The Mystery of the Trade Depression' (P. S. King), and, equally, there can be no doubt that his solution of the difficulties which—though possibly not so fatally as he imagines—depress

and perplex the industrial world, will not be accepted and put into practice, at any rate this side of a century or two. Of course, conditions are awry. Great wars cannot be indulged without causing much ruin and many far-reaching bad effects; and every institution evolved through human effort and compromise is bound to grow creaky in use and to break down at times. Progress in all spheres has been made at some cost of disaster. Granted that the Capitalist system is imperfect, grossly imperfect; as even the best imagined and most careful system of Socialism, with all the police forces of the world to compel its requirements, would be. But to solve the economic and other ills we bear by re-distributing property, and limiting all future incomes—important parts of Mr Holsinger's desires—is to go beyond the possibilities of any organised state. But while we find it difficult to swallow Mr Holsinger's nostrum, there is stimulus for thought in his book. In the re-making of civilisation now ardently in progress there is scope for studies like this, as, though too far-reaching at present, they still may be indirect approaches towards the Utopias to be built beyond the day after to-morrow.

Mr Stephen Graham has wisely returned to Russia for the inspiration which produced his earliest and best books; but it is doubtful whether his choice of 'Peter the Great' (Benn) for subject was right. We judge by the result, which is only good in parts. He presents a roughly-written, ruthless picture of the Tsar, emphasising the extraordinary brutality, the love of torturing, the extreme coarseness and libidinousness, the treachery, cunning and, when necessity seemed to require it, the vileness and baseness of the imperial monster, and makes of it a dark ugliness. But is that all the picture? Granted that the facts, which most impressed men's minds in those savage days, were of his cruelties and passions, there must yet have been more genial aspects of Peter than are recognised here, for with all the justified fear of him he seems to have been popular, and popularity is not given to such an unspeakable creature as this volume displays. Apart from the more humane aspects of his subject, Mr Graham has tried to realise the complexity of the man in his greatness, his dreams, energy, and madness. Peter was colossal. He saw the future of Russia with a giant's

vision, and it is easy for super-men to have super-faults; but this madman, who wantonly wielded the axe of the executioner, who tortured and murdered his son and heir, who was guilty of such bestial grossness as was shown in his wild humours, did he belong to the true regiment of men, or has Mr Graham misunderstood? He points the irony, that precisely two hundred years after Peter had murdered his son, the dynasty of the Romanoffs was as remorselessly extinguished. The seeds sown by him brought bloody harvest.

Mr J. Archibald Allen who, under the *nom-de-guerre* of 'Number Nine,' tells this family story, 'One of Ten' (Benn), must be a charming person, whose life within its limits has been quietly and modestly serviceable. His chapters on Boys' Clubs and 'On the Bench' prove that. But his gifts are not those which best become an author. He cannot discriminate between the good, the not-so-good, and the positively bad, and he should never have printed anything so crudely unpleasant as the chapter entitled, 'How We are Inspected,' or so ponderously dull as his suggested speech for a wedding. Possibly these efforts after humour have won the smiling approval of indulgent relatives, but they do not bear the fierce light which beats upon the printed page. The best chapters deal with his early days and out-of-doors adventures. Obviously he loves the open-air life, with its birds (to kill), horses, dogs, and guns, as evidently he was happy with his family, which proves they were all very nice people. Is the book of verse called 'Finale of Seem' (Heinemann), what is vulgarly called a leg-pull, or can it be merely incompetent? If the former, then the humour is too deep and dark for any puckered brow. It must, we feel, be another of the expressions of incompetence which some modern verse-makers perpetrate, knowing no better. It has neither music nor meaning; no wit or charm.

'When summer's in the open air
and lantern's glow and waiters
drip beneath the steaming time,
like old tapers for a chandelier,
we'll shrivel at our match's wormy lick—
freezing on common grace
to measure death with lover's stares.'

That fair quotation is more coherent than most of the book. Evidently this nicely-produced, unnecessary, hopeless volume is a product of the cult which has recently wounded life with so much bad and pretentious sculpture, music, painting, and fiction, works that merit contempt for their stupidity and yet sometimes get the printed praise of those who do not know.

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